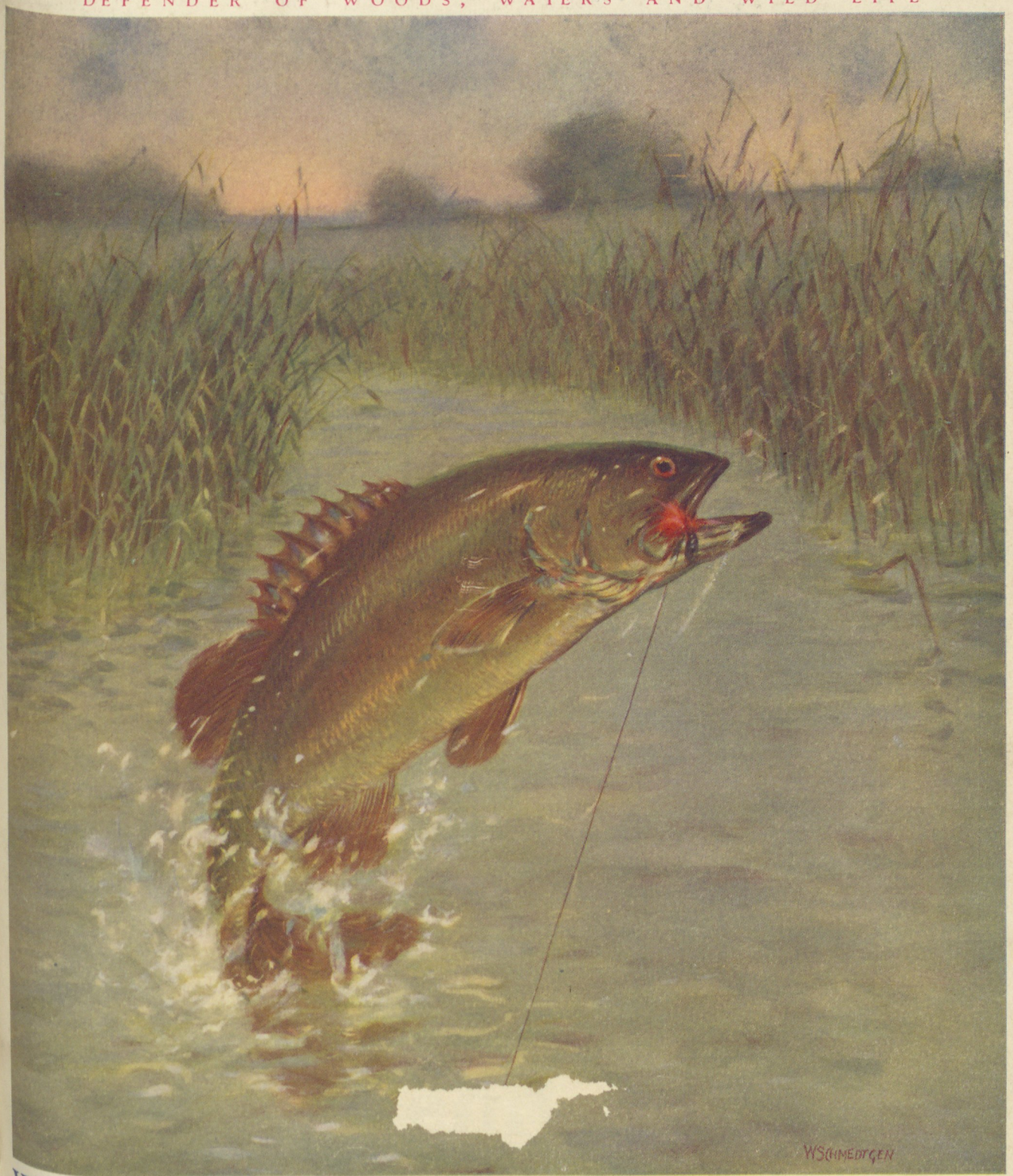
Outdoor America

JUNE, 1927

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE



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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2900 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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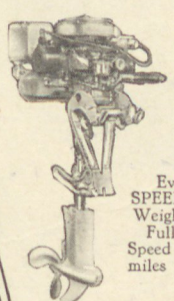

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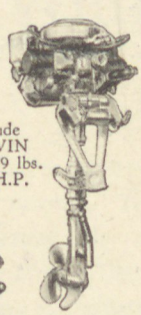

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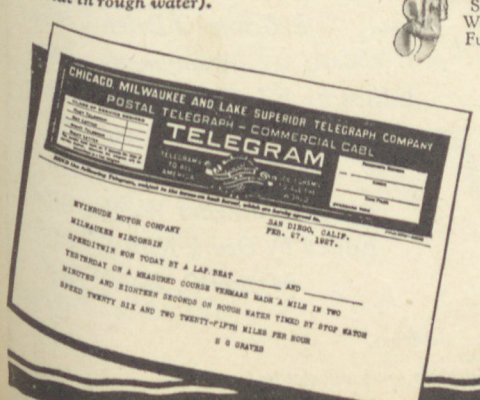
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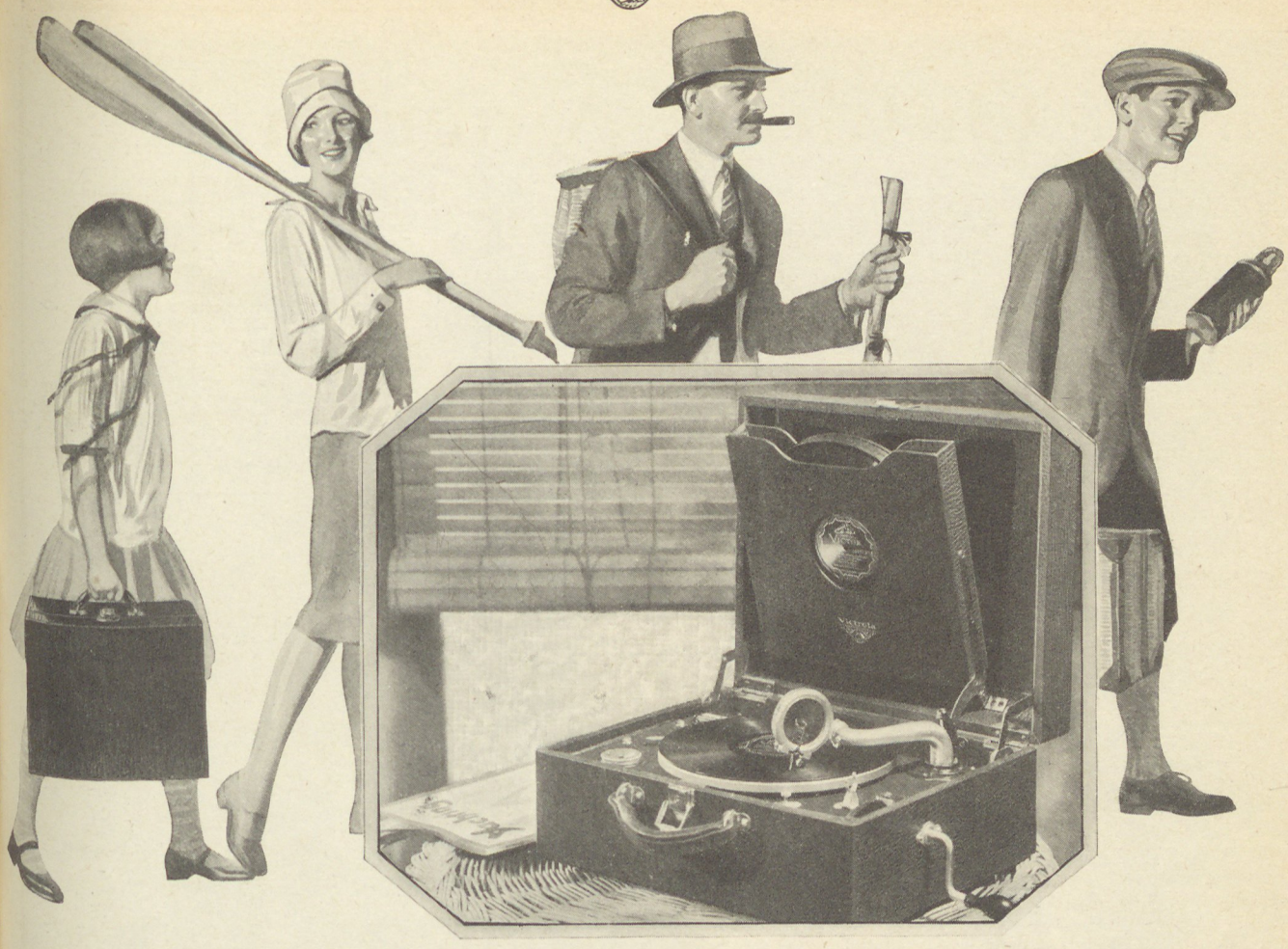

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Pencil Drawing by Earl H. Reed.

Sundown on the Ghost River

Illustrating "The Knight Errant" on page 15

A Paradox in Conservation

Concerning the danger of making our wildernesses too easy of access

By

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

MR. EATON has written many books and done much work for the Boy Scouts, and his chief ambition is to preserve some of America's real wilderness for America's future generations of real boys, the type of real sportsman—boys who hunt or fish and regard it as sport, and willingly undergo the attendant hardships of tramping the wilds

THE automobile has created a paradox in conservation. It has enabled a vastly greater number of people to reach hunting and fishing grounds, wild areas, state and national parks, and so forth, but by the same token it has already tremendously accelerated the depletion of woods and waters, and the destruction of landscape beauty and wilderness charm; and the end is not yet. There is little need of illustration. Everybody knows of examples. For instance, the building of roads far into the Maine wilderness toward Ktaadn has made what was once a strenuous adventure now a comparatively easy trip, and not only are the streams strikingly depleted of fish, but the wild basin at Chimney Pond, just about large enough to accommodate a group of campers every week or two, and remain wilderness, is now forced to accommodate almost a hundred campers at a time, day after day, during the height of the season. As a result the spot is becoming both unsightly and unsanitary, a little slum in the woods, at the foot of that most stupendous precipice east of the Rocky Mountains.

But one doesn't have to cite anything so far from cities as an example. There is hardly a state park anywhere, originally set aside because of its wild beauty, which has not been made more accessible by the automobile, and which has not felt the pressure of public demand to open it ever wider to the motor cars. In my own state of Massachusetts two of our largest public reservations are mountain summits, and in each one almost the entire annual appropriation of money is employed for the maintenance of a motor road to the peak. If any Reservation Commissioner should suggest abandoning the road, and letting the mountain stand as a challenge to the adventurous spirit, as an opportunity for the climber to get away from the smell of gas, from the ways of towns, and up into the wild open, a howl of protest would come from most of the population. I know, because I happen to be one of the Commissioners! Yet nothing is more certain than the destruction not only of wilderness charm but of the actual wilderness itself, by motor roads and motor campers. In other words, by taking motor roads up mountains, and into parks, we are making those places more accessible at the expense of the very things for which we wish to conserve them. That is the paradox.

I wish somebody could tell me the solution. It is not, I feel confident, in yielding to popular clamor and opening every park and reservation to the motorists. Already it is only too apparent what happens to our highways when they are popular motor routes. Filling stations, hot dog stands, picnic litter, the destruction of shrubs and wildflowers, horrible advertising signs, all follow in the wake of the tourist. It is an unfortunate fact that a great many people who have no idea whatever how to use Nature, and who used to remain, perforce, at home, now get out all over the country and are a serious menace to the beauty of the American scene. Let this horde run their cars into the woods, into the parks, and in spite of the utmost possible vigilance, and a universal "campaign of education," the beauty of the wilderness would be destroyed for all sensitive people.

But how those words, "sensitive people," make the professional democrats squirm! Are the woods and mountains, then, to be reserved just for those delicate souls who are too dainty to stand the sight of a sardine tin? In a democracy, isn't a public reservation made for all the people? If a host of folk cannot afford to go to Glacier Park by train, and through the Park with pack animals, why shouldn't the beneficent government build a motor highway right through Gunsight Pass, and put a motor camp in the middle of Piegan Pines? It is very difficult to answer such questions in a way that satisfies the professional democrats. But the fact remains that Gunsight Pass would not be Gunsight Pass if there were a motor road there, and the marvelous charm of Piegan Pines resides in their remoteness from all civilization, a lovely garden hidden by God Almighty far up under the falling streams from the glaciers on the Great Divide. Naturally, we want everybody to see those beautiful places, but we want, or should want, them to see those same places—not something which has been converted into a mere caricature of those places. The usefulness of such a wilderness park to the nation is not measured alone, or even chiefly, by the number of visitors, but by the unalloyed quality of the pleasure it gives those who do visit it, by the perfection in which it preserves what it set out to preserve.

There are certain parks and areas which are set aside for the public, not as wilderness refuges or scenic galleries primarily, but as open spaces for escape from city heat, etc. Such are the beaches and other areas near large cities. All such places, naturally, should be made as accessible and as cheaply accessible as is humanly possible. There are other places which are bound increasingly to attract people for some definite purpose, such as the Great Basin of Ktaadn, where people gather to climb the mountain. At such points it is utterly impossible to prevent wear and tear of the wilderness, and the proper solution, it seems to me, is a frank recognition of that fact, and the erection of adequate hotels or cabins or other properly equipped housing facilities. People don't go into the Alps and camp all over the place. Switzerland would long since have become uninhabitable if they did. The rim of Crater Lake, in Oregon, in our National Park, is rapidly becoming extremely unpleasant because it is entirely too small to accommodate the strain

put upon it by motor campers. There should be garages down the outer side of the rim, and a village of sanitary inns and cabins to house the visitors. It will have to come to that if self-respecting people are going to enjoy this most wonderful of places in future. Such points of inevitable wear should be determined by survey and at them all idea of camping should be abandoned, however loudly the motorists howl. Through the country, either in state or national reserves, there are many other places large enough to withstand wear and tear, and not interesting enough scenically or as wilderness to warrant meticulous preservation, which might be designated as motor camp sites, and made available for the tourists.

But, finally, it should be determined by careful and thoughtful survey what regions of every state are a positive asset to the present and even more to the future as scenic masterpieces, or as refreshing and soul-satisfying bits of the primitive wilderness which would lose the essence of their appeal if the wild quality was removed; and these places should be handled absolutely without regard to the motorist's demands. It should be easy to get to their boundaries, but beyond their boundaries no motor roads should go. They should be sacred to those methods of locomotion which alone were employed by our ancestral pioneers. They should exist as a reminder in our machine age of the simpler and hardier ways of man in the wilderness, as a challenge to young (and old) America to get out into the woods and mountains, away from cities and motor cars, for the good of the national soul. Such a reservation should be the proposed Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Ktaadn. There should be two or three such reservations in every state in the Union. Every state now has hundreds, even thousands of miles of paved motor roads, which surely ought to satisfy the reasonable demands of the motor tourists. Why should not the wilderness lovers have a few places reserved for them? Certainly the future will thank us, if the present does not, for saving a bit of our loveliest land unspoiled and primitive. Just now it is the motorists who make all the noise. Perhaps if we, on the other side, made a little more noise we also could catch the ear of the legislators. Legislators, we must not forget, never think—they only listen.

The Mechanical Trout

By

DONALD HOUGH

Cartoons by Everett E. Lowry

I WADED along the sandy shallows of a Mid-Western river, idly poking the tip of my rod at the season's first shad-fly and listening to the music of a nearby riffle. My trout basket hung lightly at my side, empty of fish. My right arm ached from the exertion of three hours' steady whipping. The blister on my left heel was in action again. The sun, pleasantly warm earlier in the morning, was sending handfuls of hot needles through the thin atmosphere. I searched for a resting place in the shade.

As I splashed along I spied one of those things which artists draw so alluringly: a real old-fashioned fishing pool. The river washing against the bank, had followed it out; the current snuggled in purring contentment for a moment before continuing its hard life. Over the pool hung a tree with a curved trunk; other trees were reflected in its smooth surface.

The spot appealed to me. I wanted to sit on the bank, in the shade, and invite what was left of my soul. Besides, it was time for lunch. So I headed in that direction and soon I was stretched out on the grass in delightful abandon. My waders were off and I could wiggle my toes and my blistered heel. I ate deeply of cheese and bread and a bit of sausage which I had carried all morning wrapped in a bit of newspaper. I drank in (as the poets say) the beauty of the day; I was satisfied with the world.

Lunch over, I decided to stay right there and fish. I rigged up my dainty rod with a common line to which I attached a leaden sinker and a plain hook baited with a morsel of sausage. Let somebody else carry on with the dry flies; I had decided to fish. I lay back on the grass and propped my rod between my knees and awaited a bite.

After all is said and done, this was the way of Izaak Walton, who would have fainted at the thought of a terrific onslaught on the fish with waving arms and aching muscles and a blister on the heel—and with a grim determination not unlike that of the salesman who tries to sell his product in spite of sales resistance. Surely, the mechanical age had reached the Gentle Sport. We fish like a workman in a giant factory who must tap the same bolt all day long.

As I waited for my bite, I found it pleasant to shade my eyes with both hands and gaze straight up through a chimney in the foliage at the blue heavens. I caught a glimpse of a broad-winged hawk floating high in the air; small white clouds drifted by. The leaves of the trees stirred faintly in the soft breeze and I watched them . . . watched them. . . .

I was startled by the sound of voices. I sat up, looked in all directions. I could see nothing unusual. But as I strained my ears for a repetition of the sound, it seemed to me that I heard a peculiar rustling noise, or a clicking, or something of that sort—not so loud as an outboard motor, nor yet so subdued as one of those fancy English reels, but an odd half-tone of a noise, very business-like and disturbing. Something like the drone of an airplane high in a calm sky.

As I waited and listened, a movement upstream caught my eye. I saw a procession coming around a bend of the river. Such a procession I had never seen before, nor do I expect ever to see its like again. Predestined to fail, I shall do my best to describe it.

First came three canoes. One of these was between, and a bit in advance of, the others, which floated about two canoe-lengths to the rear of the leader. In the bow of the front canoe sat a person of the most astonishing appearance. I am not quite sure that it was his appearance that was astonishing, either. But there was something about him. In size, he was small. He sat up very straight, much after the manner of a person who has just felt a small chunk of ice slip under his clothing near the small of his back. In his hands he held a fishing rod of stout construction. It was a heavy rod, and its silvered mountings shone in the sunlight; the reel resembled, more than anything else I can call to mind, a mimeograph machine.

As the ensemble drew closer to me, I obtained a good view of this man's face. It was small and pale, and it came to a point, so to speak. His nose was outstanding, if you know what I mean, and it was held in the attitude of sniffing. If his nose was expressive of his attitude toward the sport in which he was engaged, it meant that he considered fish as something that are found, about two days too late, in a zinc trough before a side-street shop.

In the rear of the canoe was a guide in a checkered shirt. In the flanking canoes were several men in brown derbies.

Nor was this all of the procession. In fact, it was merely the advance guard. Immediately behind these canoes came a fleet of boats, boats of all descriptions, which crowded the little river from bank to bank. They ranged from varnished canoes to the merest rafts of lashed logs. In and on these crafts were men in shirtsleeves who smoked cigars

or cigarettes with great gusto. All wore their hats on the backs of their heads.

As I sat there gasping in amazement, an event of importance took place. The little man in the front canoe reached forward, touched a button (at least so it seemed to me) on the bow of his canoe. Immediately the flanking canoes deployed. One hastened to the side of the leader, the other turned about and halted the flotilla that pressed in the rear.

It was then that I heard the peculiar buzzing sound that had previously disturbed me.

I saw a fishline zip through the water; I saw the rod bend and begin to throb. The angler sprang to action. He did not move his body, nor so much as wink an eye, but the fingers of his left hand were busy. He was pressing buttons on the side of the reel, as though it were—let us say—an accordion.

The fish struggled in a manner which sent creeping chills up my spine. It was a dogged, desperately determined struggle with no time for fancy frills. The fish fought by swimming in such a manner as to describe a series of figure-eights. One figure-eight after the other. And still I heard that droning sound, muffled by the water, and similar to the drumming of a sheepshead.

Suddenly the angler reached to the bow of the canoe, again pressed the button. The attendant canoe dashed forward. One of the men reached out with a landing net and lifted the fish from the water. But such a fish! That fish buzzed! It buzzed and whined and whirred. The man with the net reached forward, did something to it, and it stopped, lay lifeless. As it was deposited in the angler's canoe I heard a faint clank. The angler mopped his perspiring brow with a kerchief, then resumed his former position, gazing dead ahead. The men in the other canoe, those who had landed the fish, were in violent action. One of them was working furiously over a typewriter; the other seemed to be winding something up, as a boy winds up a toy engine. The second attendant canoe now came forward and took the sheets of paper hot from the typewriter and made off in the direction of the waiting flotilla. There one of the men raised a megaphone to his lips and began to read, and the men with the hats on the backs of their heads bowed over a hundred typewriters and the roar of the embattled machines shook the very foundations of the earth.

As I looked again at the leading canoe, I was startled to observe that the angler was gazing in my direction. He pointed toward my shady pool. Immediately his canoe turned and came my way; the others followed.

But as the leading canoe came closer it hesitated, the other two drew alongside, and everybody looked at me. One of the men in the brown derbies laughed and said:

"Why, it's Izaak Walton! See his long beard and his silver-buckled shoes, his funny hat, and his old-fashioned coat! Let's speak to him!"

Amazed at such talk, I looked myself over and was dumfounded to find that the man had spoken the truth. My beard *was* long and my shoes *did* have silver buckles on them, and I *did* present an old-fashioned appearance. And the strange part of it was that I realized that, after all, I really *was* Izaak Walton!

"I invite you in," I said pleasantly, "to share my shady retreat. The sun is hot, no more welcomed by fish than by man, and the wise angler, he who knows his onions, seeks just such a spot at mid-day."

The canoes came on, keels grated on the sand beside the pool. Then I had another idea. "Gentlemen," I said, "not only do I crave the pleasure of your company, but also that of your conversation. I am contemplating the compilation of a book on angling, and would like to interview this man who has just caught such a remarkable fish."

"Such a procession I had never seen before, nor do I expect ever to see its like again."

This caused another consultation, and presently one of the men in the brown derbies turned to me and said: "It's quite all right. He wishes a rest, and feels that granting an interview will be as effective a way to rest as any."

The Angler came ashore and sat down in the shade beside me. The others withdrew to a respectful distance.

"Well," I began, "what is your favorite fish?"

The Angler pondered. He thought. That is to say, he looked dead ahead and blinked his eyes, if that means anything to you. Twice he moistened his lips. Then he turned to me. "Name and describe some of them," he directed.

I began:

"First let us take the bass. The bass is a typical fish, well shaped, with a trim fin arrangement. It has a large mouth, which it opens and closes after having been caught. It is widely distributed, but is especially prevalent in the middle West. A favorite with the farmers and city folk alike, and enjoys a reputation for honesty and accuracy. The bass is found in lakes surrounded by wheat fields. It doubtless was the favorite boyhood fish of, let us say, Mr. McNary, Mr. Haugen, and others.

"Consider the pickerel, which is of the pike family. It is most plentiful of all. While its larger cousins, the northern pike and the muskie, are especially native of the very northern states and to Canada, the pickerel itself is a product of the East—"

I was interrupted by a wave of the hand. "The pickerel is 'out' for this year," said the Angler. He gave me a cold, calculating glance and I could see with half an eye that the pickerel was 'out' for this year.

"Take the cat-fish. It is of the South, mostly, though certain phases occur above the 'line.' It is a great favorite in Alabama, which is famous for having cast twenty-four for Underwood—"

The lines on either side of the Angler's face deepened; the line that was his mouth all but vanished. He moistened what was left of his lips, but said nothing.

"And then," I continued, "there is the sucker, which is widely spread. It is a favorite among boys, and it has a peculiar mouth owing to its habit of feeding on the bottom of the river. It has a receding jaw, as opposed to the undershot jaw of, say, the pike. I earnestly recommend the sucker to your attention. It has many constituents, and is dependable in a pinch. Any man who likes the sucker is assured of a large following if it happens to be a sucker year. 1928 will not be a sucker—"

The Angler waved his hand. The umpire had again said "out."

"Take the trout, the species for which you now are angling. It is an aristocrat of the streams. It may be termed the Big Business fish. It has a certain finesse about it which enables it to escape with ease unless handled with a Big Stick. It has minute scales, if any. Its flesh is firm and pleasing to the taste; in color it is of many hues, and is spotted. I recommend the trout for your consideration as a favorite fish. It is interesting when fried."

The Angler gave me no encouragement. "The filet of sole has always been my favorite eating fish," he said.

I went on with my discourse. "Of course we have not touched upon the sea, or international, fishes. Take the porpoise, which is half of the time out of the water and half of the time in it, and which is the favorite fish of Senator Horah. Then there is the halibut, which has both eyes on one side of its head and lies on the bottom, looking up, and this fish is favored by Mr. Kellogg, a member, I hear, of the President's cabinet. The halibut, if well salted, is good to the taste. It is white in color.

"And then there is the salmon, of both salt and fresh waters. Its flesh ranges from a deep pink to a pearly white, and it is equally at home in the sea and in the shallow riffles of freshwater streams. It spends its life trying to decide what it likes. It is a favorite among leading Democrats.

"That, I think, covers the essential species, which I offer for your consideration."

The Angler gazed in silence into the pool at our feet. He raised his hand, nervously beckoned with his index finger; as by magic one of the men in the B. D.s appeared at our side. The Angler spoke without turning his head.

"What," he asked, "is my favorite fish?"

The man retired, and a moment later I heard the crackle of a wireless spark, the click of a typewriter, the purr of a ticker. I heard a murmur of voices, and the following words seemed to come to me:

"Doubtful . . . Reed . . . Majority . . . conceding . . . doubtful . . . certain . . . reports . . . middle West . . ."

A slip of paper was handed to the Angler. He stared at it for ten minutes. Once he scratched his nose. Once he slightly chewed his nether lip. Then he turned to me—

"Latest reports show that the bass is my favorite fish."

As though rehearsing a part in a play, one of the men in the B. D.s stepped forward and, as I wrote, he recited slowly from a portfolio of notes:

"The bass is his favorite fish, it was disclosed today by men close to him. Swerving from the pickerel, or pike, which did such valiant service during the trying days of 1925 at Paul Smith's, he has concluded that, after a lifetime spent in pursuit of the finny tribe, the bass is his favorite fish. In an exclusive interview, he indicated that he had been an ardent angler since childhood. 'The play of the fish at the end of the line has ever held an attraction for me,' he said, 'and, like the twenty million other anglers in America (or, properly speaking, eighty million, since each angler controls four vo—that is, has four friends or relatives) I love the thrill of the strike, the battle, the ultimate triumph.' He is reported as believing that, in the event of an emergency, he could return to the docks and piers and support his family by fishing."

That was the end of the communique. I turned to the Angler. "What species of fish are you catching today?" I asked.

The Angler reached into his creel and took out a card index file. He ran through it hurriedly. "What day is today?" he asked me.

"Thursday."

"Then I am catching bass. Tomorrow is trout day."

"But the used Ford I just saw you take out of the river—what kind of a fish was that?" I persisted.

The Angler was lost in thought. "That fish started out in life as a horse," he said finally.

I was frankly puzzled, but before I could question him further, one of the men in the B. D.s handed me another hot bulletin from the front. "For immediate release in today's papers," he murmured; and I read the following:

"I have always been an ardent fisherman. My grandfather was a cod fisherman, and the first thing I saw when I peeped over the edge of my old-fashioned cradle was a large net and several baskets of fish. I recall sitting on the bank of a little New England stream angling for goggle-eyes. Brought up to love the outdoors and all that is in it, I have recently had a longing for the West. And its fish. So I came here, to the Switzerland of America, among the finest people in the world. The West had always been hazy in my mind; I had even gone so far as to place it in the doubtful column. Now, I consider myself something of a Westerner."

I turned to the Angler. "You are a Westerner yourself," I said.

He lifted the corners of his coat to expose two neatly carved holsters. From one of these he took a small pearl-handled automatic pistol. He handed it to me, barrel foremost.

I looked it over. "Is it loaded?" I asked.

He smiled. "Yes."

"What are you looking for?"

"Lion."

"But to return to the subject of fishing," I persisted, "do you prefer the wet or the dry lure?"

Silence.

I nudged him. "Which one?" I asked.

His lips moved slightly. "There is nothing to be said on the subject."

"Is there anything you'd rather do than fish?" I tried another angle.

He nodded.

"What is it?"

"Pitch hay."

"And what sport is at the bottom of your list?"

He pondered. "Cornerstones," he said at length.

I could see that I was getting no place. I must use desperate measures. "I hear you are a conservationist," I said.

He nodded briefly.

"What branch of conservation are you especially interested in?"

"'The filet of sole has always been my favorite eating fish,' he said."

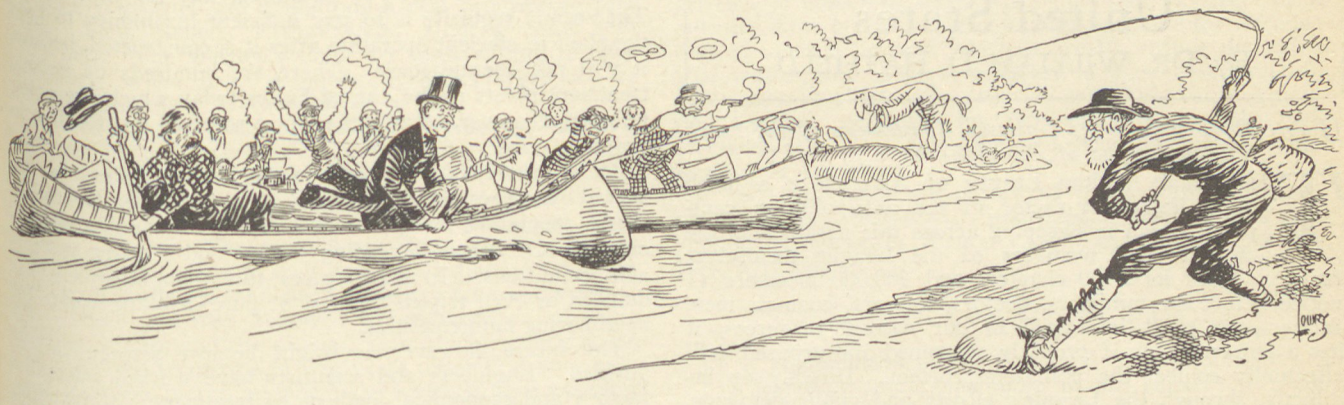
He slightly moved one eyebrow.

"I see," I smiled and nodded pleasantly. "Your point is well taken. Actions, of course, speaking louder than words. But what do you think of the pollution of our rivers and harbors?"

It seemed to me that he started slightly, and something that resembled a tear gathered in the corner of one eye. He quickly brushed it away with something that resembled a handkerchief.

"Yes and no," he said after due thought.

Increasing conversation among the men in the B. D.s disturbed us, and one of them stepped forward and addressed the Angler. "It is time for the hourly bulletin," he said,



"With might and main I tugged. Slowly the canoe drew closer—"

"and we must meet the fleet. If you care to rest a moment longer, we shall return shortly." He bowed and withdrew with the others.

The Angler turned to me. A grin spread over his face. His eyes lighted up. He reached over and took my hand.

"Ike," he said, "this is a hell of a life. I like to fish just as you're fishing now. Just sit in the shade and fish. But can I do it?" A genuine tear glistened on an eyelid. "I can not! If I were to go all day without catching a fish, I would lose my job. I must catch not only fish, but delegations. You can fish where the fish bite best; I must fish only in the Doubtful states. All because of an unfortunate occurrence."

The light of fever seemed to be in his eyes; he talked like a man who had not talked for years.

"I am the Great Silent Man," he continued, laughing mockingly, "by edict of the men in the brown derbies. One day I made a most unfortunate remark in regard to fishing. I seemed to belittle it as a manly sport. 'This,' said the men in the brown derbies, 'will react against you in the doubtful states. You must go fishing at once.'

"But I did not care. I had gone hay-pitching and had white-washed a chicken coop and had cut my son's hair and had driven a nail (which caused me to pound my finger) as part of the daily inquisition of one in my position in these days of acute democracy.

"So I went fishing. And here I am, like the Ancient Mariner, doomed to fish for the rest of my official life. I killed the albatross with one of my little press bulletins. And now look at me—"

He was pacing back and forth on the grass.

"My fish is a mechanical one. I am haunted by things called constituents and surrounded by men in brown derbies. I must always keep a fish on hand for the photographers, and last summer I got hell because I held up a salt mackerel in Pennsylvania. Thank God, Pennsylvania wasn't Doubtful! I am the Great Silent Angler—"

I was glad that the men in the B. D.s returned at that moment, for I feared for the sanity of my patient. As they appeared he stopped talking, his face became grim. He nodded coldly.

One of the men stepped forward. "The correspondents are ready," he said, "Their typewriters are newly oiled; they await only the word. We must catch another fish."

The Angler rose slowly to his feet, looked with utter distaste at the canoe, at the rod, at the whole river. But before he embarked he turned to me and gave me the most delightfully human wink I have ever seen.

The canoes were pushed out into the current. The flotilla that lay at anchor upstream began to show life. The Angler picked up his rod; again I heard the peculiar buzzing sound, and I saw the line tighten, saw the rod bend, saw the monster fish begin to cut figure-eights in the water as the current swept the ensemble past me. It seemed to me that now and then the fish made a figure-two in front of the figure-eight, but I'm not sure.

The fleet of correspondents came closer, passed me, hot on the trail. Above the sound of the riffles came the mighty, Niagara-like roar of a hundred typewriters.

The Angler was catching his fish again.

Suddenly a terrible thing happened. My own line, which I had forgotten, had in some manner become fastened to the canoe in which the Angler was riding. My reel played out, my rod bent and throbbed. I grabbed it with both hands and heaved. The canoe slowed up, stopped, began to back up. The men in the brown derbies shouted and yelled; they waved their arms. But my fighting blood was up. I was going to land the canoe, Angler and all. I felt in my veins the blood of hardy ancestors who had conquered the wilderness.

With might and main I tugged. Slowly the canoe drew closer, while bullets from the guns of the Angler played a harmless tattoo on my chest. Slowly I wound my irresistible reel.

I shouted words of victory. "I am Izaak Walton, you idiots! You can do nothing with me! Give up as well now as later!"

I punctuated my taunts with mighty heaves on the rod. The canoe and its occupants came closer, closer. . . .

Now for one final heave . . . !

But what's this? Something's wrong! The canoe is gone. Gone is the Angler, the men in the B. D.s, the fleet of correspondents. Gone are all. And here am I, standing on the bank, holding fast to the rod. It is bending and swaying. There is a fish attached to the hook! Skillfully I land the fish, and it lies gasping for breath on the bank beside me.

My whiskers are gone; gone are my silver-buckled shoes. I am no longer Izaak Walton. I am myself. And I am alone. The river murmurs at my feet; the leaves of the trees rustle in the gentle Western breeze; the sunlight sparkles on the water.

My empty creel lies beside me. A dying fish gasps on the grass. The newspaper which had contained my lunch stares me in the face. There is a picture, a headline—

President Chooses Western Site for Summer White House

I wipe the perspiration from my troubled brow and prepare to resume my fishing.

POLLUTION

A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Sewage Pollution in the United States

By DR. WILLIAM D. HATFIELD

(*Paper Read Before the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America—April 8, 1927*)

THE Izaak Walton League of America is a much more important factor in the anti-pollution campaign which is sweeping across this nation than the chapters and members of the League themselves realize. With its 2,900 chapters and 200,000 members (I notice before me ministers, doctors, lawyers, business men, farmers, etc.) all interested in our natural resources, it has a power, which if properly awakened and aroused, will effectually combat the pollution problem. Directly or indirectly, through the League's efforts and public demands, anti-pollution legislation is spreading from state to state. Numerous State Departments have written me praising the aid given them by our chapters. Others have requested our support to help them get authority and appropriations for stream pollution work.

Our problem at present is one of education; education of ourselves, the public and industry. Before we can attack the problem logically we must know the extent of pollution, its sources, and methods of its elimination. The Pollution Bureau at Headquarters has been at work for four months collecting information on pollution. Information from our Izaak Walton League questionnaires to date is not sufficient to warrant any conclusions. We must have answers from each chapter in the League. One hundred per cent is our goal!

The State Departments of Health and Conservation have most generously co-operated with us and have sent us detailed information regarding sewage pollution. Taking the country as a whole, these data show that fully seventy-five per cent of the pollution problem is due to domestic sewage. There are certain industrial sections of the country in which industrial waste causes fully fifty per cent of the pollution, but *taking the United States as a whole seventy-five per cent of the pollution is domestic sewage.*

One reason for clean streams.

The data show that there are 60,000,000 people in the United States served by municipal sewers. Only 18,500,000, or thirty-one per cent, have any type of sewage treatment. Of this thirty-one per cent having sewage treatment plants not half have adequate treatment, because of poorly designed and poorly operated plants. The first requisite of a sewage treatment plant for your city is that it should be designed by a sanitary engineer of recognized ability, who makes a specialty of designing sewage plants. In the long run tax money is saved by obtaining only the best advice. The second requisite is to pay sufficient tax money to keep the plant in efficient operation after it is constructed, because it will not operate itself. There are hundreds of sewage treatment plants in the United States today which are doing no good whatever, because they have received no attention in years.

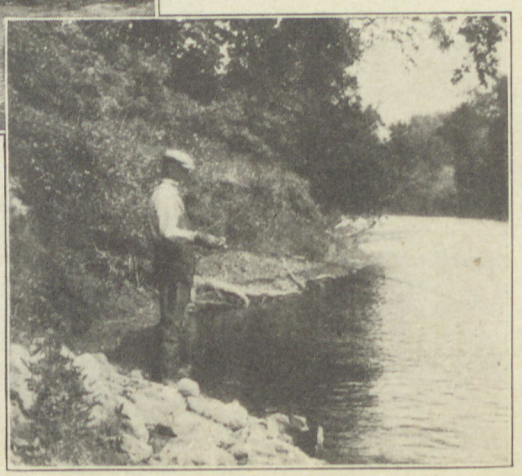
There are 41,000,000 people in the United States who are served by sewers, but without any form of sewage treatment. These people are thoughtlessly dumping their pollution into our nation's waters, spreading disease and creating unbearable conditions. In many cases this thoughtlessness has doubled or even tripled the cost of pure drinking water for neighboring municipalities.

The future, however, is bright because sewage can be purified. Engineers and scientists have worked out satisfactory and economical methods of treatment. Many cities are now treating their sewage in up-to-date plants at a per capita cost that is very moderate.

The average total cost for complete sewage treatment, including retirement of bonds, interest, and operation of plants, in numerous cities in Illinois (plants built since the war) is less than two dollars per capita per year. The average cost of installing a modern bathroom in your home is five hundred dollars. Isn't it worth two dollars per year to properly dispose of the waste from your five hundred dollar bathroom? I say *it is a community's duty to dispose of its waste in a sanitary manner.*

Not many years ago people objected to street paving because of the costs. Now they demand it because it increases the value of their property. Sewage disposal is also an asset and will soon be demanded by the people from common decency and public health standpoints. A modern sewage treatment plant is an asset to any city. Citizens point to it with pride much as they do to their new tiled bathrooms.

In order to attain this ideal we must arouse our communities to a desire for health, and self-respect. A self-respecting citizen cannot legally or morally throw his ashes, tincans, and garbage over his back fence into his neighbor's back yard, and then point with just pride to his own beautiful flower gardens. Likewise a city cannot legally or morally pollute our water courses by throwing its filth into a nearby stream to carry disease and putrefaction to neighboring



And another reason.

municipalities, and then point with pride to its beautiful park system.

This is a duty every community owes to civilization. The word community or municipality includes not only the Mayor or City Council, but also every person living therein. Therefore, *Fellow Waltonians, it is YOUR duty!* I know you are already thinking correctly on this problem. My plea is that, when you return home, you organize your own neighbors and fellow citizens and lead them, (1) to appreciate the seriousness of the pollution situation, (2) to realize the dangers of spreading disease, and your city becoming a public nuisance, and a menace to its neighbors, (3) to demand that your public officials attack the problem in a sane, economical and logical manner. There are many agencies through which you can work. Your local press will back you up if you inaugurate a real progressive program. Your Rotary, Kiwanis and kindred clubs will gladly help. The Women's Clubs are most willing to help, particularly when it is a public health, playground, or children's program. Ours is all three.

There is another problem which confronts us. That is Time and Patience. It takes time to mould public opinion. This cannot be done in a day, a week, or a month. It may take a year or even more. Then comes the services of the sanitary engineer to make surveys, draw plans and make estimates of costs. This takes time. Then the legal phases of financing the project, such as organization of Sanitary Districts, Bond Issues, and elections which are usually necessary. These are then followed by construction of main collecting sewers and the disposal plant. This construction work will take from two to five years depending on conditions. You see, therefore, why I say we must have patience. We must not become dissatisfied because a miracle is not performed in a few months. The problem of pollution to which this convention has consecrated itself means that we are pledged to years of work, *hard* work. Work which must be sympathetic, co-operative, patient, and aggressively active over a considerable period of time.

There are numerous agencies which are not only willing but are anxious to help you as far as their authority and appropriations will let them. The two most important agencies are the State Boards of Health and Conservation. In most states the organization of these departments is co-operative and the state Board of Health is given authority to make surveys, make recommendations and pass on plans for sewage and waste treatment. In many states these departments lack necessary authority. In some states the departments have authority but not sufficient appropriation to carry on the work. The engineering and laboratory divisions of our State Boards usually have their hands full taking care of the purity of our drinking water supplies. When they are given further authority over sewage and waste pollution they must have additional appropriations to increase their staffs and equipment for this additional work.

For these reasons we must support our State Boards in their requests for additional authority and appropriations. We must work with and for them. *They* are the motor, *public opinion* is the gasoline, *authority* is the oil, *appropriation* is the chauffeur, and our Izaak Walton League chapters should be the accelerator. The Public, of course, is the owner.

Pollution will be stopped by work and coöperation by yourself, your chapter, your community and your state. The Federal Government can be of great general assistance, and in certain specific cases may aid, but most problems are local problems and Federal Legislation must not be relied upon for their solution.

As stated in the first part of this paper industrial pollution is very serious in certain sections of the country. This problem is particularly serious because in numerous cases methods are not known for treatment of certain wastes. However, many wastes can be treated, and in such cases should be treated. This can again be accomplished to the best advantage by coöperation between communities, state departments and the industries causing the pollution. This same coöperation with other industries will develop new methods for treating wastes now hard to handle. Experience in numerous states has shown that in almost every industry more efficient operation, vigilance, and the introduction of modern "saveall" devices greatly reduce the industrial wastes, and increase economy in plant operation. In many cases recovery of by-products previously causing pollution has not only paid for the operation, but also paid dividends. In some cases the by-product is now the chief product of the plant.

I will close with the report of the Pollution Committee, which was unanimously approved by the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, April 9, 1927, as follows:

POLLUTION COMMITTEE REPORT

Be it recommended—

(1) Domestic sewage pollution in this country is a tremendous factor in the pollution of our streams. This pollution can be stopped by scientific means.

(a) That sewage pollution is a public health problem, and that public health should be the ultimate goal of our work.

(2) That each chapter in this League actively initiate a program in their home town to build and properly operate an adequate sewage disposal plant.

(3) That each chapter actively support through its legislators, its State Boards of Health, Fish & Game and Conservation Departments campaigns for additional *authority* to handle anti-pollution studies.

(4) That each chapter actively support increased appropriations for these Departments to carry out such authority.

(5) That we obtain coöperation of the American Medical Association, American Public Health Association, and the United States Public Health Service.

Be it recommended:

(1) That in certain sections industrial wastes cause terrible polluting conditions.

(2) That many of these wastes can be treated by scientific means.

(3) That some wastes cannot be completely treated by known methods.

(4) That all wastes should be treated as far as scientific and economic methods are available.

(5) That research work be fostered to study methods of treatment where such are known.

Be it recommended—

That the Moving Picture film on sewage disposal be made available to our chapters.

In the July Issue

The Self-Purification of Polluted Streams and the Lessons it Teaches

By PROFESSOR GORDON M. FAIR of Harvard University

distinguished authority on all phases of the pollution of our streams

The Kansas Anti-Pollution Law

By ANDERSON LEE SCOTT

A. L. Scott was a member of the 1927 session of the Kansas Legislature, but even before he became a member of the legislative body, he wrote a law that won him a medal. That law, enacted two years ago, created game refuges in Kansas for the preservation of wild life. It has not only been praised by the Republican governor, but has been recognized by the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund of New York, which awarded the gold medal. Mr. Scott is state president of the Kansas Division of the Izaak Walton League of America. The story of his valiant fight for an Anti-Pollution Bill for his state and his dramatic last minute victory follows:

STREAM pollution like the poor seems to be always with us. It is not likely that either the states or the nation will solve this problem very soon. It will be partially solved within five or ten years, but its final solution may not be within one hundred years. Nevertheless it will not be solved until we begin. The time is *now* and the *place* is right where you are.

The chief sources of industrial stream pollution in our state are oil, salt water, salt mines and coal mines. In addition to this we have sewage pollution from a number of our cities which have not as yet put their houses in order.

For over twenty years the state Board of Health has had power over pollution that affects the public health. It would therefore seem as though no one could complain that the board of health has been oppressive or aggressive in correcting pollution detrimental to the public health.

Kansas conservationists have complained bitterly of the pollution of certain of our streams. Some of us believe that the Creator intended the streams of this state to contribute to the health, comfort and welfare of our citizens. Apparently some forms of selfishness do not agree with this. On the other hand they feel that they have a right to destroy the property of other people.

Our experience, however, warrants us in concluding that many of the older and more substantial men of industry really wish to avoid injuring the property of others. In this respect polluting interests do not at all compare favorably with other corporations who usually desire to gain and retain the public good will.

In November, 1926, the El Dorado State Convention of the Izaak Walton League instructed its executive officers to prepare and present to the 1927 session of the legislature an anti-pollution bill. The resolutions declared that it was the "fixed policy of the Kansas Division of the Izaak Walton League to oppose the pollution of our streams and lakes and favored immediate remedial legislation to correct this growing evil."

Accordingly under the directions of the Attorney General a bill was prepared and was introduced in the House of Representatives. It empowered the State Board of Health to employ technical advisers to secure evidence of "abatable pollution of the surface waters detrimental to the animal or aquatic life of the state." The Attorney General is empowered to take such actions as may be necessary to secure the abatement of such pollution.

The bill was not introduced early in the session for the reason that we had a merger bill abolishing the Fish and Game Department and placing its powers and duties under the Forestry, Fish and Game Commission created two years previously. Finally the last day came for the introduction of bills by members and our Merger bill was still out on open seas.

Consequently I had the anti-pollution bill introduced in the name of another member who told me he favored it. Later in the session he changed his mind and when my back was turned had it stricken from the calendar. Finally the House advanced our bill and by a special motion it was put up for consideration on third reading. The lobby threw a fit, became very active and resorted to every parliamentary trick known to the human mind to sidetrack us. They even warned the writer that if he did not withdraw the bill they would kill an amendment to the appropriation bill which gave to a state institution in his home town a new music hall. Domineering in the extreme better describes the tactics used. Personal friends interceded and counselled the writer to withdraw the bill as it meant little less than political suicide if insistence meant the defeat of the new music hall for his home town. Finally after becoming thoroughly exasperated and detesting this species of semi-blackmail the lobbyists were politely told to go to h—. The battle for our bill came up that afternoon and it went over in the House by a safe majority.

It had not been the writer's intention to tackle the Senate at this session. The upper House was considered the citadel of the interests. However, the writer's Scotch-Irish fighting blood was thoroughly roiled by this time and he decided to take a crack at the conscript fathers in the other end of the Capitol, come what may.

While others were sleeping we were working in certain ways in every corner of the state urging prompt action on each Senator that House Bill 593 might be made a law. The effect on the Senate was noticeable within less than twenty-four hours.

There was considerable commotion, and the waters were turbulent. The lobby by this time was getting a real surprise, and they were madder than the proverbial wet hen. They strained every nerve, resorted to every resource possible to stem the tide, but the conservationists had gotten a little too far along with their work.

It seemed impossible to get a skilled parliamentarian to handle the bill on the floor of the Senate, but finally Senator O. W. Sparks of Galena, an operator of lead and zinc mines, championed the bill. Senator Sparks worked almost incessantly for twenty-four hours, begged and pled with the oil men of the Senate to let the bill come to a vote. Late in the night he became exasperated and began to "cuss them." The Senator's homely way of presenting the matter, his straight talk from the shoulder created a tremendous amount of applause. Even the oil senators chuckled and nudged each other in their hilarity. While this particular outburst of laughter was at its height the Senator made his motion to "put his bill on third reading right now." This carried by a two-thirds vote.

The Kansas Senate has an archaic rule whereby an objection by a single Senator may delay a bill twenty-four hours, which has required a two-thirds vote to advance it on the calendar. So amused were the oil Senators that they overlooked their hands and forgot to interpose their twenty-four hour objection. The bill was under consideration. The machine had slipped a cog.

Then the oil interests began a barrage of parliamentary objections, and at least fifteen times we were hanging by a thread on the outer walls of a precipice overlooking an abyss of failure. But the good Lord took care of us and shortly before one o'clock on that memorable night the final roll was called, and our bill went over twenty-five to six. The Governor signed the bill although the oil interests forecasted dire results if the *(Continued on page 34)*

The Knight Errant

By EARL H. REED

Pencil Drawings by the Author

Earl Reed's stories of the Dunes are widely known, their charm competing with the beauty of his etchings which grace the collections of our greatest Art Museums.

UP North in Michigan—away from the ken of the prying tourist, and far from the numbered and sign infested roads—a sinuous river flows. Miles on miles of silver waters flee through cloistered solitudes. The rapid roving currents have hollowed profundities deep and cold under many shadowed banks. The gnarled denuded roots of once majestic pines reach out over the purling tide in mute rebuke of man's desecration of the forests. The rushing waters hide under piles of logs—decayed and half submerged, that wasteful and rapacious despoilers of half a century ago forgot. Countless noble boles escaped the devouring mills and now shelter mystic retreats of the Rainbow Trout—that prince of the clear streams.

A wrinkled old Ojibway told us that in former years it was called "The Ghost River" in his language, and in it were "damn big fish." He told a romantic tale of the origin of the name, and offered, for a modest stipend, to guide us if we wanted some real fishing. With much diversified modern equipment we sought the wilds.

Narratives of camping and fishing expeditions become bromidic when they consist of prosy records of what is eaten—how the coffee smelled—descriptions of the welcome sizzles of frying pans—how everybody felt, and countless other purely personal matters. The usual routine of camp life is familiar to all of us, and these details are omitted from this story. The W. K. mosquitoes are also left out, as they should have been in the original distribution of living things, as is also the time-worn formula for the dope with which to repel them.

No tale of this trip would go into the world were it not for one fish, sinewy and mighty, with a stormy soul, impish sagacity, and instincts of primal savagery, that abided under a certain log jam, toward which the Ojibway and the fates were leading us.

After establishing camp, we ascended the river with our little motor, against a six-mile current for several hours. Then we tied up to a snag and organized for the down stream fishing. The oars and a small bow anchor on a long line gave the wrinkled Ojibway the boat control necessary to the leisurely treatment of favorable spots, and our progress began.

There are many different conceptions of human contentment. One of them is sitting on an air cushion in a seat with a comfortable back, facing the stern of a boat being slowly backed down a crystal stream thickly inhabited by Rainbow Trout. Under such conditions a favorite juicy pipe seems essential. It has been the experience of many anglers of high repute that they cannot catch fish in the absence of a pipe. No one brand of tobacco seems to be especially favored. In this case natural leaf fully answered the purpose. A crotchety friend, who is always extremely particular about the details of his fishing, tells us to avoid cigarets in a boat, as the discarded stubs are likely to distract the attention of trout. He says he has seen them rise to these odoriferous floating things, and he considers them more attractive to a fish than many of the artificial lures that are sold to sedentary fishermen at the stores. He did not say whether or not he had ever put them on a hook, but with his proclivities for experimental research he probably has.

Several flocks of teal and black mallards left the water as we rounded the bends, and we surprised a small bear that was hunting crayfish in a little pool of backwater behind a pine stump. Woodchucks and squirrels scampered about among the dead wood tangles. A doe and her fawn gazed curiously from one of the low banks until we were within a hundred feet and then scuttled away into the underbrush.

We anchored before many pools and fished down to them. Inside of two hours we had captured more trout than anybody has any business to catch in one day, but we had slipped them all back into the H-2-O, except two that we reserved for food. They averaged between two and three pounds, and had been valiant fighters—each affording five to eight minutes of exalted thrill. We discovered later that these shining beauties were but curtain raisers to the event of the day.

We floated cautiously toward a log heap that looked promising. The current whirled out of the shore shadows and foamed around the end of the soggy mass. We tried various enticements for some time and concluded that nobody was at home. The wrinkled one suggested that we try a sucker minnow, about seven inches long, that he had caught and salted a few days before and put in his pocket. We looked at the shrivelled uncanny object and it did not please us. It seemed unethical and repellant, but to humor the debased savage, we hooked it through its sunken eyes, rigged it with a heavy sinker, and let it drift into the hole, with the secret reflection that the depraved red man might have added pepper while he was about it. It was scarcely out of sight before lightning seemed to have struck somewhere down below. Then came a swirling lunge, and there leaped and gleamed in a burst of spray one of nature's masterpieces—a superb Rainbow. Our opinions differed as to his weight, but not as to his horse power. In his mad rushes he flashed by us many times close to the bottom, vaulted repeatedly into the air, and shook the salted sucker at us in defiant scorn. After one desperate plunge he darted away through the wild waters, with the evident intention of leaving the country and taking us with him. At the reel limit of about fifty yards the middle joint of the five ounce rod became a useless and mutilated thing and the line snapped. We resisted the impulse to throw the rest of the outfit after the fleeing foe, and made the obvious comments.

The air enveloping the boat was permeated with sulphurous effusion from the wrinkled stoic at the oars. He burst into the lurid profanity that for ages has consoled the white man in his wrath, and has helped to distinguish him from the barbarian.

As soon as we felt that adequate expression had been achieved, we decided that the salted sucker had met a wonderful end, and devoted more attention to the pool with what tackle we had left. We did not expect to accomplish much after the recent turmoil, but somehow the surroundings fascinated us. The hero was gone, but the stage was left. We lingered to enjoy the atmosphere of the drama—and some other things we happened fortunately to have with us.

We really did not need any more angling that day, and after a few half-hearted attempts, we left the scene.

That night we sat before a flickering camp fire, talking of conquerors, kings and bloody tyrants that had got away with everything they went after in this world, nature's disregard of human troubles, and the futility of existence. Out through the lacery of the pine branches silvered waters shimmered in the moonlight, moving grandly on, oblivious of our puny affairs. We knew that somewhere in their

Pencil Drawing by Earl H. Reed

Sunrise on the Ghost River.

hidden depths was a warrior that skill and tempered steel had failed to vanquish.

Weary and heart sore, we were lulled to fitful slumber by the ripples whispering along the shore, and dreamed of one that was gone. Half wakefulness in the dark conjured distorted visions. A mighty salted sucker—pale, wan, and withered—with sunken foggy eyeballs, seemed to regard us with a frozen phosphorescent stare. We thought we could detect a salty odor and crunching sounds outside the tent, as if some monster was eating a big dried fish. We fancied notes of mockery in the prolonged and intrusive hoots of a big owl somewhere out in the gloom, and altogether it appeared that nature's calm equipoise had been disturbed as far as we were concerned.

We were afloat in the early dawn, imbued with the hope that ever sustains the human heart. Not far from camp we suddenly caught sight of a silk line wavering in some shallow rapid water. It looked like ours. There was a deep pool just above, out of which the line was evidently trailing. With suppressed excitement we anchored, carefully threaded the end of the line through a steel rod tip, and down to a spare reel we happened to have with us. Cautious procedure quickly developed the situation. Our doughty friend was parked in the shady hole, and evidently still well hooked.

The battle began immediately. He raced by us and under the boat many times on the taut line, a great deal of which we had to give him when he wanted it. After about twenty minutes of noble fighting, much of it in the air, he began to look safe. Finally we lifted the exhausted fish into the boat, covered him carefully, and decided to congratulate the country that contained fishermen of our rank.

Thinking we had attained glory enough for one morning we concluded to go back and photograph our prize, put him in a cool hollow below the spring and have breakfast.

On approaching camp a freckled brat of about eight yelled at us from the bank. He was the foul offspring of a settler who lived a couple of miles away. He had come through the woods with a short pole, a can of worms, a pail and a basket, in the hope of selling us some supplies. He had impaled half a dozen naked wrigglers on a rusty hook attached to a chalk line, with a ten penny nail for a sinker, and was soaking the mess from the end of a log, awaiting our return.

It is here necessary in the interest of truth to violate honored precedent. He had caught nothing at all. He was not the traditional cane pole—angle worm—sunburnt—barefooted small boy, featured in countless fish stories, whose function it is to exhibit a prodigious fish at the proper time. He was a degenerate and opprobrious specimen of humanity, that, in our opinion was entirely superfluous in the scheme of creation. He had witnessed the conflict from afar, and as soon as we tied to the bank, and went after the camera, he jumped into the boat to see what we had. He lifted the fish, there was a convulsive struggle, and both went over into the deep water near the stern of the boat. All we got back was the freckled brat—a sad exchange. Our hero floated off down stream a ways and then swirled into the depths, trailing no line that would ever connect him with anybody else. He probably departed for his pool—anyway we hope so, for in leafy months to come we expect to haunt the Ghost River and try to find him.

Again the irreverent old aborigine copiously sprayed the silence with a torrent of hard boiled blasphemy, vile and of high voltage, that he had learned from the paleface. We

Pencil Drawing by Earl H. Reed

A Byway on the Ghost River.

listened sympathetically for some time. Then we bought the rescued kid's eggs, his milk, and his worms, told him we would not need him any more and to run along. We never wanted to see him again, and thought he should be kept away from the river by his folks.

Regretfully we now considered the affair of the Knight Errant a closed incident, and resorted to philosophy.

Moodily we watched a Kingfisher's successful dives after minnows—a utilitarian seeking meat. He reminded us that we were not of his ilk. Sport was our incentive and we had been royally favored. Our erstwhile antagonist was doubtless very old, quite tough, and less delicately flavored than the smaller trout. He was entirely too big for a meal. Much of him would be wasted if he was cooked, and it would be sacrilege to cook such a fish.

He could have been sent to a taxidermist, but why should he be mounted? It would be a ghastly rigid thing—void of the vibrant life and power that once carried that multi-tinted form through hard fought conflicts and foaming waters. It was better not to defile his memory with sightless glass orbs and plaster of paris, and to revere him as he was—a paragon among his kind.

Mounted fish are dismal effigies, ghastly and unseemly things of no value except to substantiate assertions as to size, and among gentlemen such evidence is superfluous. They feed selfish pride and excite the base envy of little minds. They often inspire twisted humor, like that of the owner of a stuffed and painted muskie, who explained to awed friends that the 40-inch fish over his library mantel had been found in the stomach of a monster muskie that he had caught the year before and presented to a museum.

After our joy in the conflict with our big rainbow it would have been chivalric to have spared our foe. In this case he and the much cussed imp had attended to this, and not his conquerors, so our consciences smote. We wish him equally good luck in all his future troubles with anybody but us.

We caught many big trout during our two weeks' stay. We weighed but few, for scales fetter imagination and have no place in the realms of fancy. We were on a teeming stream, and it is among the dreams of days to come.

Our Ghost River is unspoiled water. For obvious reasons its map name is not to be imparted except to a chosen few, but I am afraid the secret will not last long. Somebody will probably write me a pleading letter, and I may be foolish enough to tell.

The Trail at Timberline

By EDISON MARSHALL

Author of The Deadfall

Illustrations by Perwyn Morlan

EVERY year, when I strike Northward for two marvelous months in the open, I have as my objective one fine specimen of big game. For an author of outdoor stories, this is a cunning scheme; especially so, if he is naturally lazy. Thus he invites the hunting passion to take hold of him. He knows that it will drive him, push him, and drag him, where his professional welfare could not budge him an inch. It will take him up mountains that ordinarily he would not climb for love nor money; it will lead him into deserts, marshes, barren lands, and impenetrable forests. Few authors will go through two months of fiendishly hard work on trail or in canoe just to see scenery, but they will do so gladly, and think they are enjoying it, in the pursuit of a grizzly bear. And they get the bear and the scenery too—in the most pleasant, exciting, and effective way imaginable. With me, the big game trophy is like the famous gum-drop that lured an explorer's Eskimos clear to the North Pole.

For any great endeavor, we need a definite object. Mine, frankly, is a head of big game. Other men kill more, but are not so frank. There are plenty of men who, on one noble excuse or another, commit crimes against our wild life that any out-and-out sportsman would be ashamed of. These men arm themselves with "museum permits"—usually procured from some one-horse museum or obscure institution—and smugly go forth and slay.

Of course, this charge does not apply to public-spirited adventurers of the Roosevelt stamp. Rather it is aimed at those hunters who take enormous bags of our own vanishing species, particularly the Kadiak bear. If there is one American animal that cannot stand many killings in the name of science or any other name, it is that huge fish-eater of the Western Alaska barrens, the Kadiak; yet we hear of bags of twelve, fifteen, even seventeen bears. One wonders if the hands of these "scientists" like Lady Macbeth's, will ever come clean again.

Yet the hunting of big game, in reason and season, should not hurt one's conscience. In this conservation business, we must not get the cart before the horse; we must realize that we are conserving animals for our own good as well as for the good of the animals themselves. Otherwise we lose ourselves in a swamp of sentimentality. Man, after all, is an imperialist; and the individual who denies it should never be caught eating big red steaks—when he could survive on nuts and berries—and he should not wear shoes of cow-leather. Eat and be eaten is Nature's law—as every man knows who knows the Wild.

The killing of a big animal, sought for through the uttermost wilds, gives me an intense and savage thrill. Because I want my son to have that thrill—because I want him hard of muscle, clear-eyed, strong of spirit, conquering—because I'd rather he would be a hunter than a boulevardier, and chase grizzly bears instead of innocent girls—because I want our Northern race to remain dominant—I am an animal conservationist. One of the best reasons why our game should be jealously watched and guarded is that we may remain a race of hunters.

It goes without saying that we must kill sparingly. In order that we—as well as the animals—may reap advantage, we must give our game every chance. Finally—that we may harden our muscles, but not our hearts—we must kill mercifully.

And this brings me to one of the neatest, sweetest little hunting incidents that an outdoor man ever enjoyed. It took place in Central British Columbia, in a country readily accessible, but yet which throngs with big game. Moose and grizzly are in particular abundance; woodland caribou are as numerous as in most Canadian hunting grounds. On this

particular adventure I was after caribou—one big bull to commemorate the trip.

To me, the woodland caribou bull is the most handsome American big game animal. He is my choice after looking them all over—and the choice of many outdoor men I know. Of course, there is a great deal of competition. Nature goes in for beauty on a lavish scale. The elk, for instance (wapiti) is a splendid creature, and the particular spread and fashion of his antlers gives him a majestic look that a kingly old grizzly must find hard to tolerate. Yet he is like some blonde women—his colors do not sufficiently contrast. A Virginia deer is a bewitching picture too. He has a symmetry that not even a poet may describe. Yet many of us maintain that the great, white-maned caribou of our western mountain wins first prize in the beauty contest of the Wild.

In describing him, it is best to begin with the background that frames him. This is a most important point. Nature is the supreme artist, with better taste than a connoisseur, and she usually places her most beautiful children in effective settings. Indeed, the two go hand in hand—one suits the other. A mallard duck is not particularly beautiful in a grain field, but seen against brown marsh-water he is a picture to remember. A bighorn sheep looks out of place on ten-foot rocks in a game-park: he needs the star-reaching cliffs of the Rockies properly to set him off. Even the woodland caribou might look dull and uninteresting in a moose swamp.

This noble creature's chosen background is the high park lands of the mountains. He dwells close to timberline, in a region indescribably beautiful. It is a place of long glades, of open meadows, of still and lost little lakes, of crystal-clear streams and black, isolated patches of timber. Of this wonderland he is the living spirit.

Often he is seen afar, with glasses, but the keenest pleasure lies in coming upon him suddenly. No wonder the hunter's eyes blaze up.

He is large—about the size of an elk—and he has tree-like antlers. His body is tawny, his neck gray, and his long mane is white as snow. Just for one second he stands perfectly motionless. Then life—quivering life—seems to strike him like a lightning bolt.

He begins to prance. Every movement makes a professional dancer look like a clown. He paws the ground like a race-horse; he swings his huge antlers. He fairly vibrates with that wondrous vitality of the Wild—a clear, full-flowing fountain which is ever the amazement and the delight of the outdoor man.

Presently he races away, but in the meantime the camera-plate of the hunter's mind has received an indelible picture. That night—dreaming before his fire—he can close his eyes and behold it again. The years come and the years go, and still it remains untarnished, unfaded, to be recalled at will even in the shadows of the city, in the bitter gloom and loneliness of the crowd.

Bob Davis Recalls:

A half hour's chat with an O. Henry prize winner

Extract from an interview of Robert H. Davis with Edison Marshall, reprinted from the New York Sun.

EDISON MARSHALL, the Oregon novelist, and writer of many short stories for Good Housekeeping, etc., is in New York to see about the publication of his new novel, "The Deadfall." He asked advice concerning the Aquarium at the Battery as a place of interest, and also what I thought about the American Museum of Natural History.

"Why should you," I asked, "who have caught every sort of fish that swims in the rivers and the sea and shot the Kadiak bear, the largest carnivorous mammal in the world, throw your time away with captured and stuffed creatures on Manhattan!"

I asked Marshall how it happened that he won the O. Henry short story prize in 1921 with "The Heart of Little Shikara," a story that was laid in India and dealt with a tiger hunt in a country about which the author knew little or nothing.

"Animals are pretty much alike the world over," he replied, and then wandered off into another realm of natural history.

"After all, nature seems to have worked out her problems with amazing intelligence," he said, "and is far ahead in ingenuity of us mortals. During the war man invented the smoke screen, the electric wire fence, camouflage, subways and poison gas. Well, the devilfish emits a cloud of ink and becomes invisible, the electric eel shocks its enemies, the chameleon becomes a perfect camouflage at will, the gopher is the king of subway builders and the polecat produces a gas that gives him the right of way against all other beasts. All traffic laws are off at his approach. And there are dozens of other illustrations. Nature is supreme."

Not from him but from another I learned that at the remotest western point of the American mainland—that is to say the Alaskan peninsula, which touches a meridian east of the Hawaiian Islands—he killed a Kadiak bear whose body measured more than nine feet from the tip of his nose to the tail, weighed 2,000 pounds and under the tape showed eighteen inches on the pads of his hind feet. The green pelt weighed one hundred pounds plus. Truly this man has had adventure in the animal kingdom. His black straight hair, his dark, penetrating eyes, his alert movements, all suggest that he might have been born in the forest or come out of Kipling's "Jungle Book."

To behold this vision, and to take one trophy, Mauf and I ventured into the Selkirk range. On Mauf's back was our combined duffle—luxury for me in the shape of an eiderdown bed and other equipment, stripped and bare necessities for Mauf. He also carried the grub—the little we had—and camp equipment.

It did not seem fair. Mauf was the older woodsman of the two: as the comparative tenderfoot, I should have done the disagreeable tasks. If we had been two Neanderthal men, venturing into the ancient highlands after meat, then I would not have climbed unhampered up the trail. I would have carried the burdens, while Mauf hunted. But civilization has thwarted justice. Mauf was a hired guide—and he was only grateful that the pack weighed but fifty pounds, instead of the hundred that most outside hunters make him carry.

We trudged up a mountain that seemed to lean backward. We followed a long ridge where small trees grew scantily, and were wried and twisted by the gales. We paused at last on the heights, where little white fur-legged ptarmigan ran from under our feet, and we looked down upon a chain of glades. "There," said Mauf, "is woodland caribou country."

It was a land of jewels. The lakes, glimmering everywhere, were like great sapphires. The little streams were like strings of pearls. The meadows were emerald. The tree-clumps, far below us, were marvelous carvings in jet. Great Heavens, it was caribou country! I knew it before Mauf spoke.

Mauf had never been here before, but it did not matter. He was at home wherever water runs and trees grow. This partly due to an infusion of Indian blood in his veins, darkening his skin and bringing surface-lights to his vivid eyes. Partly it was an understanding of the Wild surpassing any guide I had ever known. Wherever Mauf went, I would go.

We pitched our camp on the side of the ridge. The night was benevolent and cool; and a great horned owl hooted at us from a tall spruce. We wakened in the dawn to that peculiar feel of the air, that strange look of the trees against the brightening sky, that indescribable smell of the wind that tells the hunter he is in the wilderness. Few, if any, white men had camped in this glade before.

With the aid of an auxiliary shell for my rifle I decapitated a big blue grouse. We fried his breast, and we ate a marvelous thick bread which Mauf knew how to make in a frying pan. Then we ventured forth.

I have walked abroad with many first class hunters. Charley Baxter was one—perhaps the most famous Yukon guide—Dean Cochran, the naturalist-guide, was another. Yet neither of these men, and no man of my acquaintance, has the hunting instinct developed to such a surpassing degree as has Mauf Hamilton. Perhaps their skins are too white. Perhaps they have no strange-looking surface lights in their eyes. Yet Mauf is a white man, essentially—and one of

the whitest the North ever grew. He is one of the most companionable, the most sociable, and the most unselfish comrade any hunters could ask for. One does not need a buddy when he has Mauf. One feels neither superior nor lonesome when Mauf is across the fire. He is one of "the brothers"—and outdoor men will know just what I mean. It may or may not be interesting to note that Mauf's great grandfather was a Scotch peer, one of the proudest in a proud land.

As soon as Mauf entered the hunting country, he began to hunt. He did not go crashing through the thickets, looking for other hunting countries. He pussy-footed along like a puma. He stopped and investigated every copse. I walked in his steps, trying hard to make no more sound than he made, which was practically none at all. Presently he would turn, clutch my wrist, point, and speak deeply in his throat.

"Bear!" he would say; or "Moose!" And sure enough, half-lost in the shadows, would be the animal he had named.

My eyes have always been quick, yet only twice did I see a head of big game before Mauf saw it. Yet we saw dozens of heads every day, moose and caribou mostly.

We spent a glorious week in those glades. We roamed around, took pictures, stalked animals just to see how close we could approach them, and called moose. I called one stunted-horned bull within forty feet, and snapped him with an ordinary vest-pocket camera. And the only shooting we did was on the first day's hunt—to gain the one trophy we were seeking.

As it happened, most of the woodland caribou in our glades were cows and young bulls. The old bulls had gone elsewhere—in that mysterious way of caribou—leaving only their great tracks in the meadows. There had been plenty of bulls a week before. Now—after an hour's investigation of stale tracks—we felt doubtful if we would find even one head big enough to take. Of course I had no intention of taking an inferior head. Such is not in the rules.

Our estimates were dangerously near correct. In our week's roaming, we saw only one first-class stag in range. And that brings the story to the late afternoon of the first day, finding us six miles from camp and tired as porcupines.

The mysterious forest dusk was falling. The peaks were flaming from the just-sunk sun. There was barely time, I thought, to stride back to camp before pitch dark. Any delay would surely force us to sleep out—our camp was new, hard to find, easy to miss on the sidehill where it perched. Even such a guide as Mauf, it seemed, would surely miss it in the gloom.

As we were tramping up the glades, Mauf spotted a pair of caribou. They were too far off to be seen plainly, yet I thought I caught the white flash of a bull's mane. We hurried after them, but when we reached the glade where they had been feeding, they had gone.

For two miles we chased those caribou up the twilit glades, without once getting a fair sight of them. We were tramping a good four miles an hour, with that tireless zeal that only a hunter knows. It would soon be too dark to shoot. And I had an unhappy premonition that if I did not get the bull, I would break camp empty-handed. It might be my only chance.

Of course the animals had not winded us. Otherwise Charley Paddock himself could not have overtaken them. And at last, suddenly, we came out on them—two hundred yards away in an open glade.

There was a cow and a bull. The latter had as fine a head as a hunter could want. I desired him with that strange passion of the hunter—illogical, half-mad, atavistic—and yet which fills the veins like strong drink. I knew no mercy for him. My need was to destroy him, to see him fall, to end his rapid flight that threatened to take him away from me, to bear off his magnificent crown of horns in token of my victory.

I shot, and the caribou disappeared. We ran forward, sick with fear that I had missed, only to see him again a

"To me, the woodland caribou bull is the most handsome American big game animal."

scarce hundred yards beyond. Whether or not he was hit we did not know. He was flashing back and forth among the little trees, his white mane shining, his horns majestic.

"Take your aim," Mauf said. "If he gets into that brush, he's gone."

I took careful aim. All the nerve-force that a hunter possesses rallied to hold the rifle barrel still. I pulled the trigger, and the gun snapped.

It was a horrible moment. Of course I had simply failed to eject the shell I had fired a moment before. It was a tenderfoot trick, but as it happened, I had been guilty of a worse one.

As I started to throw in another shell, the rifle jammed.

It was no fault of the piece. To explain it, we must "flash back" to the previous morning. In an absent-minded moment I had tried to put six cartridges in a gun that will only hold five. One of them had been scratched by the pressure, and instead of throwing it away, a squirrel-like hording instinct made me put it in my pocket. In loading and unloading during the day, I had replaced the damaged cartridge in the chamber and had just fired it.

Its spit shell stuck in the chamber. And there we stood, helpless as sheep, with the trophy of our trip about to escape.

The moment that followed was simply blood-curdling. Those sixty seconds seemed to last an hour. Mauf swore, muttered, gasped, and sweated; and his knife blades popped like snap-beans as he tried to force out the shell.

Why did I not use Mauf's rifle? Because he had none. He was that perfect kind of guide who, for his employer's comfort, leaves his rifle in camp.

A cork screw was in my pocket, for reasons that are not necessary to this narrative. I used it as a pry, only to straighten out its curves as the rain straightens a Marcel wave. Yet, somehow or other, we got out the shell.

By this time I was so nervous I could hardly raise the gun, much less hold it true. Yet the gods were with me, and the little leaden death cruised straight. The caribou went down.

Such was the killing. Both of the rifle bullets had sped true. And the best part of the day was yet to come.

There was the measuring of the head. There was that strange, drunken rapture which always follows a victory of blood. And at last—there was the excitement of getting back to camp in the dark.

As stated above, Mauf had never penetrated this particular region before today. Since our camp was on a hillside, we could miss it four ways—either to the right or the left, above it or below it. Deep night was upon us almost immediately. Surely we would have to sleep out, supperless and without that blessed security and peace of an established camp.

In my sleeping-bag in our tent was a big, black quart of Hudson's Bay rum. To Mauf I made a bet—a drink of the rum that he could not show me the way home that night. Mauf's eyes lit up, and he started off like a man following his dog.

If a string had been tied to Mauf he could not have walked more directly into camp. It was the most astonishing display of orientation I had ever seen. Did Mauf collect his bet immediately? If you think so, you do not know the tried woodsman.

He waited until the fire was blazing and the rice was boiling. Then, at peace with the world, he braced his back against a fallen log. Carefully he poured an inch of the rum into a tin cup. . . .

Did he imbibe alone? Did he consume this one drink, the daily limit of the trip, in solitude? If you think so, you are making a second mistake. . . . At my feet, magnificent in the firelight, was the head of a giant caribou bull.

THE purpose of this story would be defeated if it closes without an appeal for better protection for the woodland caribou. He needs it sorely. Indeed, there is only one large mammal in America in so great need, and that is the Kadiak bear.

Like the Kadiak, the woodland caribou lives in quite open country. He can ordinarily be seen afar through binoculars, and marked down. He has little cover in which to hide, and is easily stalked. Besides, the woodland caribou —unlike the barren ground variety—is a comparatively rare animal to start with.

He cannot keep pace with the moose. The latter is actually driving him from his range. Where other big game animals are increasing or holding their own, the numbers of the caribou are ever fewer. Shall the parks—the lovely timberline glades—be utterly forsaken?

In many Canadian districts, a hunter is permitted two caribou bulls. They are actually given less protection than the common moose. If the provincial game boards will not reduce this limit, we must reduce it ourselves. Let there be an unwritten understanding among sportsmen everywhere that to kill more than one woodland caribou, and that one a stag, is the act of the vandal, the ruffian, and the game-hog.

From the Chicago Tribune, Saturday, May 7, 1927

"M. G. Barnes, chief engineer of the Illinois state division of waterways, gave a detailed, scientific explanation for the recent floods and predicted that some day there will be still more serious overflow when the water starts from the high level that marked the early stages of the 1904 flood. His recommendation was *that the state purchase the right to overflow certain areas reclaimed by drainage* districts by turning excess waters over them in times of emergency."

Is this not an ironic indictment on our stupidity or our greed in the matter of over-drainage?

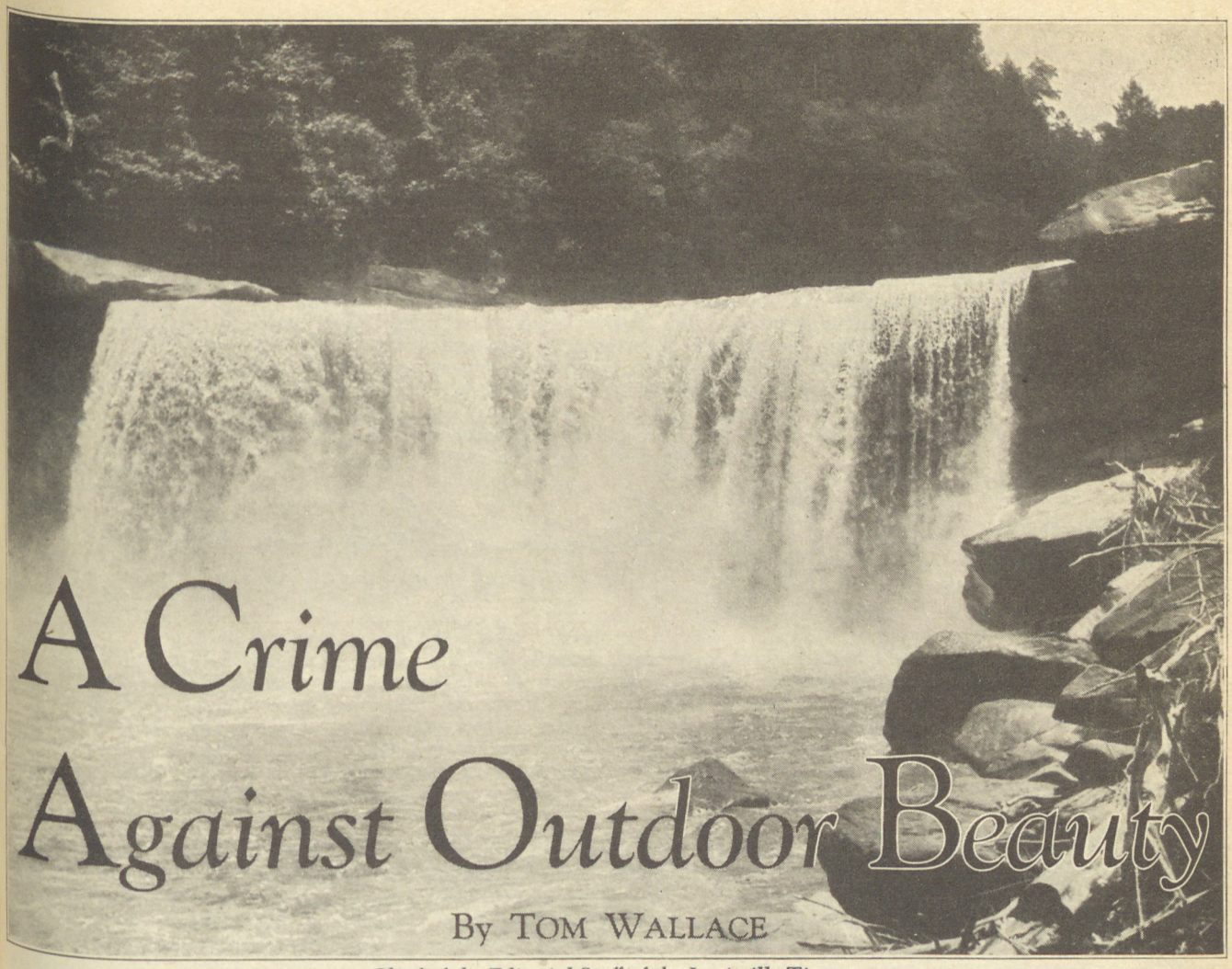
Read

Paying the Penalty

By

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

on page 26 of this issue



A Crime Against Outdoor Beauty

By TOM WALLACE

Chief of the Editorial Staff of the Louisville Times

Also Protests by the Famous Writers, Alice Hegan Rice and Charles Neville Buck

THE case of Cumberland Falls, threatened with extinction, has been in the court of public opinion two years. The fate of the Falls is undetermined today.

Many observers have wondered why Kentucky has not disposed of this case, by buying the cataract and the 2,600 acres which the owner offers with it at $200,000.

Perhaps one must know Kentucky to know why the task of trying to save Cumberland Falls has devolved upon a few persistent agitators, without money or organization. Assuredly one must know Cumberland Falls to understand fully the enthusiasm of that small group; to realize as they realize what a tragedy it would be for such a scene of grandeur to become a mere fourth-rate electric current plant, tucked away in a wilderness where there would be little demand for the current at prices which would procure it, and from which the current would be dispatched to enterprises distant from, and unknown to, the Kentucky mountaineers who innocently imagine that hydro-electric dams at the falls would enrich their region.

I have asked sundry audiences composed wholly of Kentuckians whether any among them had seen Cumberland Falls. In most cases the audience proved one hundred per cent unacquainted with the cataract otherwise than by hearsay.

For more than half a century a summer resort, known far and wide by men and women who seek recreation in the remote wilderness, visited by many Ohioans and Pennsylvanians—one Californian, by the way, has spent entire summers there repeatedly—Cumberland Falls is known to a limited number of residents of the State near whose southern boundary its thunder breaks the stillness of a highland forest at the bottom of a magnificent gorge.

There are actually more Kentuckians who know the little waterfalls which thrifty proprietors turn on, for a fee, in Switzerland, than know their own majestic Cumberland, cousin of Niagara, second in dimensions to America's greatest waterfall in all of the area that is bounded by the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean, the Canada line and the Gulf, and second in the wild beauty of its surroundings to no cataract in America.

That this is true is due to several contributing causes. It has been, during the half century of Cumberland Falls' not inconsiderable vogue as a summer resort for seekers after primeval surroundings, easier to get to Niagara. And Niagara is on the way to New York, and Paris, and other places visited by many Kentuckians. But that is not the whole explanation. The Kentuckian has an inherited love of, and pride in, the Bluegrass region, which has produced thoroughbred horses, and a romantic literature, for generations. He sets little value upon the mountains, as recreation ground. His personal unacquaintance with the mountains was complete, his ignorance of them profound, until coal mining began, thanks largely to "foreign" capital, to attract attention to a region in which "logs and licker" had been almost the only revenue producers since the State was formed. The Bluegrass, which James Lane Allen celebrated forty years ago in his "Flute and Violin" stories, and later in his novels, every Kentuckian must see and know, if he has the means to travel from his home in the Big Sandy Valley or in the vicinity of Reelfoot Lake. The Cumberlands, celebrated by John Fox, Jr., thirty years ago, in "Hell Fer Sartin," "Courtin' on Cutshin" and other short stories, and later in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" and other novels

"Spend all you have for loveliness
Buy it, and never count the cost!"

SO sings an American poet, and so say we all, who know the abiding inspiration in a great object of beauty whether in art or in nature. Kentucky possesses one of the beauty spots of America, and it is in imminent danger of being destroyed.

Through a magnificent mountain gorge the upper Cumberland River flows into Cumberland Falls, making a cataract which is second to Niagara in size, east of the Mississippi, and unsurpassed in the majesty and grandeur of its wild mountain environment.

The proposed development of Cumberland River for hydro-electric power would not only destroy Kentucky's chief scenic asset, but would forestall forever the project of making a great State Park in this region, where beauty now holds sway, and where conditions of pioneer days remain almost unchanged. For the first time in history good roads are making it possible for tourists from all over the United States to reach this romantic and hitherto inaccessible spot. Has it been discovered by its country only to be destroyed?

The destruction of Cumberland Falls by power dams would be almost as much of a desecration as the damming of Niagara, or the dynamiting of the Palisades of the Hudson! Let us do all in our power to prevent it, let us

"Spend all we have for loveliness
Buy it, and never count the cost!"

Author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Lovey Mary, etc.*

the average Kentuckian who hasn't business there, coal business, mercantile business or something equally absorbing, is content to consider casually.

Within my recollection Kentucky was spoken of by politicians as being made up of four grand divisions, the Bluegrass, the Beargrass, the Pennyrile and the Purchase, the mountains not mentioned. Cumberland Falls is so remote, and so difficult of access that not one mountain resident in a hundred knows the flash of its foaming waters under the summer sun; nor do they know the angry roar of its mightier flood when winter rains or melting snows at its headwaters have made Looney Creek near the crest of the Virginia-Kentucky divide, a bounding torrent. Then the Cumberland goes raging and tearing at every obstruction as its more than serpentine curves "carve fantastic arabesques" through 600 miles of wilderness between the highland town of Harlan and the lowland city of Paducah, on the Ohio.

Last October, in Frankfort, where the Ohio Valley Regional Conference on State Parks was in session, a Cincinnatian who spends his summers in the Hudson Bay Country, seven days by canoe from a railroad, was showing pictures of remote Canada. I was wishing his audience could see something of, and hear something about, scenes equally wild, more rugged and more beautiful, nearer home when, to my surprise, there flashed upon the screen a series of six pictures taken in the vicinity of Cumberland Falls. The speaker said it was a pleasure to show Kentuckians that they had in their own State wilds as well worth visiting as those about Hudson Bay. He might have added that whereas the flora of Northern Canada is limited that of the Cumberland Valley is hardly surpassed for variety and beauty in the temperate zone. Because of latitude and because of topography—the Cumberland Gorge lying behind a rampart of protecting hills—it partakes somewhat of the flora of the Gulf States. It reminds me of the florid descriptions of primeval forests of the South in Chateaubriand's Indian tale "Atala."

All of this beauty and grandeur will be within eight hours of Louisville, by automobile, when the Cincinnati-Lookout Mountain Airline highway, now in course of construction, shall have been completed. It then will be within five hours of Lexington, and it will be on the great North and South road from Michigan to Florida. Then, if, in the meantime, the hydro-electric dams have not suppressed and supplanted Cumberland Falls, Kentucky will become acquainted with her heritage, and will value it.

At present it is necessary to procure the interest and in-

THE proposed desecration of Cumberland Falls would mean a surrender to prostitution.

The Kentucky mountains, where live the rude, unaltered, yet fine survivors of Anglo-Saxon blood, have been vexed, tortured and retarded by the avid exploiting of greed until they have become suspicious of even sincere overtures. These people have dwelt aloof and forgotten for two hundred years, companioned by hardship, but they have hitherto had the one consolation of an environment of inspiring natural beauty.

Now when, at last, they begin to emerge shyly from their long solitude they should have something more inviting of confidence than a boarding party from a pirate ship, christened "Commercial Progress."

Power plants can be built without ravishing and despoiling those miracles of natural grandeur of which the world has few. We don't burn our diamonds in our furnaces—though they are combustible. No more should we turn our rarely magnificent cataracts into volts and amperes, expressed only on the dial of a plumber's metre.

It is an axiom that engineering genius is limited only by its financial resource but the too few great scenic beauties of the world, once they have been subjugated to greed and destroyed, cannot be restored, even by engineering genius; even by unlimited capital. Such restoration would require a miracle of the Almighty and it is recorded in neither scripture nor history that God has ever repainted one of his wantonly destroyed masterpieces.

Such a ruthless sabotage is akin to the looting of a cathedral, except that cathedrals can be rebuilt by human hands and the signature of the Creator is on Cumberland Falls.

The vandals who would convert this natural wonder into a power-house must be halted. They must not pass. If they succeed, it means that the money-changers are no longer scourged from the temple—but that they dominate it.

Author of *The Code of the Mountains, Flight to the Hills, etc.*

fluence of individuals and organizations outside of the State to engender hope of saving the State's major scenic asset.

Many organizations, in many States—among them the National Association of Audubon Societies, the National Conference on State Parks, the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, The National Life Conservation Society—have sent resolutions to the Federal Power Commission urging that permits for the dams be refused. But no answer has been made, and there has been brought to bear the steady fire of propaganda, from interested sources, in behalf of the dams; propaganda which has declared that the falls would not be destroyed, but would be "stabilized," made more beautiful, and that dams in Cumberland river would transform that rushing mountain river into a chain of Swiss lakes which would make the Cumberland Valley a great summer resort; while the truth is that the dams would make that same area a chain of fluctuating reservoirs.

The Fifth National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America adopted, unanimously, and without debate, on April 9, a resolution against the exploitation of Cumberland Falls for hydro-electric power. This action enlists the strength of the largest organization in America devoted to the preservation of outdoor beauty.

If the Izaak Walton League is destined to be credited with having played a large part in saving Kentucky's major scenic asset its annals will be the brighter for the victory, the debt of Americans to the League the greater, because of its achievement.

The fate of the falls rests with the Federal Power Commission because of a Federal law under which that body may say whether dams shall be built on non-navigable parts of partly navigable streams.

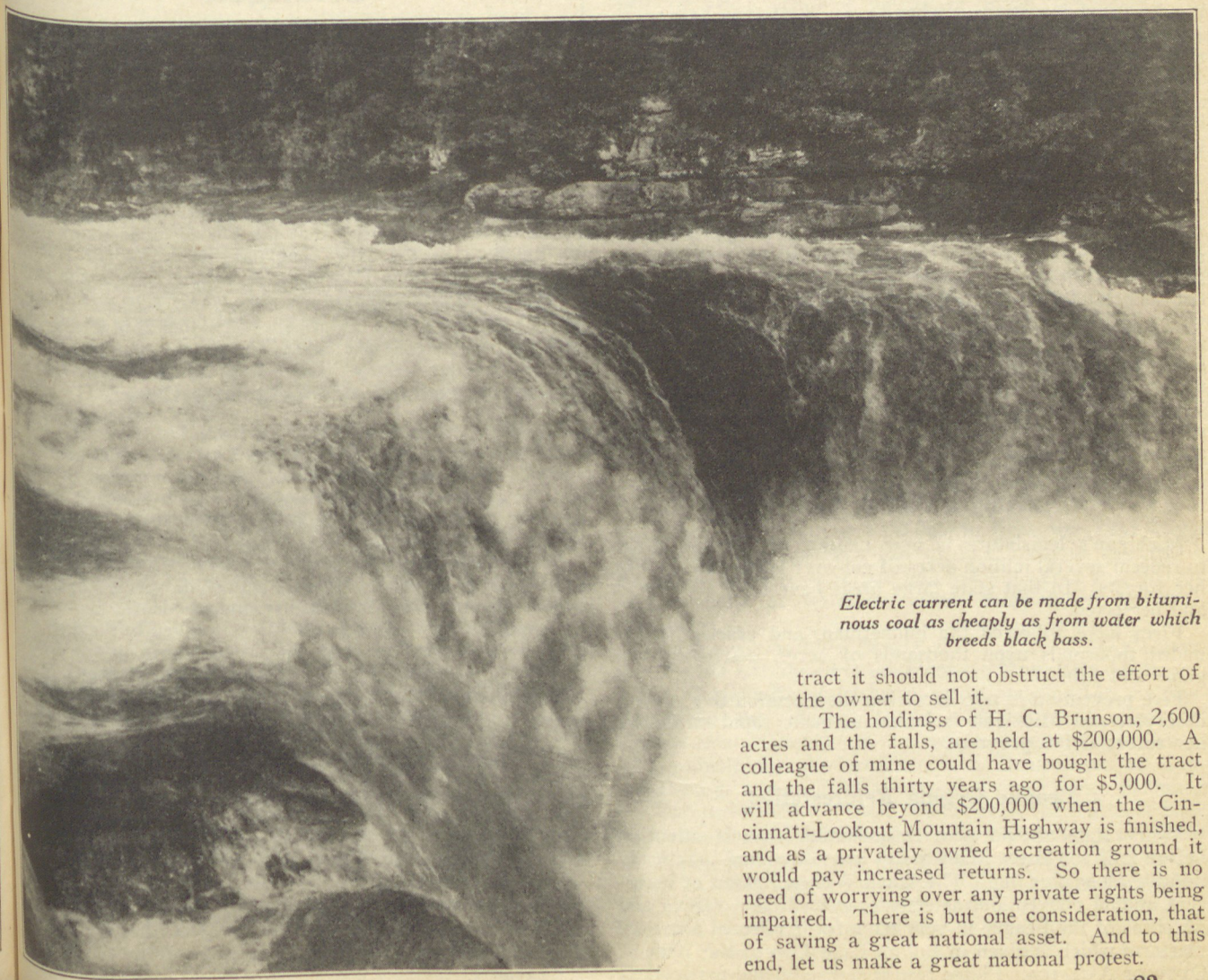
The Federal Power Commission is composed of three Cabinet officers, none of whom has seen, or is likely to see, Cumberland Falls. Decisions of the Federal Power Commission usually are made by the Executive Secretary, O. C. Merrill, an engineer whose position is indicated by the fact that he argued the case from the point of view of the hydro-electric engineer in a joint debate before the National Conference on State Parks at Hot Springs, Ark., in June, 1926.

I am sincerely of the opinion that if the three Cabinet officers, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of War, knew Cumberland Falls they would agree with Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service and Vice Chairman of the National Conference on State Parks, and with John Barton Payne, former Secretary of the Interior, and Chairman of the National Conference on State Parks, and with Charles W. Folds, retiring President of the Izaak Walton League of America, that hydro-electric development there would be at far too great a sacrifice to be considered favorably. It would produce but 40,000 horse power in a river basin in which bids are in for 600,000 horse power which could be developed without injuring the falls, and in a State which has perhaps 2,000,000 potential horse power in its water courses.

Electric current can be made from bituminous coal as cheaply as from water which breeds black bass; water which lilts under the roots of water birch and sycamore, making music which both rivals, and inspires, the warbling of the wood thrush. Why destroy a natural asset of vast future value to create 40,000 horse power?

The fight for Cumberland Falls is one of many like campaigns waged against compact organization, provided with large financial resources. The condition of the Tippecanoe River below the hydro-electric dams, now the cause of gnashing of teeth in Indiana, forecasts the condition of the Cumberland in the event of dams being built in the vicinity of the falls.

One argument of the hydro-electric propagandists is that if the State is not at the moment ready to buy the falls tract it should not obstruct the effort of the owner to sell it.



Electric current can be made from bituminous coal as cheaply as from water which breeds black bass.

The holdings of H. C. Brunson, 2,600 acres and the falls, are held at $200,000. A colleague of mine could have bought the tract and the falls thirty years ago for $5,000. It will advance beyond $200,000 when the Cincinnati-Lookout Mountain Highway is finished, and as a privately owned recreation ground it would pay increased returns. So there is no need of worrying over any private rights being impaired. There is but one consideration, that of saving a great national asset. And to this end, let us make a great national protest.

What's Happening in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Edited by SETH E. GORDON
National Extension Director I. W. L. A.

Forest Programs Making Progress

THERE is now a more concerted demand for national, state and municipal forests throughout America than ever before. The general public is becoming aware that proper forest protection and regrowth is of vital benefit to humanity in many ways besides supplying future timber.

Comprehensive forest programs have not been given anything like the attention the subject deserves by many of the states. Others have satisfied themselves of the soundness of such a policy, have urged large investments in forest lands both public and private, and are doing their utmost to promote real forest protection and extension.

Wisconsin Amends Constitution

The voters of Wisconsin just recently approved an amendment to their state constitution which will permit special classification of forest lands for taxation. At present such lands are taxed on the same basis as farm lands which yield a crop every year, while a forest crop requires many years to mature. The legislature may now pass laws governing deferred taxes or otherwise make it worthwhile to individuals and corporations to protect their wild lands in Wisconsin and again grow forests. In addition to extending state forest holdings very materially, many more states should take steps to encourage private forest owners.

Michigan Making Effort

Michigan's legislature is now making an earnest effort to redeem several million acres of cut-over lands and regrow her forests. In that state large areas have been abandoned and neglected.

Fires have followed the lumberman, and practically denuded thousands upon thousands of acres, destroying the game and fish.

Fire prevention is now receiving the attention this subject deserves, and Michigan is bound to make rapid strides in her reforestation program.

League Urging Reforestation

Every state should give reforestation earnest attention before it is too late. Many states are now doing practically nothing along this line. The Izaak Walton League at its recent annual convention, after setting forth the objects and purposes of the League in very terse form, adopted a revised platform which is given in full on Page Two of this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Please read it carefully, and particularly note that the item which heads the list is a strong plank on forestry.

The Committee on Forestry, after careful study, presented a very comprehensive report to the convention, so that the League is definitely committed to do its utmost to advance this important phase of conservation.

Migratory Bird Regulations Changed

IN a recent announcement the Federal Department of Agriculture gives changes in the migratory bird regulations which affect all parts of the United States. In an effort to further protect the woodcock, it will this coming fall be unlawful to take more than four of these birds a day (formerly six). There is strong sentiment throughout America for an absolutely closed season on woodcock, and the season would have been closed had it not been for comparatively recent reports indicating that the woodcock is maintaining its numbers in the New England States, North Atlantic States and Maritime Provinces of Canada. It is the belief of many that this apparent increase was due to weather and flight conditions, and sportsmen must coöperate or else this fine game bird is in grave danger.

Reedbirds and Yellowlegs Closed

Reedbirds, also known as rice birds but properly called bobolinks, have been taken off the list of game birds entirely. These birds have shown a marked decrease throughout their former range. Provision has been made so rice growers in the South may protect their crops from these birds.

The season on both greater and lesser yellowlegs has been closed for two years. By this action all species of shorebirds, except Wilson or jacksnipe and woodcock, are now on the protected list. Special attention is called to the fact that there is at present no open season anywhere in the United States on the upland plover, (Bartramian sandpiper).

No general change has been made in the length of the season for waterfowl, but slight shifts have been made in the season to suit local conditions at several points in the West. Federal bag limits on waterfowl will be the same as last year. Many states, however, have reduced the bag limit considerably below the federal limit. In all such states the state law will govern and not the federal law. When the federal law gives more protection the federal law governs; when the state law gives the most protection, the state law takes precedence.

Violations of the federal law subject the violators to prosecution in the federal courts, and not in the local or state courts.

Sinkboxes Regulated

The use of sinkboxes in all inland waters is prohibited. On coastal waters sinkboxes may be used under restrictions which provide that each sinkbox must be at least 700 yards from any shore, island or other sinkbox. Using motorboats and airplanes to rally or drive ducks to keep them moving and thus provide better shooting is prohibited under the new regulations. This unsportsmanlike practice has been carried to extremes in the past, and the added protection accorded the waterfowl, especially on the Atlantic Coast, should help materially.

Fishermen Should Avoid Pollution

SEVERAL million fishermen and many times that number of picnickers and campers will use the streams and lakes of America during the coming summer and fall months. Unfortunately a large percentage of these outdoor enthusiasts pay little attention to sanitary conditions in the vicinity of their camps; many others who are fairly careful about their camps are careless along the streams. On the other hand the great majority of outdoor people will unhesitatingly drink out of the average mountain stream or lake because they believe it to be perfectly safe to do so. In areas used by large numbers of people it is certainly very unwise to do this.

Everybody can help keep our remote streams and lakes safe for human consumption if they will observe the following admonition which I had the opportunity of placing on the back of every hunter's license issued in Pennsylvania for several years past:

> *"Conserve human life.* Prevent typhoid fever. Don't pollute the streams with discharges from your body. Better cover them. Deposit them where they won't drain into streams. People drink surface waters."

Federal Legislation 69th Congress

IN a compendium of conservation and recreational legislation enacted by the two sessions of the Sixty-ninth Congress, which adjourned on March 4, 1927, Arthur Ringland, Secretary of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, has given all the bills bearing upon these subjects. The most important of these, from a nationwide viewpoint, are as follows:

Forests

Public Resolution No. 13, approved April 13, 1926 (S. J. Res. 37), authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to cooperate with the territories and other possessions to further protect forest lands, reforest denuded areas, extend forests, and promote the continuous production of timber.

Public Law No. 102, approved April 13, 1926 (S. 3108) further amends Section II of the Act of June 7, 1924, to protect forest lands, reforest denuded areas and to promote the continuous production of timber.

Public Law No. 488, approved July 3, 1926 (S. 3405) authorizes the establishment and maintenance of a forest experiment station in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys.

Public Law No 491, approved July 3, 1926 (S. 2516) provides for the establishment and maintenance of a forest experiment station in Pennsylvania and neighboring states.

Public Law No. 527, approved December 11, 1926 (H. R. 9039) amends the Act of March 1, 1911, enabling states to cooperate with other states or the United States for the protection of the watersheds of navigable streams.

Other forest bills provide for the extension of National Forests in New Mexico and Arizona, maintenance of dams in the Minnesota National Forest for the administration of government lands, and adding certain lands to National Forests in Wyoming, Washington and other western states.

Refuges, Fish and Game

Public Resolution No. 56, approved February 25, 1927 (S. J. Res. 120), authorizes the government to accept title to lands purchased by the Izaak Walton League adjacent to the winter elk range in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Mr. Ringland says: "This legislation is of unusual significance in view of the work of a commission recently appointed by the President's Committee on Outdoor Recreation to promote a cooperative state and Federal plan for the conservation of the elk herds of this region."

Public Law No. 256, approved May 20, 1926 (S. 3440), to regulate the interstate transportation of black bass.

Public Law No. 746, approved March 3, 1927 (S. 5266), to prohibit the sale of black bass in the District of Columbia.

Public Law No. 295, approved May 26, 1926 (H. R. 10733), to make additions to the Absaroka and Gallatin National Forests and the Yellowstone National Park, and to improve and extend the winter feed facilities of the elk and other game animals of that area.

Public Law No. 403, approved June 18, 1926 (H. R. 9210), to amend Section 1 of the Act of June 6, 1924, to further protect the Fisheries of Alaska.

Public Law No. 466, approved July 3, 1926 (H. R. 8048), to provide for leasing public lands in Alaska for fur farming.

Public Law No. 497, approved July 3, 1926 (H. R. 8120), to create a national game preserve under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of Agriculture within the San Bernardino National Forest in California.

National Parks

Public Law No. 268, approved May 22, 1926 (S. 4073), to provide for the establishment of the Shenandoah National Park in the State of Virginia, and the Great Smoky National Park in the States of North Carolina and Tennessee.

Public Law No. 283, approved May 25, 1926 (S. 4209), to provide for the establishment of the Mammoth Cave National Park in Kentucky.

Certain other park measures making changes in the park lines of the Grand Canyon National Park, Hot Springs National Park, Sequoia National Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, Mt. Rainier National Park and other parks, were also approved.

Miscellaneous Bills

Other bills of general interest approved were Public Law No. 799, approved March 4, 1927 (S. 1640), authorizing the establishment of a national arboretum; Public Law No. 386, approved June 14, 1926 (H. R. 10773), authorizing the acquisition or use of public lands by states, counties and municipalities for recreational purposes; Public Law No. 807, approved March 4, 1927 (S. 3963), providing for the protection, development and utilization of the public lands in Alaska by establishing an adequate system for grazing livestock; and other bills of various types having a bearing upon the control or disposition of public lands, establishment of parks and similar purposes.

Bills Which Failed

Mr. Ringland says: "Two important measures failed of enactment and will need to be reintroduced in the 70th Congress since all pending legislation on the day of adjournment of the 69th Congress lost its status, namely, the Migratory Bird Refuge bill providing for the establishment of refuges for the further protection of migratory birds and other necessary measures to fulfill the treaty with Great Britain; and the Woodruff-McNary bill providing for a ten-year program for the acquisition of National Forests in the timber regions of the Lake States, Appalachian Range and in the South."

Both of these bills were endorsed by the recent Izaak Walton League Convention.

Another important bill which was introduced in ample time but failed to survive the jam at the close of the session was Senate Bill No. 5454, introduced by Senator Phipps of Colorado, appropriating $350,000 to dyke the Bear River Marshes at the northern end of Salt Lake to establish a large wild waterfowl refuge and breeding area and thereby save millions of waterfowl from being killed by alkali poisoning.

Two companion bills, Senate 5818 and H. R. 17321, similar to a bill introduced in the House in May, 1921, by Representative McDuffie of Alabama, were introduced in the closing days of the session by Senator Hawes of Missouri, and Congressman Garrett of Tennessee, respectively. These bills provide for the creation of a Department of Conservation as a new Federal executive department, including the Forest Service, the Biological Survey, the National Park Service and the United States Bureau of Fisheries. These bills also died with the end of the session. The recent Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League considered this matter from various angles, and decided to immediately urge the coordination of all these agencies in one of the present executive departments rather than try to have another department created at this time.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

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Editor

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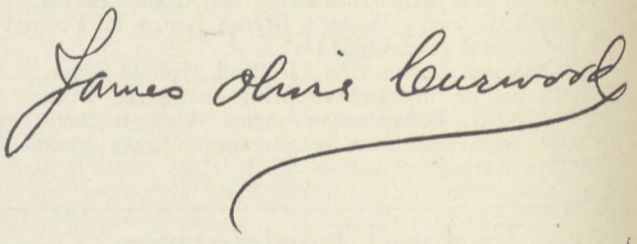
Paying the Price

THE Mississippi River flood has been a tragic and regrettable incident but it has also been a lesson of incalculable value for the nation, and while an immense amount of money and many lives have been lost, the ultimate effect—unless America is utterly blind to its greatest folly—will be good. Hundreds of millions of dollars may be expended in levees, and the engineering science of the world may array itself in a combat against floods, but the fact will remain that only Nature herself, by being treated intelligently, can definitely remedy the menace of overwhelming waters which gather like Juggernauts of destruction at certain seasons of the year. The wiping out of forests and the draining of tens of thousands of the reservoirs which a beneficent Arbiter of Things established for the protection of all life, including man, is the one and only cause of serious floods. We hear only of the Mississippi and the Ohio and of other great rivers when they run over their banks, for in these days it takes more than an ordinary tragedy to rouse the interest or action of the American people. As a matter of fact, not only every state, but also every county in at least two-thirds of the states of the Union, witness this same process of unintelligence and destruction each year. Deforestation and drainage have brought us to the edge of a crisis which is universal and is not restricted to the big rivers which we read about in the papers. The Shiawassee River passes my studio. Fifty years ago barges loaded with flour came up this stream from Saginaw Bay. Today one cannot make the journey in a canoe except at high-water season. Twenty years ago I fished in Michigan streams which have now degenerated into ditches. All over the United States man, the egotist, the destructionist, the unreasoning and insignificant animal who considers himself the great "I Am" next to God, has been stripping Nature of her most precious possessions, *her woods and swamps and water-filled lowlands*—vital "sponges" of the earth which, gathering and storing away the floodwaters of spring, were created for the purpose of distributing those same waters over a period of many months thereafter. A farmer may profit temporarily by draining his swamp, but he loses ultimately; a state may open up new lands by robbing them of their waters, but it will pay a tragic price in the end. Further draining of American lands should be a crime prohibited by law. The nation itself should act to stop the murderous destruction of Nature's greatest handiwork. The Conservation Departments of all the states should lose no time in making known the necessity of swamps, woods, bogs, wet lands and marshes if the prosperity and the wild life and the lakes and streams of our country are to be preserved. No county should be allowed to put in a swamp and stream despoiler known as a "county drain" until competent engineers have studied the situation as to the result in the future. Instead of despoiling further we must work to bring back vast areas of the swamps and marshes and woods which we have already destroyed. The Mississippi River and Ohio River tragedies are small when compared with the cumulative losses of the wet season throughout the United States, when every state and county and township pays its toll. And then the people wonder, through the months of summer, why the rivers are low and why the creeks and springs dry up! Confucius was right. Man, after all, is not only the most selfish of all animals, but also the most blind. He rapes and destroys original resource that he may profit in his own generation. *Then he wails like a whipped cur and receives oceans of sympathy because nature compels him to pay the price.*



Chairman of the Wild Life, Game and Fish Committee of the Conservation Department of the State of Michigan.

Golden Trails

"In every wood, if you go with spirit properly prepared, you shall hear the note of Pan's pipe."—Robert Louis Stevenson

By PHILIP KINSLEY

THIS is the third installment of the story of a walking trip over the Sierras by Philip Kinsley, world known star writer of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Kinsley made the remarkable trip alone saying, "other people intrude their thoughts and take one away into cities again, and jobs and newspapers." This reminds one of "R. L. S." who said, "To be properly enjoyed, a walking tour must be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon."

AFTER three hours of downhill walking I reached Simpson Meadows. It is a large meadow, two or three miles long, a half or three-quarters wide, filled with flowers, great trees, high ferns, shut in by mile high cliffs. The river flows through the edge of the meadow, a perfect fishing stream in appearance. And reality shows that this appearance was not an illusion. I caught more than enough trout for supper in half an hour and once caught two at a single cast, fishing with two flies.

It was very hot coming down out of the cool altitude to this valley, about 5,000. It is a mile below where I camped last night, but several miles by the trail. I came again to oaks and madrones and heavy vegetation. Almost fell into the river to get a drink, I was so hot.

I seem to be the only person who has been here this season. Saw deer track in the trail and once a doe bounded across the meadow. I begin to feel steeped and soaked in the wilderness spirit.

Man seems to return quickly to the primitive. By a sign on a tree here I have come 25 miles since Thursday, and about 35 before that. This is a better rate of travel than I had expected with this load. I will rest here until Monday, spending this Sabbath in solitude, in one of the loveliest spots on the continent. Think of all the vacation hunters, and no one here to share this with me. Few mosquitoes here. Nothing but the birds and big tree groves, flowers and sunshine, and the river rushing by. My bed is under an ancient pair of cedar trees. Back of my bed is a meadow with big ferns and seeding pines and cedars, where, I suppose, a wicked bear might lurk. But most bears turn out to be black stumps, and the stealthy mysterious rustlings in the underbrush usually turn out to be birds and mice. I saw a long, arched-back little animal run across the clearing, brown fur such as the ladies wear in the collars of their best dresses. I think it was a young mink. The greatest danger here is from forest fire, as the needles are dry and thick. I sat awake tonight until past 8 o'clock, watching my fire die out and to see that the sparks did not spread into the thick carpet of needles.

As I sat there in my bunk in the darkening woods, smoking my pipe I gradually became aware of a peculiar sound, or undertone, low, mournful, almost sobbing, a wailing as of Rachael mourning for her children. As the clouds had been forming at the edge of the canyon all evening, and a few drops of rain had fallen I thought at first that the winds in the high trees had made this note. But there came a time when the wind was still and yet the wailing was there. Too low and long, soft and measured, for any animal.

The voices of the mountain streams have talked to me many times, and I thought this must be another story of that kind. The story, perhaps, of lovers who lived in this paradise long ago, who walked here and met death together, as in some Indian legend.

Here is a valley miles long, fertile and beautiful, with nature at its richest and kindest. But why is there no one here? Is it a cursed place? A place from which the living have fled before the spirits that wander here at night? A bad thought to go to sleep with, or lie awake with. For an hour I listened there in the dark woods. Many stars peeked through the trees upon my brown bed to comfort me, and finally, after thinking how I had been led and protected all this way, and of the power that wrought all this beauty, and of the peace and love side of things, instead of evil and darkness, I did go to sleep.

July 11—Sunday

AWAKE again and the strange voices still filling the woods. Think I will move on tomorrow. The stars are still shining. My flashlight tells me it is 2:30 a. m. Half an hour more, and signs of dawn come. It becomes gray on the canyon walls. About 3:30 it seemed as though some hand had touched an electric switch, for the stars suddenly went out and the east became gray-green. The colors blended and changed slowly but steadily. Morris Gest and his magic lighting effects are poor and crude compared with this. I called to mind the music of the dawn as interpreted by various piano composers. There is one by Nevin, I think, "To the Morning," and Grieg's "Dawn."

Before me seven cedars stand against the eastern curtain. On either side there is sufficient room to see the outline of the hills where the sun will rise. Straight above me is a peak, gray and mighty, with its face lifted to catch the first kiss of the sun. Its grayness turns to pearl and a slight, hesitating flush of pink appears. Then, unfortunately, I went to sleep again, and cannot tell any more of that wonderful dawn. It had touched, at least, a feeling of peace, and had soothed me to sleep.

When I awoke it was scandalously late, 7 o'clock, and the sun was sending brilliant streamers across the carpet in my house. The squirrels were scolding me. It reminded me of that old woodcut in "Tom Sawyer," when he wakens in the woods the first night out on his runaway pirate trip.

It is Sunday. Even here in this remote valley, 65 miles from towns, I felt it. It seemed to be in the peaceful air. A blue jay came hopping from branch to branch above me, trying to look unconcerned, but with thievish thoughts, I am sure.

12 Noon

THIS fork of the King's River is the prettiest fishing stream I have ever seen. This morning, after coffee and biscuit, I crossed the trail bridge near here and took six nice trout out of the stream at that point. Returning to this side I discovered a better camp, an old camp of the trail builders, I think. It is free from heavy needles and brush and has a fireplace and tables of logs and stones, built just a few feet from Horseshoe Creek that tumbles into the river at this point. I thought, perhaps, the sound of two streams over the rocks would drown that wailing noise tonight.

Down the river, according to the map, is the Gorge of Despair and Deadman's Gulch, but I am not bound that way, which leads to Tehepite. My way lies up-stream toward Grouse Meadows and the golden trout. I think in another week I should be at Blaney Meadows, if I ever make Muir Pass, and by that time, having passed the best part of the Muir Trail, I may turn off on a trail that I have found on the map, leading to Jackass Meadows, and a road to old Lake Huntington.

The peace and beauty of this place is beyond words. I have never seen such a profusion of wild flowers, of all colors, growing waist high in places. Humming birds dart about like lightning. They come so close that their wings sound like the motor of an airplane. Coming down the trail, about 1,000 feet above here, I saw many of the lilies of Mariposa, true white ones with golden pansy hearts. Plenty of deer marks in the trail this morning, also something that looked like a big cat. That little mink creature with the fox like head came up close to my new camp.

Found some magazines a year old here, and some two years old in another old camp nearby. Probably no one has been here for a year. Will be glad to hear a human voice again.

4 p. m.

WELL, the human voice has arrived. Two travelers with burros came in from the down river trail which winds along a few feet from my camp a few minutes ago, and after looking at my comforts and wiping their brows, and telling of the terrible trail they had been over, and how hot it was

in the valley, decided to camp next to me. I went fishing a little later, and caught eight extra trout for them.

It is a wonderful stream in all ways for a fisherman, and everything else is so beautiful here that I hate to leave. I know how often in the future, in the dark city streets, my mind will travel back to this picture. I think I will take it a little more slowly through this mountain heart country, and come out by way of Huntington, instead of trying to push on to Yosemite. The new arrivals have a map of the Blaney Meadow country, and we went over it together. They are a rough looking pair, but I suppose I look even worse. Appearances do not count for much here.

It is strange what a difference a neighboring camp fire makes, though I still think the way to feel the true spirit of the woods is to be alone much of the time. The effort to find reality back of living things, back of experiences and objects, is not helped by the chatter of other men, and the thoughts they cannot help but intrude. In a magazine I found today was a story about the astronomy of atoms and the methods of science in making discoveries. Einstein, for instance, sets an hypothesis, then invites proof of it. Why not try this with the thought of the Creator? Say He is good and if it comes true then it is true. It has a pragmatic validity.

The objection to this is, of course, that a truth cannot be so labeled until it is universal, however true it may appear to the individual. We cannot see the world revolve, but we know it is true. Description and sense perception do not end the search for this reality. Here one may see grace, so wild and lost to man, and say that beauty is one of the divine revelations, the beauty of this Sierra sky and the peaks and the meadows that came out of naked rock, fire and earth upheavals. This is what Goethe calls the living garment of God, and Carlyle found it so in the world wanderings of his attic philosopher.

July 12—Monday

THERE is sunlight, I hope, in these pages, as well as rain and snow and bleak winds and the wailing of waters. Sunlight and birdsong and fragrant camp fire are here this morning, at least. It is a blessed moment to sit by the fire after breakfast and contemplate another day here. I have made sufficient excuses to myself, as the lord chancellor says in Iolanthe, to remain here this day. Like Thoreau's "Week on the Merrimac," each day is a period of unfolding joy and interest. This might be that vale of Eden where Paul and Virginia walked. But my lovers are the whispering trees, the foaming waters, the nodding flowers, the friendly and cheerful birds. No matter in what part of these mountains one goes there are birds and butterflies in joyous life. Nature is at work in the granite, in the soil everywhere. Last night I dislodged a friendly black beetle and several ants from my bed just before retiring.

A few feet from this camp there is a pebbly beach where a fisherman can get a most glorious swing of the rod over rapids and pools without worrying about the back cast. A tall, yellow flower, something between a brown-eyed Susan and a sunflower, grows there.

Had an argument with the travelers who camped next to me as to whether this is Sunday or Monday. I proved it Monday by this diary. I did not tell them that I knew by feeling that yesterday was Sunday.

Clouds are gathering, the regular afternoon thunderstorm in these mountains. I have had a very grand dinner. First I caught six nice trout, cleaned them in a new way by taking the skin off. You first cut off the heads then the skin peels off like a glove. Then I stripped the flesh from the backbone, cut it in chunks, put it in a pot and boiled it. I also boiled the rest of my onions and some potato soup powder. Then I mixed all this in one dish and boiled it some more. When it was all tender I ate half of it for dinner, and left the rest for supper. Very good and filling.

Tomorrow I move up 2,000 feet along the river toward Grouse Meadows. Shall loaf along and take the trail to civilization out of Blaney Meadows. This means a trip through LeConte canyon, Muir Pass and Evolution Valley. The rest here has done me a lot of good and my leg is now in good shape. Muir Pass, I am told, will take a lot of strength and grit, as it is 6,000 feet above this valley. There will have to be one or two camps at 11,000 altitude. One of the other campers is an ex-sailor and the other is an expert mountain climber, now a school teacher. He hopes to scale the Palisades glacier that I saw the other day in the blue distance. We will probably separate in the morning and meet again in the valley of the golden trout.

"Surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best"—R. L. S.

6 p. m.

FINISHED the rest of the stew and have my dishes done (wiped with ferns), and am now watching the sunlight die on the highest peaks at the head of the meadow. This is getting to be a populous country. Four persons rode through here today on their way to Muir Pass. Am glad they are going on ahead, to break the trail if the snow is heavy. It is quite warm here, and I spent the hot part of the day lying in the shade. Went fishing later and tried Horseshoe Creek, which tumbles past my door, a stream with an open, boulder filled bed, showing that it is high in freshet time, with plenty of holes in a kind of terrace formation. One can walk up the stream, and with each step, as if climbing a stairway, come within reach of new pools.

There is quite an art in fishing these streams, even though they may be classed as virgin. The fish run about 7 to 12 inches in size and are wary. They will hide at the least strange shadow, of figure or line, and have certain positions in each pool where they lie in wait for the prey that flows their way. They will pay no attention to a fly if it does not come along the stream in a natural way, although they are not overparticular as to choice of fly patterns. They are somewhat partial to anything with yellow in it today. I suppose that is the grasshopper illusion.

In this fork of the King's River there are many wide, deep pools, so clear that one can see the large trout lying on the bottom. They are very lazy and hardly turn to look at an ordinary cast. At dusk, or just before a rain they seem to come to life a little and will rise, but in the daytime one cannot get near them and they treat everything with disdain, though it is possible to annoy one into rising and striking in a tentative way if one keeps at it long enough, say ten minutes.

The trail again tomorrow. What an institution a trail is! It is the highway of the wilderness, only a faint dotted line on the maps, but here how significant! Up and down, through rocky canyon steps and zigzags, through moist deep woods and holes, over granite, where it has to be marked by ducks (a little pile of stones on the larger rocks at infrequent intervals) and in the woods where it is marked above the snow line by blazes of various meaning. It is fascinating, always leading to an interesting place, usually by the easiest way. It is built only for horses, burros and foot travelers like myself, and has just enough turns and levels to make regular going possible. It does not do to take shortcuts if one is on a long journey such as this. The trail leads always away from the cities, along meadows and glacial lakes and rushing streams bordered by lovely flowers. It must never be lost, for there is no other way. It always provides sweet, cold water and shade at suitable intervals, and in its own wandering way, arrives home.

July 13—Tuesday

UP at 4:30 this morning, had breakfast and was packed and on my way inside of an hour. Felt fine, legs strong and back rested, and all muscles in good shape. This is a great life for reducing, as I find my clothes do not fit around the waist any more, but lap over about two inches.

My next door neighbors were just raising a breakfast smoke as I passed. They wanted me to go to Deer Park with them, but I refused. I find that any human company takes away something, an essence, a presence, that may be felt, seen or heard here if one is attuned. Other persons intrude their thoughts and take one away into cities again, and jobs and newspapers.

The Muir Trail sign at this point says Grouse Valley—10 miles. The trail is winding along the river through the woods, very pleasant and cool to Cartridge Creek, which I reached after an hour and a half of steady walking, and where this is written as I take my first rest of the day.

I thought I had left my lady of the wailing waters at Simpson Meadow, but can hear her still. There must be some peculiar formation of the canyon that produces this song of the winds and waters. The government quadrangle map shows three streams to cross before reaching Grouse. Expect to camp there two days and make a thorough hunt for the golden trout. All the King's River fish are rainbow, some light and others mottled darkly, depending upon whether they live in the deep pools and take on the rock shadows or whether they run in the sunlit riffles.

2 p. m.

THE trail to Grouse Valley began gently and lifted gradually with the stream bed. Soon after Cartridge Creek the trail became harsh and rough. It has been blasted out of the granite face of the cliff that overhangs the river, running along dangerous ledges and rims. Over loose stone, likely to roll under your feet, over great shattered pieces of granite, it began to climb and climb. There were frequent steep zigzags. The enthusiasm of the dewy morning was gone and my back was tired and I had to stop more and more frequently as the hours passed. About a burro's pace, stopping every few feet on the steep grades, resting about once an hour for the length of a pipe smoke, I finally came within sight of some sort of a haven, but was too tired to go into it.

Resting here under a juniper bush, close to the stream, at the edge of a silver apron much like the one that pours into Emerald Pool on the Nevada Falls route out of Yosemite. The King's River has now become a much smaller stream, but it still has deep pools and falls here over a smooth shelf of granite once carved out by the ice. I am tired and do not expect to get much beyond Palisade Creek for camp tonight. The canyon here has a wild look and is filled with the sound of the water roaring through the narrow channel, with winds that whistle and make strange sounds. Around each upward bend in the trail, hard won though it was, the view seemed ever more wild and beautiful. I am getting deeper and deeper into the real Muir country. One must be careful on this trail. A slip or a misstep, in many places, particularly balanced with such a heavy load, might lead to tragedy.

3 p. m.

IT is strange that on this day of weary travel I should have caught my first golden trout as a reward. The pools were many and tempting along the way and when the trail dipped again near the river I tried a long, deep pool. I caught a flash as the fish rose, and it seemed to be yellow instead of white. Then I made a strike and in a second had a 10 inch golden trout wiggling on the grass. By another miracle, I had hooked it by accident in the belly, where runs the band of gold, a rich, deep, true color that could be called nothing else. The under jaw is shot with gold also and above are black spots.

7 p. m.

I MADE the rest of the trip in happiness today, and am now before my camp fire, looking west. Supper consisted of two golden trout, for I find that the stream at this altitude, about 9,000, has only this breed. I found an old hermit of the hills sitting by his camp door near Palisade Creek and he informs me that these are true golden trout. They are hard to catch, taking hold of a fly gingerly. After testing it they start to run, so there is not much time to strike, less than the tick of a watch.

Camp is at Palisade Creek, a mile or so from Grouse. In front of me, through a grove of pines, the Kings tumbles over a fifty foot shelf, making a fall that fills the valley here with low thunder and sends the spray shooting out over the stream. Beyond this are bare hills, with trees sprouting out of the very rocks. Over all this scene is the new moon, outlined against a sky still blue, and little clouds of pinkish hue. Back of me Palisade Creek flows out of its glacial home, tumbling over a fall that makes a rival thunder to the fall in front. The lady of the waters still wails softly, as one who will not be comforted.

July 14—Wednesday

THIS morning I will tell the story of the waterouzel, the humming bird and the golden trout. I was awakened early by ants and mosquitoes and looked up to see a humming bird darting around my bed. Once before one of these dainty, iridescent little birds came close to me for a curious look, but this one was even more curious. It hung poised within three feet of my head, darting from one side of me to the other, then stopping right in front of my face and emitting a little hissing sound.

The golden trout are too ladylike. I was up to catch a few, but they loitered in their crystal clear bedrooms, unwilling to venture out for a day in the rapids. I sought them in vain on the foaming edge of the whirlpool. At last I landed two little ones and an elderly one that had been blinded by sun or something, then two more of fair size and decided to make a breakfast. In dressing them I noticed the pure gold inside, and there are other lovely rainbow colors along an inner skin.

A young ouzel came to the edge of the spray by the big pool, and sat there bobbing up and down in curious fashion, much like a curtsey, making the while little shrill cries that pierced the thunder of the falls above her. Soon her mother came along and dropped something into the yawning throat, and then hopped fearlessly into the spray, just at the edge of tons of water, and poked around on the slimy rocks. She soon found another morsel to give her hungry child, who sat on the one rock bobbing and squeaking. Muir says that every waterfall in the Sierras has its ouzel, who makes its nest near the spray, on the jutting rocks. I have never seen a fall or a rough stream but there was an ouzel there, flying close to the water, following the windings of the stream, and I have always thought they warned the fish to watch out for me.

(To be continued)

Arkansas Overcoming Obstacles

By SETH GORDON

"It is easy to smile when life goes along like a song;
But the man worthwhile is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong!"

THE ability to keep smiling when facing difficulties has helped many notable men to overcome serious obstacles; the fellows who lose their temper without provocation and those who are constantly bemoaning their situation in life without seeing the bright side of their imaginary clouds soon pass out of the picture. The mere handful of men who have led the conservation fight in Arkansas have had ample reason for becoming discouraged, but they have not given up. Instead they have kept right on smiling—and they are winning!

Arkansas, like practically every other state, did not profit by the example of others. Her people did not appreciate the value of conserving her game, fish and forests until, to use an old figure of speech, "the last cup of meal was taken out of the barrel." The right to hunt and fish at any time and in any manner was believed to be a God-given right to be enjoyed without let or hindrance regardless of the boys and girls of the future.

Even today a pitifully small percentage of the people of Arkansas are actually alive to the seriousness of the situation. Because the leaders have kept up courage, and continued to smile, the cause of conservation has been winning more support every year.

Formerly Hunters' Paradise

What a hunter's Paradise Arkansas must have been 120 years ago! On January 8, 1807, Lieutenant James B. Wilkinson, who in company with three companions descended the Arkansas River in two canoes, had the following to say regarding game:

"Of the presence and abundance of game found on the journey, particularly on the upper portion of the river (Arkansas), the borders of the Arkansas River may be termed the paradise of our territory for the wandering savages. Of all of the countries ever visited by the footsteps of civilized man, there never was one, probably, that produced game in greater abundance, and I believe there are buffalo, deer, elk and bear sufficient on the banks of the Arkansas alone, if used without waste, to feed all of the savages in the United States territories one century."

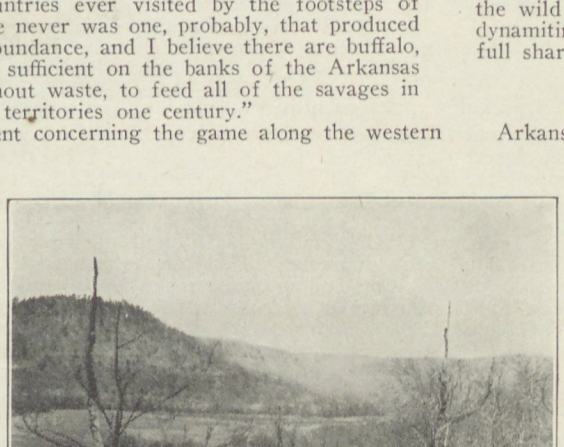
In another statement concerning the game along the western borders of the state he said:

"In the morning, it having cleared up, I began my march early, and it appeared as if we had just gotten into the region of game, for the herds of buffalo, elk, goat and deer surpassed credibility. I do solemnly swear that if I saw one I saw more than nine thousand buffaloes during the day's march."

A German by the name of Gerstaecker, touring Arkansas on a mission of hunting big game from 1838 to 1841, concerning the game he saw on Spring River, said:

"Game seems to abound. Flocks of wild turkeys fill the forests as thick as partridges in Germany, and deer are equally plentiful. In one day I saw several herds of ten or twelve head."

Gerstaecker stated that the settlers were then already complaining of the scarcity of game.



The Ozarks of Arkansas, fine cover for deer, turkey and upland game birds.

State Is Not All Swamps

Arkansas is not all a lowland state as news dispatches reciting terrible flood conditions which have inundated certain parts of the state consistently for a number of years would lead one to believe. Instead, Arkansas has a far more varied topography than many of her sister states. Roughly speaking, the western or northwestern half of the state is rugged, including a goodly portion of the famous Ozarks, while the balance is lowlands, some of it being known as the Sunken Lands. Of the lowland territory much of it is full of sloughs and swamps where many thousands of waterfowl make their winter home.

In the northeastern corner of the state is the famous Big Lake waterfowl area. The Big Lake Club property has a history all its own which for lack of space cannot be recited here, except to say that the owners of that property, consisting largely of wealthy men from various parts of the country, had more than their full share of difficulties with the local residents, who were mostly market gunners. The club house was twice destroyed, employees were killed, and finally in desperation the owners turned the property over to Uncle Sam for use as a wild waterfowl refuge.

Why the Game Disappeared

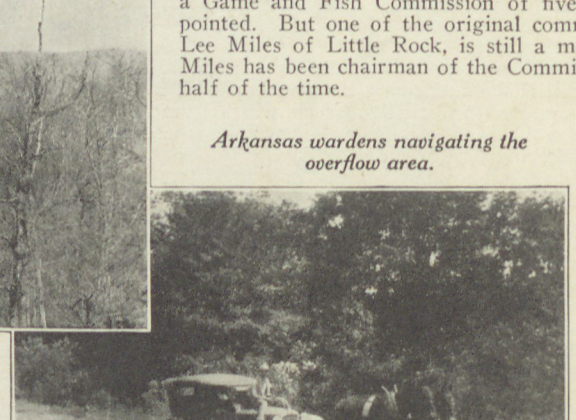
Extensive market hunting, practically no laws, and no state department to educate the people to the value of saving Arkansas' wild life resulted in almost total destruction of the wonderful supply of game and fish found by the early explorers. Floods have destroyed considerable quantities of upland game in the eastern part of the state. Much breeding stock has been drowned; and refugees have often subsisted largely upon the game which sought refuge on the same exposed land being occupied by the refugees.

Such unsportsmanlike practices as hunting deer with hounds, no protection whatever for the does and fawns, slaughtering the wild turkeys in the springtime, and wholesale netting and dynamiting of fish regardless of season or limit all had their full share in destroying the game and fish.

Real Work Started in 1915

Arkansas has an area of 52,525 square miles, equal to all of Pennsylvania and New Jersey combined. The population is less than 2,000,000 as against over 12,000,000 people in the two states named. Game and fish protection received attention in Pennsylvania and New Jersey thirty years ago, whereas Arkansas did not recognize the need for a state organization to look after her wild life until 1915. It was then that a Game and Fish Commission of five men was appointed. But one of the original commission, Judge Lee Miles of Little Rock, is still a member. Judge Miles has been chairman of the Commission for fully half of the time.

Arkansas wardens navigating the overflow area.



Prior to the creation of the commission, E. V. Visart, a United States Game Warden, before his death a number of years ago, attempted with a fair degree of progress, to do some constructive work with no financial support except

(Con't on page 48)

FISH AND FEEL FIT

New

TWO LIVELY ONES

The Dart-Oreno and the Flash-Oreno

The Dart-Oreno
A single hook pork-rind lure.
Price $1

The Flash-Oreno
A wobbling, flashing metal spoon. *Price $1*

THEY'RE flashing lures—these two new ones. In action their highly polished, metal bodies attract fish from hiding spots everywhere.

Dart-Oreno is a single-hook, pork-rind bait weighing but ⅝ ounce It has a high finish metal body of either nickel, copper or brass Hook is masked in several gay combinations of hackle and buck-tail The pork strip attaches well ahead of the hook, wiggling back and forth directly over the hook. It hooks 'em—no short strikes

In action, Dart-Oreno is the liveliest lure of its type ever offered to anglers. It is a semi-surface pork-rind bait ideal for casting or trolling.

Flash-Oreno is a wobbling, but not revolving, metal spoon with treble hook. Effective for trolling, also successful for casting. Furnished in highly polished nickel, copper or gold plated. Also in enameled red head with white body.

Ask your dealer for *Dart-Oreno* and *Flash-Oreno*—they're *right* in attraction qualities—*right* in action and principle.

Fishermen! A New Book

Just off the press! A new 120 page book—*"Fishing—What Tackle and When."* Contains helpful suggestions and hints on all kinds of fishing. Send for your FREE copy now!

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO., 1335 High St., South Bend, Indiana

Manufacturers of the Most Complete Line of Fishing Tackle

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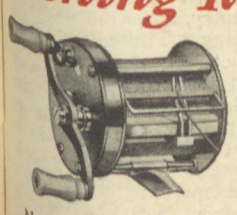
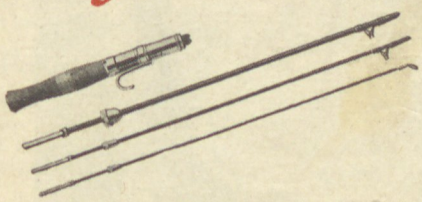
SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE BAIT COMPANY

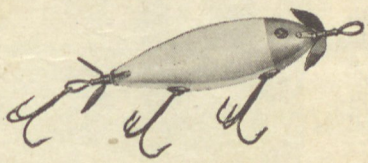
Fishing Tackle of all kinds ››› Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits



No. 1200—S. B. Level-Winding-Anti-Back-Lash Reel. *Price* $16.50. No. 1000 Oreno Level-Winding-Anti-Back-Lash, same principle as No. 1200. *Price* $8.50.



No. 103 S. B. Steel Rod. Only steel rod made with locking joints. They can't stick, creep or get out of alignment. *Price* $5.00.



No 963 Surf-Oreno—a surface type lure for early morning, or evening casting. *Price* $1.00. Also in midget size; same price.

Black-Oreno Silk Casting-Line. Black. Water-proof. No better line made. In 6 test sizes.

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE

The Silver Arrow and Other Indian Romances of the Dune Country by Earl H. Reed, with illustrations by the author, and Lyrics by J. U. Nicolson, 238 pp.—Reilly & Lee, Publishers, Chicago..$3.00

THE Dune country seems to haunt Earl Reed as the dunes themselves are said by him to be haunted by the spirits of the Red Men of long, long ago. With the magic touch of his pen and pencil he opens the door of the past and reveals to us vistas of the chequered life of the red man of tradition in the light of the artist's poetic imagination, framed in the setting of his beloved dunes.

There are sixteen stories by the artist-author, each preceded by a lyric by "The King of the Black Isles" so favorably known to readers of The Line, and six etchings, the frontispiece especially being in Mr. Reed's finest style. The paper, print, and binding are Reilly & Lee's best —a handsome piece of bookmaking of the de luxe type.

The Royal Road to Romance by Richard Halliburton, illustrated, 399 pp.—The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, $5.00

THIS is a book I am sorry I cannot read again for the first time.

A Princeton student to whom June and graduation brought liberty to unleash the wild impulses so long pent within him and follow wherever his errant fancy led; to realize his youth while he had it and yield to temptation before increasing years and responsibilities robbed him of the courage; to indulge in whatever caprice struck his fancy; to search in the farthermost corners of the earth for the beautiful, the joyous, and the romantic, but above all for the romantic. Did he realize his dream? You'll say he did, if you take your courage in both hands and follow his lead.

His father, thinking it was travel the son wanted, offered a de luxe trip around the world as a graduation present, but scorning the Olympic and with only the proceeds from the sale of his dormitory room furnishings in the pockets of his overalls, the boy set out with one of his roommates to look for a job on a freighter, was "signed on" and embarked upon such a voyage of adventure and discovery as would have damped the ardor of a Marco Polo.

If you have five dollars to spend for good literature, I should say join the Izaak Walton League—preferably Chicago Chapter — and get twelve hundred pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA in monthly installments thrown in. If already a member, then your five would be well invested in a copy of "The Royal Road to Romance."

The Family Flivvers to Frisco by Frederick F. Van de Water, illustrations by W. J. Enright.—D. Appleton & Company, New York, 1927.....$2.00

AN account of the author's journey with wife and little son from New York to San Francisco in a Ford, christened by the female of the party, "Issachar," because it resembled "a strong ass crouching down between two burdens." They carried tent and camp equipage, did their own cooking, and made use of motor camps along the way. The story is told in detail in a lively and humorous vein and would serve as a good guide book to anyone intending to follow their trail. "Issachar" at times revealed all the mulishness of his prototype of ancient and of modern times, with an added touch of the malevolence of inanimate things.

The book should have a sub-title, "The Americanization of Van de Water," for his was a voyage of discovery of the land and people west of the Hudson River. In summing up he says: "We have discovered a people and a land whose existence the average New Yorker never even suspects. The scenery, the vast extent of America have awed and thrilled and lifted us up, but its people have stirred us most—its dear, kind, friendly people."

What a fine leveling process it would be if more of those living east of the Hudson could find time and inclination to discover the real America.

Fifty Dollars a Week with Car and Camera by Paul Glenn Holt, illustrated, 99 pp.—R. Snyder, 18 Derne Street, Boston $1.50

A RECORD of gipsy life of the author who contrived to more than make both ends meet, being a sequel to "How to Make Ten Dollars a Day with Your Kodak."

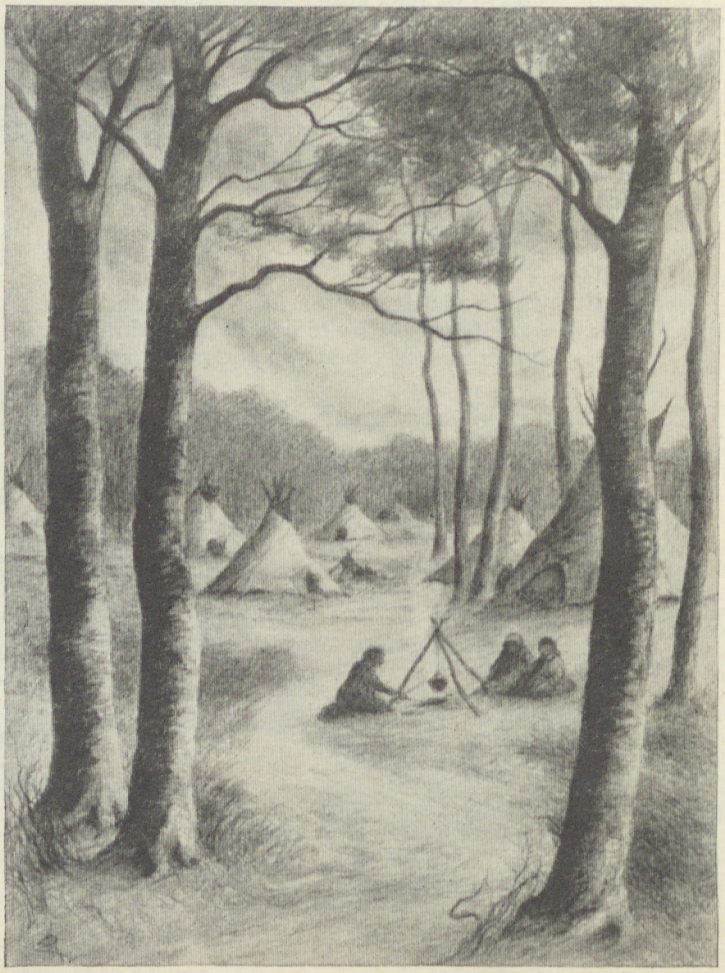
An Angler's Garland of Fields, Rivers, and other Country Contentments compiled by Eric Parker, 312 pp.—Philip Allen & Company, London.

A HANDY collection of much that is best in the literature of the Great Outdoors in general and of angling in particular. Most of the British writers of books on angling are represented by choice selections, but with the exception of Washington Irving, there is a singular omission of American writers, notwithstanding the fact that the "Fishing Gazette" (London) carries at the head of its editorial columns an apt quotation from the American author of "Little Rivers" and of many other widely read books on angling.

A companionable volume to take from the pocket in the intervals of waiting for the "rise."

The Key Above the Door, a Novel by Maurice Walsh, 292 pp. — Frederick A. Stokes & Company, New York $2.00

A WHOLESOME love story of the Grampian Hills in Scotland, much tramping over rough country, and a bit of trout fishing. Those who have experimented with mountain dew may be interested to learn of Uiskavagh "old as a grown man, mild as goat's milk, soothing as a woman's hand in your hair, inspiring as a tune" —but in Scotland you would scarce expect it to last very long should one leave "The Key Above the Door."



Reproduction of illustration in The Silver Arrow, by Earl H. Reed.

LITTLE MOTOR and the Ideal Size

THE Lockwood Twin has never been beaten except by a Motor of larger size—mark that! It holds 1925 and 1926 Class B World's records and has won all official events entered in 1927. Yet it is the smallest Class B motor on the market—the Ideal Size.

The Lockwood Twin was not built for racing—it is the All-Around Motor. Safe and Satisfactory Power; portability with no sacrifice of rugged strength; features of control and performance that are exclusive; moderate price. The "Motor for the Boater."

The Unbeaten Motor of the Light Twin Class

It's a "Cocky" little Motor—proud of its record—a scrappy motor. A Dare-devil on a hydroplane. A "sticker" on your heavy jobs. A plugger for power. And under-priced $15 to $20. Find out for yourself what the

LOCKWOOD BOAT MOTOR

will do. Get a demonstration. See the Lockwood Pilot that "takes hold of the motor when you let go." One man said, "It's worth the price of the motor itself." Enjoy those holidays—May 30th, July 4th—as you never have before.

Get a demonstration. If the LOCKWOOD doesn't fit ALL your personal needs better than any motor you know, don't buy it.

In any case, get the new Catalog Folder that tells about the Lockwood Pilot and 14 other NEW features.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR COMPANY 711 South Jackson Street JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Fred I. Mitchell
633 Notre Dame St. E., Montreal, Que., Canada
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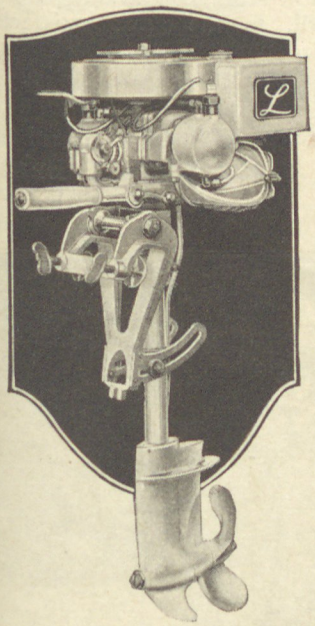


New World's Record Set by Lockwood!

On April 24th, at Houston, Texas, Lockwood Skimmer No 0-218, with Lockwood Twin Motor, driven by S. Hancock of Galveston, Texas, won first place in Class B Race, setting a new Official World's Record, at the remarkable speed of

24.28 Miles Per Hour

Second place was won by K. V. Goodlow of Galveston, Texas, with Lockwood Skimmer and a Lockwood Twin Motor.

SPECIAL DEMONSTRATION WEEKS

Lockwood Dealers are making special Demonstrations, without obligation, during the weeks — May 23 to 30— June 27 to July 4 — Make your Holidays, this year

MAY 30 LOCKWOOD HOLIDAYS JULY 4

LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO.
711S. Jackson St., Jackson, Mich.
Gentlemen: Send me Free Catalog Folder describing the 1927 Lockwood Twin and its 15 New Features.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

The Kansas Anti-Pollution Law

(Continued from page 14)

bill became a law. The writer treasures very much the pen presented to him by the governor after signing the bill.

The Izaak Walton League is not in politics, is not concerned with cults, nor is it organized for profit. However, it is gratifying to call the honor roll of those who stanchly supported this conservation measure.

The House vote follows:

Yeas: *Allison, Barrier, Becks, Bennett, Berg, Berryman, Bowman, Boyce, Bradney, Broadie, Brown, Buffington, Burton, Calvert, Campbell of Sumner, Carter, Chandler, Coffman, Conklin, Converse, Cowder, Drew, Everts, Felts, Fisher, Garvin, Haines, Hanson, Harding, Haucks, Hutchinson, Jackson of Louroon, Jackson of Comanche, Jackson of Graham, Johnson, Langvardt, McGrew, McKone, Mullendore, Myers, Newkirk, Niles, Nutting, Oglevie, Parkhurst, Perrill, Pleasant, Potter, Price of Hamilton, Rees, Roberts, Schoen, Scott, Short, Shukers, Sloan of Jackson, Spilman, Stapleton, Talbott, Thomason, Tucker, Vernon, Wallen, Webb, Weber, West, Woofter.* Total, 67.

Nays: Total, 18.

Members absent or not voting: Total, 40.

Several of the "Oily" Senators, after exhausting every tactic known to human ingenuity to kill the bill voted aye on the final passage. Their constituents, however, will not forget their fight to prevent consideration of our bill, and to continue the pollution of the surface waters of Kansas to the great detriment and harm to public interests. Here is the Senate vote:

Ayes: *Apt, Arbuthnot, Baker, Bohrens, Bennett, Butler, Call, Dalton, Davis, Finley, Gabrielson, Getty, Gray, Hammond, Jackson, Johnson, Laing, Nixon, Norman, Sparks, Symns, Thorne, Van De Mark, Vincent, Warren.* Total, 25.

Nays: Total, 6.

Members absent or not voting: Total, 9.

Opponents of the measure resorted to the usual tricks to defeat the bill. First that we had sufficient law to cover the matter. Second that it would ruin the oil interests of Kansas. We replied it was not our intention to ruin the oil interests, but that we desired to work out the problem constructively. Finally we served notice on them that if forced to choose between ruining a few oil millionaires and ruining all the people of Kansas that we would try and worry along with a few less oil men.

It should not be overlooked that the Forestry, Fish and Game Law empowered the Commission to impound large bodies of water, but had no power prior to the passing of our Anti-pollution bill to protect these bodies of water from ruin by industrial pollution.

Indeed the time will come when there will be large bodies of water in Kansas impounded by this Commission which will be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Under the old law polluting interests could ruin any of these lakes, and the Commission powerless to stop it. A fine spectacle for a great state, indeed!

It would have been foolish to create a Commission to impound large bodies of water, and then fail to provide any legal means for their protection from pollution. The State Attorney authorized me to state, on the floor of the House, that the state was without such power. It is only fair to say that the governor favored the bill, likewise Lieutenant Governor Chase.

What the future will bring forth in regard to this bill no one can positively tell. It is believed, however, that the Board of Health will attack this problem in a constructive way. Further, that abatable pollution will be handled in a way that will soon show a mitigation of this heretofore growing evil, to the great satisfaction of Kansas people.

A Tale of Two Anglers

Written in honor of
GEORGE M. L. LABRANCHE
Dry Fly Fisher

ANONYMOUS

FOR many years the Brown Trout of this story had lived in quite the prettiest pool in the prettiest little river in New Brunswick.

Two friends had once fished the small stream and each had hooked the Brown Trout and each had lost him. Each had been alone at the time, one in the pearliness of early morning and one in the coral tint of late twilight. But the same pool, the same approach, the same tactics and the same result had convinced each angler that it was the same Brown Trout, in fact HIS Brown Trout.

For three seasons the two friends had journeyed to the faraway pool, each with his mind engrossed with the capture of the Brown Trout which each in his heart believed destined only for his own rod. They were true friends, true gentlemen, true anglers and their methods were much like those of two honorable knights pledged to the winning of one fair lady. Each determined and eager to win, each ready to withdraw chivalrously at the victory of the other.

But like warriors, lovers or anglers, each not inclined to yield any advantage.

So each season they traveled together to the little river and apportioned fairly their chances at the pool. Each year the Brown Trout rose impartially once to a cast of each man. One used a wet fly, one a dry.

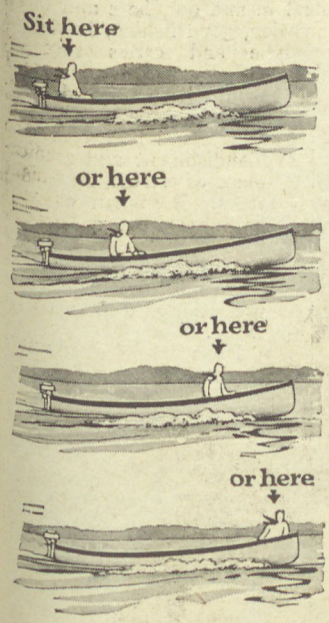
This question of wet or dry flies was the cause of ever enthralling interest to

(Continued on page 47)

George M. L. LaBranche (left), best known American dry fly fisher and A. H. E. Wood, Great Britain's greatest salmon fisher.

Real Rudder Steering!

Sit where you please! Steer, and operate the motor from any seat in the boat!



Stern seat—or midship—or snugly in bow—it's all the same with Elto's full rudder steering. Rudder steering lets you forget the motor and enjoy the water!

WITH a good, big, broad-bladed rudder—that's the *easy, comfortable* way to steer a boat! And that's the way you steer with an Elto!

It's *easiest,* because the Elto rudder does nine-tenths of the steering for you.

On a straight-ahead course, drop the tiller lines for pipe, rod or gun. The rudder does the steering — holds a steady course!

Rudder steering means *comfort* — you sit where you please — changing the course with a gentle tug on a vibrationless line. And with like ease you can slow down, or speed up, or stop the motor. You "trim ship" for greatest speed and safety.

Rudder steering means easy manageability for inexperienced users. It means a safe turning radius, and full control under *all* conditions.

Shut off your power when making a landing—and Elto's rudder steers you alongside the dock as easily as parking a car!

And, Elto's rudder folds snugly against the housing for carrying—making Elto the most compact of portable motors. And instantly the rudder clicks back into place—ready for action!

Only Elto offers Real Rudder Steering!

The Elto book gladly sent on request. ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR COMPANY, Ole Evinrude, *President,* Mason St., Department 42, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Super Elto

"Starts with a quarter turn"

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments by O. W. Smith

By YOUR LONE

WHILE I have often paid tribute to companionship in this department, the worth and value of an understanding angler capable of silence, I must confess to a real love for solitary fishing. It may be I am selfish, but I dearly love to have a stream to myself, know I can deport myself as I please, fish where I please and how I please. I catch more fish, too, for alone I can approach an open pool from any angle, without bothering my head about encroaching upon another's rights.

Time and again I have been compelled to trail some mediocre fly-man, discovering that he had "up-set" the stream for me. Of course everything depends upon the character of the water. In mid-summer, when trout streams are pretty certain to be low, therefore preternaturally clear, the fish are shy and suspicious to a degree, easily put down and apt to stay down. The first man, unless understanding and thoughtful far beyond most, has the good fishing.

When fishing a stream with a companion, even the best and most understanding of men, each is sure to get in the other's way. There is no avoiding it. On small streams much time is wasted in walking around each other, for no right-thinking sportsman would splash past a man whipping a pool. Walking around often necessitates going back into the woods, and many a stream is so marged with trees and brush right down to the water's edge, that getting along with an assembled rod save in the stream is next to impossible. I am speaking, of course, of stream fishing, small stream fishing. In lake fishing, I had rather have an angler-companion, fishing turn and turn about, than any guide in creation.

There is something more to this lone angling than fish getting, and that is what I most wish to emphasize in this screed. The Silence, the Quiet, will do for a man what no amount of conversation can accomplish. To the one who can endure his own society, lone angling offers a wonderful opportunity for self-communion and self-acquaintanceship. The ancient sage who said, "Know thyself," gave utterance to a fundamental necessity in the development of personality. Caliban, with his, "This Quiet, whatever it hath a mind to do, doth," was wholly right. However, not all can endure the all encompassing silence of a woodsy stream in midsummer. One wrote me recently: "You say, 'go alone for best fishing,' but I just can't endure the quiet." I was not mean enough to answer, "I don't wonder." What I said was, "Well, try it anyway. I know your stream is over-fished, the trout unusually shy, therefore if you steal along with all the silence of an Indian, and cast with the skill of a Halford, you will win fish. If it is the stillness that gets you, try talking to yourself." I talk to myself a great deal, to the flies and to the trout; especially when a big one succeeds in getting off the hook, in language more expressive than elegant.

I am going to take you a bit further than just on a day-long lone fishing trip in this article. I am going to ask you to stay all night. So a word or two about an overnight hike, with something about the outfit; that, in spite of the fact that I have promised myself and my readers over and over again not to make the "Note Book" practical.

I have evolved a little overnight outdoor bag which is as complete in its way as are those ladies' outfits we see in the stores. My pack-sack is a Swiss "ruck-sack," not because foreign, but because I like its particular shape, and it carries easily. My tent is a little green "balloon silk" shelter, bottom sewed in, provided with screened front and ventilators, thoroughly waterproof. Two can sleep in it, a bit crowded, but fairly comfortable. One can make shift to "sit up on end," to borrow forgotten "Aunt Samanthy's" expression, and that is about all; but remember, it is a shelter and not a home. When I go outdoors, I live outdoors, unless it pours. One good heavy woolen blanket is sufficient. I carry a "blow-bed," just long enough to supply softness for shoulder and hip. I prefer a browse-bed, of course, but making a comfortable one takes time, and lots of browse. Why ruin so much wood for a single bed in these days when trees are assuming so great value in our frightened eyes? The blow-bed takes but three minutes to inflate "by word o' mouth," and it is comfortable. One of those little folding cooking-kits completes the outfit, two small frypans and cups, with a tea-pail. Of course there are other things, things which always go in an angler's pocket anyway, so need not be mentioned here. Every angler carries a good knife and waterproof match-box.

My outfit, which weighs less than 15 pounds when loaded with grub enough to last me three days, includes all the necessities, even to a small, thin copy of "Walton." The critical will miss many things "it would be convenient to have." Right. The trouble with us today is that we have so many conveniences, we become burdened with them. Was it gentle Dr. Holmes who murmured, "Give me the luxuries and I can get along without the necessities"? I'll bet he grinned when he said it. I know he expected it to be taken with a grain of Attic salt. I have cut down my outfit to the necessities because pack-straps gnaw and because I like to have it teach me a lesson of wide application. It is not outfit, things, that make us happy. If we can't be happy without things, mere things will never make us so.

The wonder of this outfit lies in the fact that I can wear it all day, fishing up some trout stream, and when I arrive at a good camp-site, I am unwearied and have everything with me requisite to comfort. It is surprising how a man can steal along a stream, even in a thickly settled country, and always find a copse along toward night in which he can set up his little, inconspicuous tent—its color blending perfectly with the summer foliage—and if a bit careful with his fire, he can spend the night in close proximity to some farmer's house without disturbing that gentle soul, and what is more important, perhaps, being disturbed by him. I am not talking of trespassing, dear no, whatever made you think of such a thing? One can steal in and out, here and there, finding recreation, good fishing, as well as doubt's anodyne and care's surcease. Don't I know? Long ago I am sure I would have found lodgment in some "institution" had it not been for the blandishment and medicament of such over-night treks. Bass-man as well as mere Nature lover, whose only desire is to commune with Nature, will find the course I am prescribing well worth while.

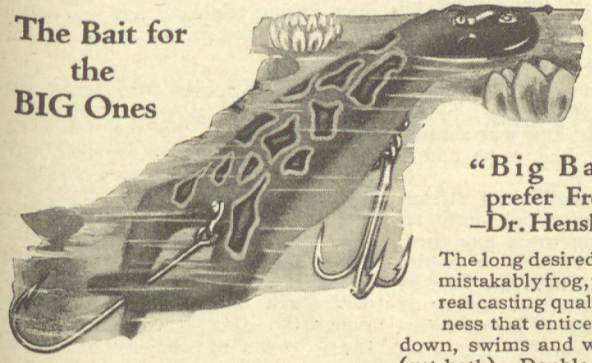
I can not select any particular trip to talk about

"My outfit includes all the necessities, even to a small volume of 'Walton'."

"There! Right by that,"—ZOWIE!—"What a Whopper!"

A splash — a tug — and your heart starts "missing!" Big? Yes, because you used that new Heddon Frog.

The Bait for the BIG Ones

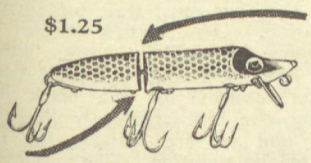


"Big Bass prefer Frogs" —Dr. Henshall

New Heddon Luny Frog

The long desired true frog imitation that would be a practical fish getter. Here it is—unmistakably frog, yet embodying every vital element of wooden bait success. Buoyancy, real casting quality, proved hooking and holding—all there plus that lifelike deceptiveness that entices the BIG ones. Note how it sits up when at rest like a real frog. Goes down, swims and wiggles when you reel. Meadow Frog or Green Frog colors. (get both). Double hook nearly weedless, instead of treble if ordered - - - $1.25

$1.25



The New Swimming Vamp

No wooden bait ever surpassed the slim pike-like Vamp in attractiveness. Now note the new jointed feature, adding still more allurement—the rear section fanning with a decided tail kick! All standard and scale finishes, $1.25. Reg. (unjointed) Vamp, and Baby Vamp, $1.

Basser

Extreme limit of side darting and dipping, especially adaptable for the famous "Heddon Tease" movement - - $1

HEDDON RODS-Tempered Bamboo Brown Tone $6 to $35

Not a Stain

UNQUESTIONABLY the foremost values in rods. The Heddon Tempering treatment of the bamboo gives *added* strength, with lightness, poise and spring. Greater casting force through smarter action. Backbone — better and longer service life. This tempering process gives the rich brown tone to Heddon rods — not a stain but a new quality taken on by the wood itself — running through and through every fibre.

Bait Rods, Light, Medium or Heavy, Standard Lengths. $6.00 to $35.00.

Fly Rods, Bass and Trout Weights, 8½, 9, and 9½ foot. No. 14, $15.00. No. 20 (Standard) $25.00. No. 35 (Heddon) $35.00.

Salt Water. Strictly to club regulations. 3-6, 6 oz. classes, also heavy double built, 9-14 oz. tip. $30-$35-$40.

Note the New Fly Rod at $15

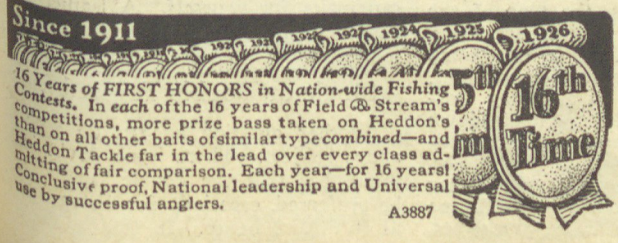
Trout or Bass. Genuine Heddon Tempered bamboo. Extra tip. Wonderful backbone — an exceptional value at an exceptional price for true Heddon quality.

Ask You Dealer. Then if he can't supply you with just the Heddon item you want, order direct—on the Heddon money-back guarantee — enclosing remittance and giving dealer's name.

Better Sport When You've Read These:

ASK for literature on Heddon new and staple fish getting tackle. (State items most interested in). Get *"My Best Tip for a Fishing Trip"* by Bob Becker, Chicago Tribune Outdoor Editor, also *"How to Catch More Fish"* — valuable inside tips from the Heddon experts: FREE!

Since 1911



16 Years of FIRST HONORS in Nation-wide Fishing Contests. In each of the 16 years of Field & Stream's competitions, more prize bass taken on Heddon's than on all other baits of similar type *combined*—and Heddon Tackle far in the lead over every class admitting of fair comparison. Each year—for 16 years! Conclusive proof, National leadership and Universal use by successful anglers.

A3887

Heddon Fishing Tackle

Genuine Dowagiac

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, *Dowagiac, Michigan*

Taken on a Dardevle
At Little Pine Lake, Minn.

"This is a photo of a catch of pickerel taken in about an hour before breakfast with a Dardevle lure.

"These were taken on a red Dardevle with white stripe at Little Pine Lake, Minnesota."

F. C. Hoyt, Sac City, Iowa.

If Mr. Hoyt is able to make a nice catch of this kind frequently with this lure, it is not surprising to find him an enthusiastic Dardevle user.

—and Here's the Dardevle That Turned the Trick

The fish-getting quality of the Dardevle lures is attributable to the original and unique shape of the spoon. This imparts a peculiar, life-like, struggling action to the lure that must be seen to be appreciated.

Dardevle
"The Old Boy Himself"
3½" long, 1⅛" wide.
1 oz.
Price 95c

Dardevlet
"Son of the Old Boy"
2⅞" long, 1" wide, 3-5 oz.
Price 85c

Dardevle's Imp
"The Little Devle"
2⅛" long, 2-5 oz.
Price 75c

Made in three sizes and ten handsome color combinations, the Dardevle lures afford a size and color effective in almost all water and weather conditions. They are easy to cast, will act as top-water or underwater according as reeled in. See how easy you can place this lure in just the right hole between the lily-pads.

Use the Osprey Silk Casting Line

50 yard lines—furnished in Black or Mottled White and Black colors, 33⅓ yd. spools, Black only. 100 yards connected, at prices per spool:

Test	50-yd spools	33⅓-yd spools.
9-pound	$1.10	$— —
12-pound	1.25	.95
15-pound	1.50	1.15
20-pound	1.75	1.30
23-pound	2.00	1.50
26-pound	2.15	1.60
30-pound	2.25	1.70
35-pound	2.75	2.05

At your dealers or direct from us if dealer cannot furnish.
(Send for catalog with color plates)

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Guaranteed
Waterproof Silk

Canadian Distributors:
Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd.
76 West Wellington Street, Toronto

Lou J. Eppinger
"Outfitters of Sportsmen"
Dept. W, 131-135 Cadillac Square
Detroit, Mich.

"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"

but I will give you a jumble of many, which, perhaps, is wisest anyway. I have tried to get the interested reader to see that opportunity is nowhere lacking for such a trip. It is the will to do the unconventional alone that is required. Anyone can get the inspiration, and "good fishing" is to be had if he or she will.

I remember one afternoon leaving home with outfit on my back, while my neighbors grinned. I like to think they grin, not so much in commiseration as envy, wishing they had the courage to do the same. I followed up a railroad track, for today, the road of the iron horse is much safer and more quiet than any highway. One can't cut across lots when the farmer's crops are in, and there is sometimes real danger in invading a pasture where a "gentleman cow" is at large. Ask Mrs. Smith. I came to a little creek from which many suckers and bait minnows are taken. I stopped there. Made my camp in a little grove of scrub oak, then went down to that creek and caught—with flies, mind you—a fine bunch of chubs. Laugh, darn you! I am here to tell you, right from the creek into the fry-pan and bacon fat they are not half bad, not half bad. I sat there by my smelly little wood-fire and watched the long shadows creep in from the east, submerging all light. Then the moon came up, and still I sat on. It was late, when the fire, down to a bed of glowing coals, was safe to leave, and I crawled into my little shelter and winked back at the fire until I forgot to do so; next the bright sun was shining into my face, morning had come and I was rested, satisfied.

I like to follow a small trout stream from Genesis to Revelation, my outfit on my back, knowing I can camp any time, any where, whenever mood or whim moves to that effort. Takes no time at all to make camp, though the selecting of an appropriate spot is not an inconsequential matter. "Any old place" will not do, and one is unwise to put off selection until late when he may be compelled to pitch his tent where the view is not the best.

I said I liked to follow a trout stream from Genesis to Revelation, or rather, the other way around, which I have done many a time, and always with utmost reward, both in fish and recreation. I can well remember one little stream just out beyond a city of some 50,000, whose pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night only accentuated the silence and mystery of the tiny wilderness which enfolds the stream. Then, too, big trout are taken from its cold, limpid water, big trout for the stream, tipping the scales at 2 and 2½ pounds. Believe it or not, I have taken three such fish from the stream on a single evening. You see, the anglers of that city, and there is a live Izaak Walton League Chapter there, travel far for their fishing and fare worse. If they only suspected the glowing secret of that tiny, spring-fed brooklet, my week-end camps would come to a speedy close, insofar as trout fishing is concerned.

The little valley through which it flows is choked with brush, and the creek with snags, the up-heaped debris from many a spring flood. The valley is narrow, its sides almost precipitous, the tops of the banks being crowned with scattering groves of white pine. One can camp under the pines listening to their murmur, far above the presence of annoying mosquitoes; or he can make his home down in the valley, but in case of a mid-summer thunderstorm he will rue his choice, for the little stream fills the valley after a rain. I have camped, wife with me many a time, up under those pine trees,

Everything for comfort and joy.

and we have been unable to sleep just because the murmur of the trees was so insistent, so filled with messages of peace and good-will. Four good trout make a meal, and the remainder of the time we spend "invoking our souls."

Perhaps I have failed of my purpose in this screed, both to tell you something of the how of such over-night camping and of its attractiveness also. I am here to tell you it is great, just great. There are ways and ways of spending a week-end, but I think I have discovered the perfect way. And when it comes to taking fish, well, alone I can do better, much better. I know some of my friends "pull faces" because when I come back from a lone fishing trip I always tote a full creel. Try it and see for yourself.

A New Species of *Black Bass?*

Someone sent me the following clipping: "Five varieties of fish heretofore unknown to science were found among 186,000 taken by the University of Oklahoma Zoological Expedition in western Oklahoma last summer. One of the most important discoveries was a third type of black bass, members of the Expedition said. The catch is now being classified under the direction of C. L. Hubbs of the Museum of Zoology of the University of Michigan." We wonder a deal about this, but must wait for further information. Is it a new species or, as the above clipping intimates, *"type,"* of black bass. Of course it must needs be another sunfish, for the black bass is nothing else but. However the news is news, and we are waiting for further dope on the question. The species-maker is abroad in the land always and we must wait for the last word.

About Trout Baskets

A correspondent asks how he can increase the life of his trout creel. It is a good idea to give a new creel a treatment with shellac, stain or varnish, thoroughly saturating the willow. One friend of mine always immerses his creel in oil, hot, until thoroughly impregnated, when he hangs it up in the sun to drain and dry. Seems it might make it greasy for all time. I use the varnish-stain or shellac. A harness, fitting about the basket, so the weight is not sustained by the holes through which the basket-strap ordinarily passes, will do more than anything to lengthen the life of a creel. Always carry your creel in a basket-sling, which you can make for yourself. A leather-bound basket is more durable, more expensive, too.

Single or Double Tapered Line

Another question has to do with the above subject. There is no doubt in my mind, but that the double tapered is to be preferred, especially for distance work, as it throws better. In fishing, doubt if

the double tapered is so important, as long casts are not generally employed. I get myself into all sorts of trouble by making a crack like that but the fact remains, I think, that distance work is not conducive to big catches. The dry-fly artist is indeed an artist who can hook a fish at 60 feet. One asks how he can increase his cast adding, that now he can make only "60 yards." Wonder if he didn't mean *feet?*

Minnows

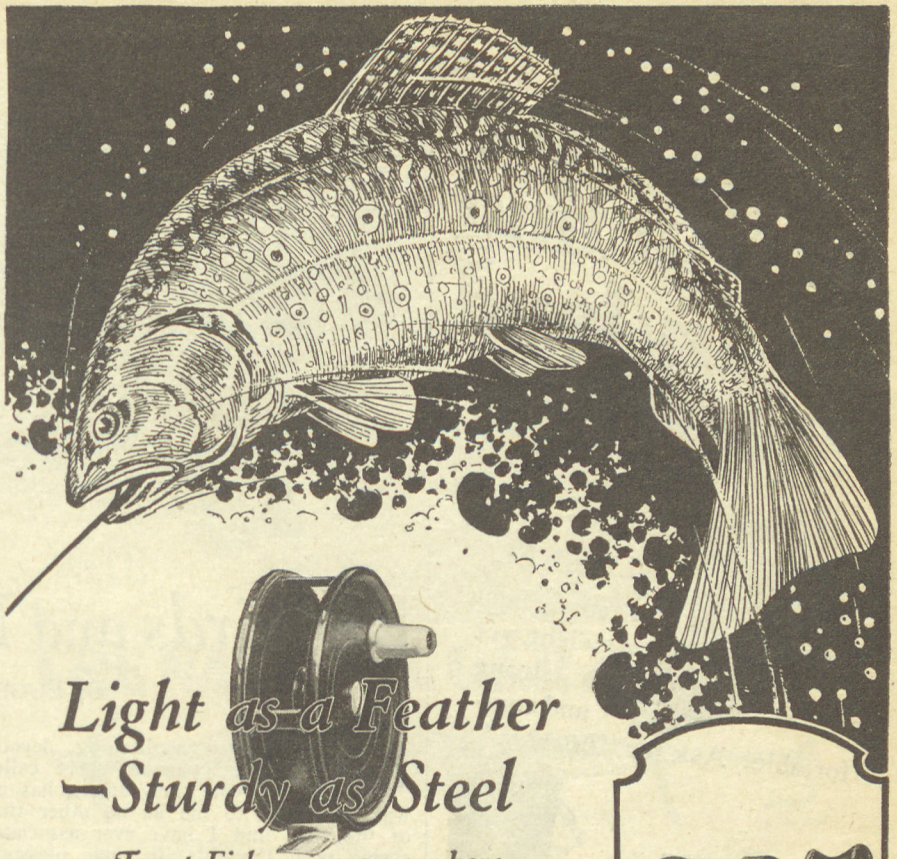
Still one more question, this time about bait-minnows. Some one wants to know which species of minnow is best. I like the fellow we call "shiner"—though conscience knows there are any number of shiners. The angler knows the minnow I mean, silvery like a rainbow, "flat" in form, speaking as a layman and not an ichthyologist. Next, probably sucker minnows which are more tenacious of life than the former. A good sized sucker is loved by muskellunge. The creek, or mud minnow, is the most hardy of any and can make shift to get along out of water for considerable time if packed in damp moss. Good for black bass, but hardly as attractive as "shiners."

O. W. Smith, who conducts the "Angler's Note Book" is planning a trip in the far west, fishing and gathering material for future articles. He will be in Colorado, California, Oregon, Washington, and east along the Northern Pacific in July, August and September. As well as a writer of ability, Dr. Smith is in great demand as an after dinner speaker, and he can be secured for addresses upon conservation and general outdoor topics by chapters of the League, outdoor organizations, service clubs, etc. along the route of his itinerary.

Further particulars may be secured by inquiries to Outdoor America or Headquarters of the Izaak Walton League.

It's true, too!

Authentic picture of 19¼ pound Rainbow trout. The fish was 36¾ inches long and 10 inches thick, and was killed running the Rapids on the Brule River.



Light as a Feather —Sturdy as Steel

Trout Fishermen everywhere prefer the Rainbow

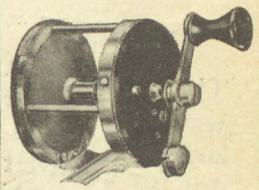
FROM Maine to California the Meisselbach Rainbow is the acknowledged leader of all fly-casting reels. Fishermen who could afford the most costly imported makes prefer the Rainbow—they have found by experience that it is made of better materials, with greater precision.

Spool and housing of cast aluminum, black nickeled. Spindle of everlasting phosphor bronze. Seat of brass, nickel plated. Permanent click. In two line capacities—35 yards D line size, $5; 50 yards D line size, $5.50.

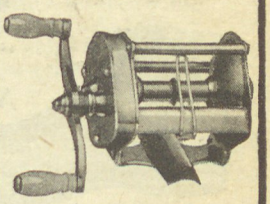
Made to last a life-time and backed by the Meisselbach guarantee.

Catalogue and the well-known "Bite Book" (how to make 'em bite) yours for the asking.

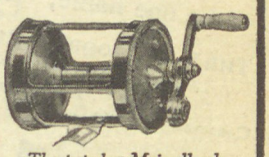
THE A. F. MEISSELBACH MFG. CO.
214 Taylor Street . . . Elyria, Ohio



The husky Surf, for salt water fishing. Capacity 300 yards No. 9 Cuttyhunk line. Quadruple multiplying. $36.



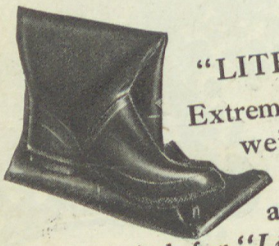
Meisselbach Flyer, $7.50. Most modern level wind reel on the market, and the best buy. Quadruple multiplying, capacity 100 yards.



The popular Meisselbach Takapart, $7. Quadruple multiplying, capacity 100 yards. Can be taken apart for cleaning without use of tools. Free fixed or spool.

Meisselbach

for Trout for Hunting and dry land sports—



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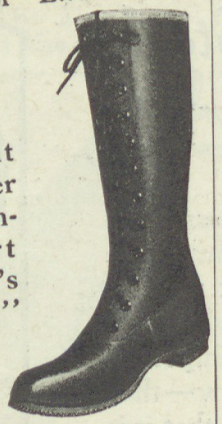
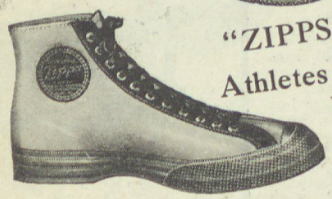
Extremely light weight, yet strong and comfortable. Ask for *"Litentuf."*



"DUBOIS"
This very light weight, all rubber lace boot is a wonder for comfort and protection. It's called *"Dubois."*



"ZIPPS"
Athletes and hikers find more comfort in these reinforced canvas shoes. A whole line of athletic footwear, under the one name, *"Zipps."*

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1870 AKRON, OHIO
In Canada:
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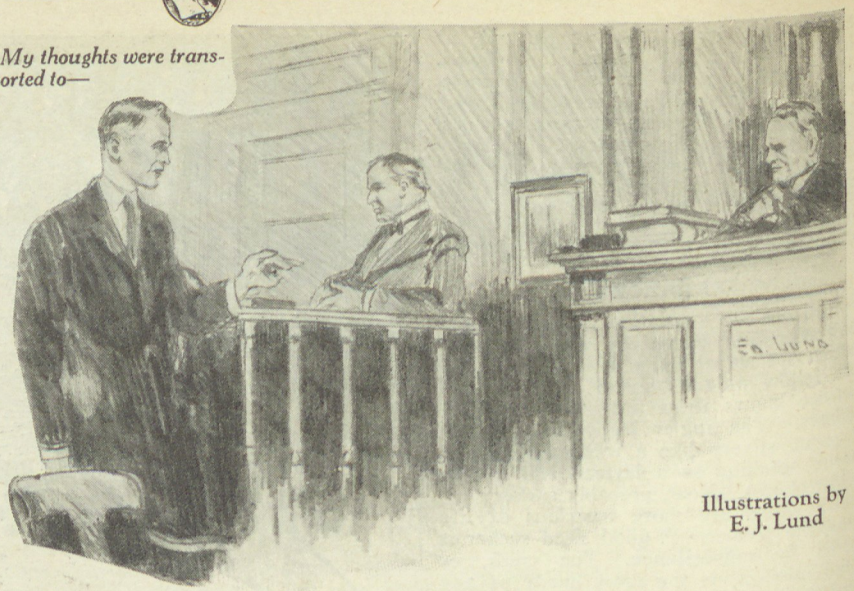
Goodrich HI-PRESS Footwear

"My thoughts were transported to—



Illustrations by E. J. Lund

Redbirds and Mountain Trout

By EUGENE SHERROD

HAVING been a lifelong devotee of that lazy man's sport called "fishing"—the early spring has always appealed to me as no other time of the year, and I have ever associated spring with thoughts of apple blossoms and mountain trout.

At that particular season it is a matter of small import whether the lure be a Red Ibis or a Dusty Miller as they, the trout (not the apple blossoms), are on the warpath, so to speak, and are ready to leap or strike at any bug or beetle that appears upon the troubled waters.

For that reason, it has been my invariable custom and practice to so arrange affairs as to take a fishing trip on the first day of May, and this particular May was no exception.

Accordingly, a fellow fisherman and the chronicler had our pots and pans packed, our flies assorted and all things in readiness to make our "escape" on the afternoon of the thirty-first, in order to be in the receiving line to welcome the trout when they began to leap and dart at the crack of dawn on May the first.

As has often been said in song and story, "Man proposes, etc." When it seemed that all things were working in perfect harmony for a pleasant outing, I received a post card instructing me to report at the court house at nine a. m. May first, to serve as a juror in the case of Commonwealth vs. Santa Jose Mario, charged by indictment with the murder of Buck Jones, Private, U. S. A.

Surely there must be some mistake in the date, as it is hard to conceive that a judge would have little enough sportsmanship to select May the first, the opening day of the season for mountain trout, to conduct a murder trial.

I was more or less familiar with the case, it being one wherein Santa Jose Mario, a Mexican youth, had stabbed Buck Jones, a negro soldier, for dancing with his senorita at a Mexican fandango.

Born and reared almost in the shadow of the Alamo, I naturally had but little use for a Mexican, and just why Fate should choose me to be a talesman upon this jury was beyond my comprehension. And, of all times on earth, from my viewpoint, May the first was the most inopportune.

However, so long as we elect men to office who are unable to distinguish between a Lord Baltimore and a Royal Coachman, just so long will we fishermen have our rights trampled in the dust.

Upon receiving this subpoena from the court, I immediately became violently opposed to the infliction of the death penalty as a punishment for crime. It had always been my understanding of the criminal code that one who had "conscientious scruples" could not sit as a juror in a capital case. I was thoroughly convinced that it was simply a question of presenting myself at the courthouse and informing the judge of my conscientious scruples, whereupon I would be promptly excused, and would thus be able to join my friend at the fishing grounds ere the redbird whistled on the morning of the second.

Of course, this would not be like being present at the peep o' day on May first—but, being a patriotic American citizen, I did not think it would be right to ignore the court's summons entirely.

deep green woods and placid streams."

More particularly, as I knew that the sheriff would have but little difficulty in locating me on the opening day of the trout season in the event that I disregarded his summons.

Upon appearing at the courthouse, I soon found that my knowledge of American jurisprudence was just a little hazy. Instead of being permitted to enlighten the judge as to my conscientious scruples in general and on May first in particular, I was herded with a great number of other prospective jurors into a private room, from where we were brought into the main court room and questioned as to our qualifications one at a time. Then, too, to add to the horror of the situation, I soon discovered that we were being interrogated alphabetically. My name beginning with the letter "Y"—you may well imagine my feelings.

In the examination of the jurors, as in all other court procedure with which I am familiar, they made haste like the proverbial snail, and had only reached the letter "G" by noon. At this rate of speed, by a mathematical calculation, I determined that it would be at least four o'clock before I should be given an opportunity of informing the world at large as to my views upon capital punishment.

My surmise proved correct. At four p. m. the court bailiff announced my name at the door.

Taking my seat in the jury box, I was asked every conceivable question, save and except the all important question as to my views on capital punishment.

Being finally convinced that they were going to overlook this important point, I volunteered the information that I was chuck full, and overflowing with conscientious scruples, and absolutely would not hang Santa Jose Mario, or any other Mexican so long as he did not use a trammel net or dynamite, but caught his fish in a sportsman-like manner. You can well imagine my consternation when the district attorney informed me that owing to the extreme youth of the defendant, that the State was not asking for the death penalty in this case. Before I had time to recover my equilibrium, I was again dumfounded by counsel for the State and for the defendant announcing almost simultaneously, "We will accept the juror," whereupon, the learned judge said, "That completes the jury. Stand up and be sworn."

The wheels of justice were revolving with such unprecedented rapidity that I had not fully recovered my composure until I found myself seated in the jury box with eleven other patriotic citizens.

I shall never forget the appearance of the defendant, a Mexican youth still in his teens unable to speak or understand a word of English except through an interpreter—as he sat with downcast eyes and listened to the district attorney read the indictment, a long legal document containing many references to "Malice aforethought"—"Against the peace and dignity of the State," etc.—all of which were as meaningless to me as I imagine they were to the defendant.

There being a great number of witnesses to the homicide it required two full days to complete the testimony.

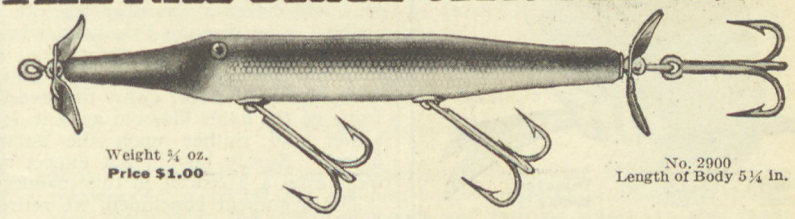
Counsel for the State made the opening argument followed by counsel for the defendant, and counsel for the State was now making this, the closing argument in the case:

"Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, while this is unquestionably one of the most heinous crimes ever committed in this fair State of ours—I have always thought that Justice should be tempered with Mercy—and, owing to the extreme youth of the defendant, I shall not insist upon the death penalty in this case."

All Game Fish — STRIKE-TO KILL IT!

SHOWING 'EM HOW TO GET MORE AND BIGGER FISH IN FLORIDA WITH

THE NATURAL GAR MINNOW



Weight ¾ oz.
Price $1.00

No. 2900
Length of Body 5¼ in.

The photo above shows Henry S. Dills—the creator of Creek Chub True-To-Nature Lures, Scale Finish, Famous Pikie Minnow, Floating Injured Minnow, etc.,—with an 11-lb. 2 oz. Large Mouth Black Bass—(he clearly illustrates it's a Large Mouth)—which he caught in the pool behind him near Clearmont, Fla., while trying out the New Natural Gar Minnow, No. 2900!

Henry says: "I'm here to tell you the New Gar—in both the natural and green colors—takes all kinds of game fish in Florida from the smallest to the largest—they all fiercely attack it—and Strike to Kill off this new True-To-Nature Lure!"

In the northern waters, too, the New Gar has been tried and proven to be a great killer! You should have this New Gar in your outfit—especially for fishing in the open water! It will Catch More Fish for you, too! And if you intend to go to Florida Mr. Dills will be glad to give you valuable information about some of the better places to fish for the Big Bass! Just drop him a line at the Creek Chub Bait address below!

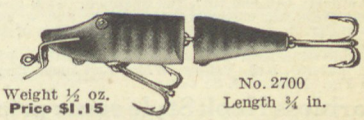
Two More New Fish Getters for this Season!

Weed Frog

No. 2800
Length 2 in.
Weight ¾ oz.
Price $1.00

Should the bass be way back in the reeds and pads or close in shore rising to insects and frogs use the No. 2819 Weed Frog as it is one of the finest lures made to go way back among shore vegetation and come back without fouling—skimming and splashing its way along—and it gets practically all strikes! Cast it on shore and hop it off into the water like a frog jumping in! With short jerks, it represents a frog struggling along! This is also a splendid lure for dark nights!

New Baby Jointed Pikie



Weight ½ oz.
Price $1.15

No. 2700
Length ¾ in.

There comes a time when all game fish have a hankering for perch! Then use the New Baby Jointed Pikie, in the perch color, No. 2701! In looks, in color and most of all in action, it's the closest rival of a lively baby perch that has ever been produced. This is a nice size lure for river fishing in different colors—especially the 2718 Silver Flash Finish!

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to Catch Fish—or money back! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

THE CREEK CHUB BAIT CO., 326 S. Randolph Street, GARRETT, IND.

Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT.
For Creek Chub Bait Co.

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

90% COULD BE SAVED
by Using the Jamison
BARBLESS HOOK

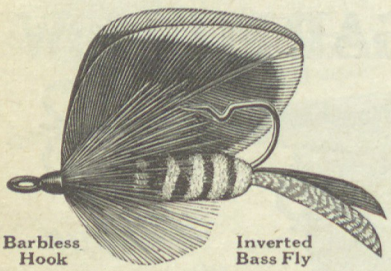
TRADE MARK

One of the greatest wastes—and the most avoidable—is the slaughter of small fish thrown back so badly mutilated in extracting the cruel barbed hook, that they cannot possibly live. More than 90% of these could be saved by using Jamison Barbless Hooks.

In place of the barb, Jamison Barbless Hooks have a hump, or bend, in the shank of the hook, which does not cut or tear like the cruel barb. Baby fish can be instantly unhooked, without injury.

This "hook with the hump" is a fish getter as well as a fish saver. Its sharp, needle-like point has quicker and deeper penetration and will hold big fighting fish as well as the barbed hook, if not better. Use the Barbless and

help save the fishing



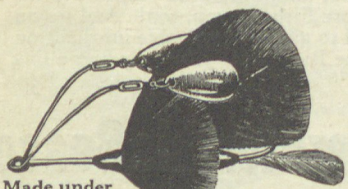
Barbless Hook — Inverted Bass Fly

Barbless Hook Inverted Bass Flies No. 1/0 Ringed Hook, no Snell. Highest Quality. 14 patterns. Each 35 cents, $4.20 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Wet Trout Flies, Highest Quality, 24 patterns. No. 4, No. 6, No. 8, No. 10 and No. 12 hook. Five for $1.00 or $2.25 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Dry Flies, no Snell. Highest Quality. 12 patterns, No. 8, No. 10, No. 12 and No. 14. Four for $1.00 or $2.50 per dozen.

THE SHANNON TWIN SPINNER



Made under J. P. Shannon Patents

Anybody can fish with the Shannon. It is absolutely weedless, extremely attractive, and a sure fish-getter in deep water or shallow, weeds or lily pads. If you can't cast, troll with it.

Made with Red, Yellow and White Feather Fly; and Natural, Red, Yellow, White and Black Bucktail Fly. Price each 85 cents.

Barbless Hook Style same price

If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct.

Have You Seen Our Wonderful
MOVING PICTURES OF GAME FISH
being taken on Barbless Hooks?
Fine for Chapter Meetings
Write for full particulars

Send for Catalog of Barbless Hooks, and Flies, Shannon Spinners, Coaxer Baits, Silk Casting lines, testimonials, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
Dept. 56
739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Just at this juncture from a tall maple on the court-house lawn, clear and distinct came a call which I had heard many times:

"The-o-dore—The-o-dore—Dore—Dore—Dore." The unmistakable call of the redbird.

"If there is any sound on this earth that will instantly transport my thoughts to deep green woods and placid streams, 'tis the plaintive call of the redbird.

Being the first of God's feathered children to lift its voice in praise of its Maker in the gray, dusky dawn—I have listened too as he bade old Sol "adios" with this same sweet call which he had sounded so lustily at the peep o' day. I have ever associated the call of the redbird with, to me, that greatest of all thoughts—"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Finally arousing myself from the stupor into which I had fallen, I heard the district attorney say:

"Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, if you will return a verdict in this case of not less than five nor more than twenty-five years confinement in the State penitentiary, you will have done your full duty."

Surely he did not mean this! Surely he did not mean that I should be instrumental in shutting a human being behind prison bars for twenty-five years! Where he could never again hear the call of a redbird, save through iron bars, where he could never see a mountain trout as it glistened and gleamed in the sunlight, where he could never enjoy the sweet perfume of the apple blossom as it is fanned hither and thither upon the summer's breeze. Surely he did not expect me to treat even a Mexican in this manner.

The argument concluded, we retired to the jury room.

The result of the first ballot was, eleven for conviction, one for acquittal. It is needless to say who the "contrary juror" was. The other jurors talked, argued, threatened and pleaded, finally agreeing to assess a minimum penalty of five years if I would give my assent.

From a strictly legal standpoint, I was forced to admit the logic of their argument—but—

"The-o-dore—The-o-dore—Dore—Dore—Dore." Once again the call of the redbird penetrated the walls of the jury room. I answered the call by saying:

"Now, Gentlemen, I do not wish to appear arbitrary in this matter, but I will stay here so long as redbirds whistle and mountain trout leap before I will give my consent to confine even a Mexican in prison for five long years."

On this occasion the foreman also heard and heeded this final appeal of the redbird, and he too answered by saying, "Men, maybe this fellow is right. The nigger soldier ought to have known better than to come between a greaser and his senorita. What do you say? Let's give 'Sandy Maree' another chance?"

The redbird seconded the motion in his usual inimitable style, and, on the next ballot, instead of there being one "contrary juror"—there were thirteen.

Tempus fugit, and another May first has arrived. On this occasion there are no subpoenas or other legal documents to interfere with the inalienable rights of a free born American angler.

Once again, camped by the side of a swift running mountain stream at the old familiar fishing grounds, I am awakened at the peep o' day by the plaintive call of the redbird. A splash in the nearby waters tells me that the trout have begun to leap. Giving the Mexican cook a swift kick in the side, I tell him to get up and prepare some bacon and coffee pretty pronto. Unrolling his blanket and sleepily rubbing his eyes, in broken English he says, "That damma redbird wake Mexicano before he finish siesta. Had I my gun, I killa him dead." As I finished tying a Lord Baltimore to a six foot gut leader, I replied, "Santa Jose Mario, you infernal ingrate. I wish that bird would fly here and peck both of your eyes out." And I meant it. For the time being at least, I had no conscientious scruples against even the infliction of the death penalty as a punishment for crime.

League Wins 90 Day Battle

By F. E. WHEELER

Secretary Rocky Mountain Chapter, I. W. L. A.

THE citizens of Colorado, through the Izaak Walton League of America, ended their ninety day fight successfully, April 11, 1927, when the House of Representatives refused to confirm Senate Bill 420, by a vote of 34 to 27. The fight against the supposedly invincible Democratic bloc was carried on in a dignified manner by the Legislative Committee of the Izaak Walton League, through George C. Franklin of Denver, and C. E. Moore of Durango, Colorado.

Forty-five Chapters, which comprise the Rocky Mountain Division of the I. W. L. A., faithfully supported the Legislative Committee. Over fifteen thousand telegrams, letters and petitions were sent to Senators who were supporting the measure, asking them to vote against the bill. These were for the most part disregarded, by stubborn politicians, who argued that the sportsmen did not know what they wanted, that the bill would protect them, instead of limiting the work of the Fish and Game Department.

The real purpose of the bill was not revealed to the public until Friday, when the appropriations were brought out, and the Attorney General ruled: that Two Hundred Thirty Thousand Dollars, of the Sportsmen's money would be unavailable for the use of the department if the bill passed. Page 46, Sec. 32, Compiled Laws of Colorado, 1921, provides: that the General Appropriation Bill shall embrace nothing but the expense of the Executive, Judiciary and Public Schools. All other appropriations shall be made by separate bills, each embracing but one subject. This was the joker which would have tied up the sportsmen's money.

It was an educational campaign. As soon as the members of the House of Representatives were convinced that the Sportsmen, through their Legislative Committee, knew what they were talking about, they promptly killed the bill.

For several months prior to the convening of the legislature, questionnaires and other propaganda were sent to Sportsmen's organizations over the state, in an attempt to cause a split among the sportsmen over the Commission Form of Government. This smoke screen confused the issue, at first, but very soon people began to wake up, and this year will see organizers in the field organizing chapters in every hamlet in Colorado.

"Ye Rods and Little Fishes"

BY IVA K. WILSON

IDAHO, the Gem state, is second to none in its attractiveness to the descendant of Izaak Walton. It is provided with a variety of waters, and is corrugated with immense mountain ranges; a network of rivers and many beautiful lakes. Some of these are almost fresh water seas as to their areas and their shore lines. Most of them too, are ideally adapted to the growth of game fish. In fact there are enough topographical differences to suit the tastes of all the members of the piscatorial tribes.

It is an ideal place for those on fishing bent. The scenery also has its appeal to those who do not care to fish. In the Salmon river, Boise, Wood, Lost, Payette and Weiser rivers we have the best trout fishing in the state of Idaho.

Those living in the northern part of the state of course think that the St. Joe, Kootenai and Couer d' Alene rivers far surpass all other rivers in the state for trout fishing. But all in all it is a paradise for the votaries of the dancing fly or the whirling spinner.

For those who like to fish for monsters, the old Snake can satisfy for in its waters are giant sturgeons.

These streams or many of them were formerly protected by the evergreen clad mountains through which they wound, but now the conditions are changing. By the improvement of the highways and extension of roads, even the remote parts of the rivers have been made accessible to the tourist and vacationist. The mile eating automobile has also helped open up these treasure places. Streams once teeming with fish must now be kept well stocked.

Fishing is not the only recreation in the Idaho mountains. There is plenty of game both large and small; fun aplenty for the shotgun enthusiasts and exponents of the high-powered rifle.

The rivers of Idaho are being well stocked with native black bass, spotted or cutthroat trout and eastern brook trout. The Red Fish of the Red Fish group of lakes offers plenty of sport, too. Tourists are welcome in Idaho, but she does ask that they be true sportsmen in every sense of the word, true to the sportsman's creed as adopted by the American Game Protective Association.

A sportsman should—

1. Never in sport endanger human life.
2. Never kill wantonly, needlessly or brutally.
3. Obey the laws of the state and nation, work for better laws and uphold the law-enforcing authorities.
4. Respect the rights and feelings of farmers and property owners.
5. Always leave seed birds and game in cover.
6. Never be a fish hog or a game hog.
7. Discourage in every way the taking of game and game fish for commercial purposes.
8. Study and record the natural history of wild life in the interest of science.
9. Love nature and its denizens and be a gentleman.

AND DON'T LEAVE A CAMPFIRE UNTIL YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY SURE YOUR FIRE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY EXTINGUISHED.

Shakespeare

$10,000.00

NATIONAL-SECTIONAL-LOCAL

FISHING CONTEST

June 1st Through Aug. 31st

A Great FREE Event

1,105 Prizes for Single Fish - for String of Fish - for Fish Photo. Anyone May Enter, No Cost.

A Sporting Event You'll Enjoy

BACK of this great FREE nation-wide angling test are prizes worthy of your skill—large money prizes (paid in Gold Coin); handsome tackle awards; and more than ten hundred of them representing ten thousand dollars in actual value. It is *in every way a free contest.* It is governed by

Plain Rules--Use Any Tackle--
Fish Anywhere

It is only necessary to use a Shakespeare Swimming Mouse Bait. The purpose of this contest is to get more people outdoors onto lake and stream—to teach them the charm of woods and running water—to give them the thrill of game fishing—to help them learn how much good tackle contributes to good sport. Use any rod, reel or line you wish, but the SWIMMING MOUSE is the official bait for this event, selected in order that all anglers may compete on an equal basis and because it is already established as a superior plug bait.

Prizes for MEN, WOMEN, BOYS and GIRLS under 16 years

FREE BAIT

To make this contest FREE in every way the Shakespeare Dealer who records your name will loan you this official bait without cost. He will have a limited supply for this purpose. Its action is a short choppy wiggle, making it seem to struggle and swim just below the surface. Floats when still. Practically weedless. Both Bass and Pike strike it savagely. It gets the fish. 3½ inches long—three finishes. See it at your dealers'.

There are absolutely no requirements necessary to enter this contest except enter your name and submit a fish, string of fish or photo of fish caught on a Swimming Mouse, to the dealer who enters your name. He will record the official weight, size, etc. And remember you can arrange to borrow a Shakespeare Swimming Mouse, *free.* Your dealer will have a limited supply of loan baits available for this purpose and many anglers may win several prizes—it is possible even to win several local, several sectional and several national prizes with one string of fish, one fish and one fish photograph. Ask your Shakespeare tackle dealer.

But You Must Be Sure to Enter Your Name at Once!

ENTER Your Name At Local Shakespeare Dealer or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Shakespeare

FINE FISHING TACKLE

Shakespeare Co., 433 Pitcher St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enter my name in the FREE Shakespeare National, Sectional and Local $10,000.00 Fishing Contest. Tell me where to get a Swimming Mouse and submit my fish, catch or fish photo—all necessary information—no obligation or cost on my part.

Name.....

Street or
R.F.D. Address.....

City.....State.....

YOU CAN'T LOSE!

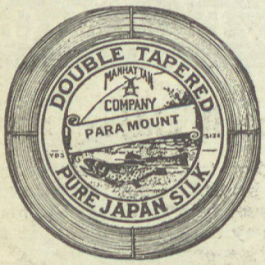
We have been noted for over 50 years for the Quality and Value of our HIGH GRADE Products. We, however, have not been so well known for our lower priced goods (which, price for price, we consider THE BEST VALUES ON THE MARKET). To make this fact known we are here mentioning one of our *special value* Moderate Price Goods. If these Goods are not better than you can purchase *anywhere* else for equal price, return them and have price refunded (without question).

DOUBLE TAPERED LINES

INTRINSIC—THE WORLD'S BEST QUALITY SOFT FINISH

Dark Brown or Green. For Dry Fly and Wet Fly.

Sizes—	C	D	E	F
Intrinsic, 30 yards.	$12.75	$10.75	$9.25	$8.75



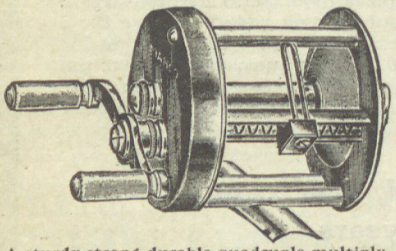
A LOW-PRICED TAPERED LINE

These lines are made of a good quality pure Japan thread silk, enameled in a new and superior manner; they are serviceable lines at a moderate price.

Double Tapered:—Made in mottled water color, only, in 30-yard lengths.

Size	C	D	E	F
Each	$4.00	$3.50	$3.25	$3.00

MANCO LEVEL WINDING REEL



A sturdy strong durable quadruple multiplying all-metal level wind reel that will give the best of satisfaction.

No. E. L-W. D., Double Handle.....$6.25
No. E. L-W. S., Single Handle.....$6.00

William Mills & Son

25 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK
Fishing Tackle Specialists
(Established 1822—Now in 105th Year)

Sole Agents for
H. L. LEONARD RODS
The Rod You Will Eventually Buy

Our CATALOG contains not only descriptions and prices of goods, but also COLOR PLATES of FLIES; FISHING MAPS of MAINE and NEW YORK (nearby); ANGLER'S KNOTS; FLY COLORATION DESCRIPTIONS and a "NOVEL INDEX" describing outfits for angling for various Game Fishes. COPY MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 10c IN STAMPS.

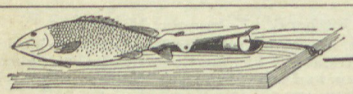
Heinzelmann's Famous Flies

Featuring the long hackle Bass flies as illustrated.

Designed with long hackle and long streamer tail feathers. Streamer feathers have all the action of a pork strip in water, making pork unnecessary. Great bass getters. Last indefinitely because they are made right. Choice of red, white, black, brown, gray or yellow. Price **35c—3 for $1.00** postpaid.

Write for description of Heinzelmann's other famous flies.

HEINZELMANN MFG. CO.
313 E. 12th Kansas City, Mo.



FISH CLEANING CLAMP

A fish is a slippery proposition; but you will find this Clamp pretty slick too. Holds the fish while you scale, clean, gut, and cut off head and tail. A time and profanity saver. Send 25c for sample. Jobbers and dealers write for discount

FREIDAG MFG. CO., FREEPORT, ILL.

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

A Few Hints to Beginners

By EDWIN F. SUTTER
Former Pres. N. A. S. A. C.

MOST fly casters make the mistake of driving their fly through the air at express speed to see how quickly they can reach the target, or ring, in question and then retrieving the fly in like manner. This error is most serious as the very purpose of false dry fly casts is defeated at the outset, namely, to judge the required distance and to locate the ring to be cast at.

Invariably if the novice adopts these swift tactics he will either overshoot or fall short of his ring.

To be on the safe side he should extend his line in a slow easy manner (elbow close to the side, letting the wrist give motion to the rod) using the overhead cast until he thinks he has reached the ring. Then the position of the rod is changed from the vertical to an angle of forty-five degrees. At once a difference is noted; the fly is now crossing in the caster's line of vision at an angle instead of going away from him as in the overhead cast.

Now on his forward cast (rod at angle of forty-five degrees) if he should let the fly hesitate a moment before retrieving he will be able to judge his distance correctly and to tell with a certain degree of surety where the fly will fall. This done, it is a small matter to adjust the length of line in order that the fly may drop in the ring. Now he is ready to straighten out his rod to the vertical position again and, using the dry fly accuracy cast, to drop the fly gently in the ring.

In retrieving from a far ring to nearer ones, it is advisable to grasp the line with the hand holding the rod, and, when making the false casts to strip the line through this rod hand without letting go at any time. When the desired length is reached, hang on to it. This procedure is safer and quicker.

The rod should have plenty of back bone in the middle joint and the line should be balanced with the rod. I prefer a five and one-quarter ounce rod, nine feet long, and a line, H. C. H. of good make, with nine feet of the taper cut off.

My leaders are much heavier than most casters use and they are built as follows: 1 strand Marana 2nd, 1 strand Imperial, 1 strand Marana 2nd, 2 strands Padron 2nd, 1 strand Fina, 2 strands xxx or Refina, eight strands in all. This makes a leader about seven and one-half feet in length and gives a quick turn-over and at the same time the extra fine end will give an easy drop to the fly.

After eight years of study and knowledge gained on the platform in club and tournament casting I am glad to give these few hints to the novice and can assure him that, if followed, he will make a creditable showing from the start.

Chicago Fly Casting Club Starts Season

IN spite of cold and a little rain some forty-two members of the three Chicago Casting Clubs were ready to make their first casts of the season at Garfield Park, April 24th.

Pool of Illinois Casting Club.

Kleinfeldt of the Chicago Fly carried off the honors in the distance events; with Bornholt of the Illinois second in the same events; H. Chatt and DeGarmo tied for first place in the ½-oz. Accuracy Bait; while the honors in Accuracy Fly went to the Northsiders, Eddie Davis and Lambert. The scores were not good owing to the cold but the hospitality of the home club made up for the weather. Below are the scores of the ten highest.

½-oz. Distance

	Average	Longest
Kleinfeldt	229 3/5	242
Bornholt	229	239
Clarkson, R. B.	218	227
White	216	298
Nordholm	212 2/5	222
DeGarmo	212 2/5	229
Leach	202 1/5	222
McCarthy	201 1/5	211
Arado	190 3/5	248

½-oz. Accuracy Bait

Chatt, H.	99-3
DeGarmo	99-3
Leach	99-2
Greenberg	99-1
Davis, E. J.	98-8
Bornholt	98-7
Gerould	98-6
Sutter	98-6
Vong	98-6
Eberman, W. A.	98-6

(Scored in tenths)

L. T. Distance Fly 5¾-oz.

	Average	Longest
Kleinfeldt	102 1/3	105
Bornholt	95 1/3	96
DeGarmo	92 1/3	96
Nordholm	89	90
Chatt, H.	88 2/3	91
Case, Geo.	86 2/3	88
Clarkson	85 2/3	86
Eberman, H. B.	81 1/3	82

Accuracy Fly

Davis, E. J.	99-5
Lambert	99-3
Sutter	99-2
Kretschmar	98-14
Kleinfeldt	98-14
Naugle	98-12
Chatt, H.	98-12
Leach	98-5

(Scored in fifteenths)

Illinois Inaugurates Schedule

FAIR weather smiled upon the Illinois casters on May 1st, when an almost perfect casting day drew out the crowds to watch the local men at Washington Park meet with their fellow casters from Garfield and Lincoln Parks. Fifty-one contestants cast in the ⅝ oz. Accuracy and almost as many in the other events. The entry list reminded one of some of the National Tournaments and although it was a long day, every one agreed that it was a most successful one.

The first event, Accuracy Fly, had four tied for first place. Leach, of the Chicago Fly, E. Davis and Lambert of the Lincoln Park, and McCandless, of Illinois, all of whom cast 99 11/15. Sutter and Kleinfeldt, of Chicago Fly, came close with 99 9/15.

Lincoln Park walked away with the ½-oz. Accuracy Bait, Naugle winning with 99.5 and Wicklund, 99.3 second. Zeisler and Kretschmar of the same club tied for third honors with 99.2.

ORIENTAL WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00.
All Red, All White, or Red and White

Novice takes 10¼ lb. Bass on "Oriental"

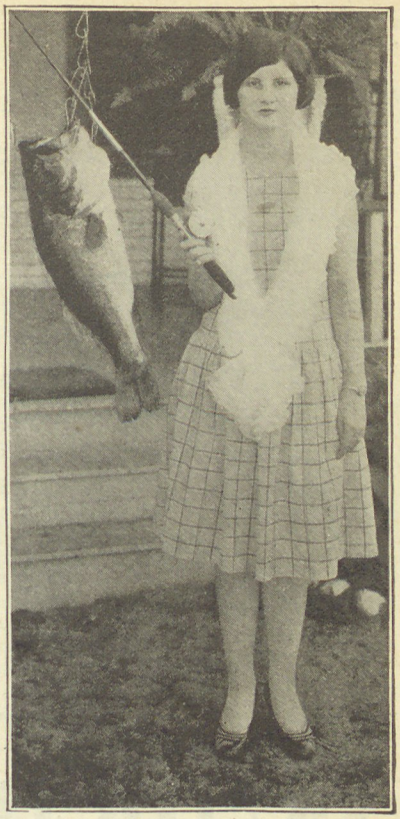
"I enclose picture of a 10¼-lb. bass caught on your Oriental Wiggler.

"I am a novice at rod and reel fishing and have bought all kinds of baits and plugs, but have gotten to the point where I use the Al Foss pork rind minnows exclusively."

J. E. Brown, Lakeland, Fla.

Mr. Brown says he is only a novice, yet he has learned more than thousands of anglers who have been casting for years. And that is, if you cannot get fish on Al Foss lures you might as well go home and play with your radio.

Illustrated in this advertisement are the Oriental Wiggler, on which Mr. Brown made his noteworthy catch, the Shimmy Wiggler, Jazz Wiggler, Little Egypt Wiggler and the Shimmyette Fly-Rod Wiggler, and the new Foss Frog Wiggler. Secure at least one of each of these at your dealers.



Try the new Foss Frog Wiggler —8 lures in one!

Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00 No. 12½ oz., 1/0 hook. Larger hook if ordered.

Hailed by anglers as beyond question the most ingenious and most effective lure yet devised, the Foss Frog Wiggler is the latest lure in this distinguished family.

Combining the luring qualities of the frog, bucktail and pork rind, it comes as near a guaranteed effective lure as yet made.

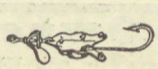
With the Foss Frog Wiggler the angler has eight different lures he can use alternately, without even taking the bait off his line. The drawings below illustrate exactly how this is accomplished.

1st—Just as received with bucktail fly.

2nd—With bucktail and two strips of fly-rod pork rind buttoned to the little studs to form legs.

3rd—Same as No. 2 with fly-rod pork on curve of hook.

4th—With bare hook only.

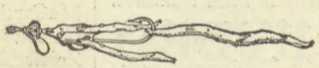


5th—With bare hook and two fly-rod pork strips for legs.

6th—With bass pork rind impaled on hook and buttoned to center button.

7th—Same as No. 6—with two fly-rod pork strips for legs.

8th—Same as No. 5—with bass size pork strip full length on curve of hook.



All you need is one Foss Frog Wiggler, a bottle of bass size pork strips, and a bottle of fly rod pork strips.

SHIMMY WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00

JAZZ WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., 50c

SHIMMYETTE FLY-ROD WIGGLER
50c

45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

LITTLE EGYPT WIGGLER
Weight ½ oz., 75c

AL. FOSS

Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnow

9508 Quincy Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Men send to Bergmann in Portland, Oregon, from all over the world for this great shoe. Dealers, write!

-A bear for wear

a shoe for he-men

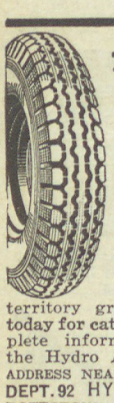
A powerful boot built for strenuous men, yet it is the lightest shoe made in proportion to its strength. Men walk farther in Bergmann's because its stiff, springy sole, hand-pegged and reinforced, absorbs under-foot unevenness and gives buoyancy to the step.

The Bergmann heel cannot catch or break off and holds calks even in the instep if desired. Vamps are double. Uppers are full grain selected leather of glove-like softness.

Write for catalog, prices and foot measuring chart. Shipped direct, fit guaranteed, if no dealer near you. Theo. Bergmann, 859 Upshur Street, Portland, Oregon.

BERGMANN hand made BOOT

The most powerful shoe in America



Auto Owners Wanted to sell HYDRO *Insured* TIRES—the only tires in America Insured for One Year against all road hazards *regardless of mileage*. Insurance Policy with every tire. Made by the only tire factory in America selling its product through authorized Salesmen-Agents. We offer opportunity of life-time to establish profitable tire business of your own. *No capital required.* Sales Kit and advertising helps furnished. Exclusive territory granted. Write today for catalog and complete information about the Hydro Agency Plan.

HYDRO Insured TIRES "The Most Beautiful Tire in America"

ADDRESS NEAREST BRANCH.
DEPT. 92 HYDRO-UNITED TIRE CORPORATION
POTTSTOWN, PA. CHICAGO, ILL.

Read about our
Resort and Camp Free Service Bureau
Page 90 This Issue

Kleinfeldt, Chicago Fly, repeated his victory of a week ago in the ½-oz. Distance Bait, averaging 250.8 feet with Howard Chatt of the Illinois Club, second, averaging 245.8 feet.

The big event, ⅝-oz. Accuracy, was won by Wicklund, 99.7, Lincoln Park Club with Eddie Davis of the same club second in a tie with Leach and Sutter of the Chicago Fly, 99.5. Hillstrom of the Northside club finishing next with a score of 99.4.

Scores of the highest men are listed below:

Accuracy Fly

Leach	99-11
E. Davis	99-11
Lambert	99-11
McCandless	99-11
Sutter	99-9
Kleinfeldt	99-9
G. G. Davis	99-8
H. B. Eberman	99-7
Burlingame	99-6
Vong	99-4
McCarthy	99-4

(14 others finished)

½-oz. Accuracy

Naugle	99.5
Wicklund	99.3
Zeisler	99.2
Kretschmar	99.2
Marker	99.1
Sutter	99.1
Roderick	99.1
H. B. Eberman	99.1
Burlingame	98.9
Nordholm	98.9
Lambert	98.8
Bornholt	98.8
Kleinfeldt	98.8
E. Davis	98.8
W. A. Eberman	98.7
Darby	98.6
Lane	98.5
Durrell	98.4
Mathie	98.3
Hillstrom	98.2
Gerald	98.1

(26 others finished)

½-oz. Distance Bait

	Average	Longest
Kleinfeldt	250.8	259
H. Chatt	245.8	252
Sutter	209.8	249
Fredenberg	206.0	216
Mathie	198.88	232
Leach	195.0	204
Nordholm	178.4	222
McCarthy	168.2	224
Lane	161.2	169
DeGarmo	159.8	203

(12 others finished)

⅝-oz. Accuracy

Wicklund	99.7
E. Davis	99.5
Leach	99.5
Sutter	99.5
Hillstrom	99.4
Kleinfeldt	99.3
W. A. Eberman	99.3
Durrell	99.2
Humphries	99.2
Vong	99.2
Clarkson	99.2
McCarthy	99.2
Gerald	99.1
Zeisler	99.1
Mrs. Darby	99.1
Marker	99.1
White	99.1
Lambert	99.0
Burlingame	99.0
H. B. Eberman	99.0
H. Chatt	99.0

(26 others finished)

THE WICKED WIGGLER

S-1 With feathered treble at end.
S-2 With hook for pork rind.

Length, 2¾ inches. Weight, ¾ oz. Price, $1.00

Those Big "He" Bass, Pike and Muskies just can't leave it alone! Its wild, wicked wiggle—a sharp, violent, zig-zag movement—is so flashy, so fiery, so peculiar and so different from the movement of a natural minnow—that it makes 'em furious, and they strike it hard—to kill it!

H. M. Johnson, Frankfort, Ind. (Photo above) says: "Look at the seven Bass your wiggling spoon caught in Irish Lake (Barbee, Ind. Group) one afternoon."

The Wicked Wiggler is a real killer! It does not revolve or twist the line. For surface or deep water. Fast reeling brings it to the surface—skimming and splashing its way along!

Get one your dealer's or direct! It's guaranteed to satisfy! Send for our New Colored Catalogue of True-To-Nature Lures!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY
1326 S. Randolph St., Garrett, Ind.

Luck Nothing **It was caught with Peck's.** Before starting, stick a few of Peck's Lures in your pocket and the big boys will belong to you.

Peck's Bait Casting Feather Minnow

One mail order will prove it.
Peck's Casting Feather Minnow for Bass, price ..... .85 each
One Cane River Fly for Bass, too, price ..... .40 each
One Bucktail Shiner for more Bass, price ..... .40 each

E. H. PECKINPAUGH COMPANY, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Enjoy your Fishin'

by using BROWN'S FAMOUS GUARANTEED FISHING CHART. Best and most complete ever published—$12.00 worth of fishing information for $1.00—made possible by the vast number of yearly orders received. Write for Free Folder.

BROWN'S FISHING SERVICE
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

Expert Fishermen Say

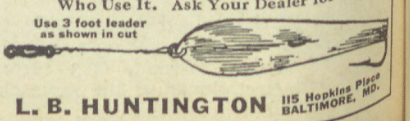
Korrect Kor Lines have that "feel" ordinary lines lack. Are easy casting, quick drying, extra strong, made of finest Japan Silk. Won two Championships at Oklahoma I. W. L. 1926 Meet. Won also the Accuracy Bait Casting Championship 1925 and 1926. That's the kind of line YOU should use. Tell us what Dealer can't supply you and we will mail you samples and prices at once.

Guarantee Label Insures Satisfaction
KORRECT KOR LINE CO., 37 Bay Street, Luzerne, N.Y.

THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut



L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

A Tale of Two Anglers

(Continued from page 34)

them. It constituted the very heart and meaning of their rivalry. With the older man it was a case of having always used a wet fly even as his father before him. He was thoroughly content with the efficacy and pleasure of the system.

With the younger man the use of the dry fly was infinitely more than a method of angling, or a source of enjoyment. It was an ideal, a principle, something as intangibly sacred to him as honor. Perhaps indeed the younger man was a bit of a fanatic on the subject of the dry fly even as his friend often laughingly assured him.

At any rate he would no sooner have used any but dry flies than he would have stolen or lied or broken his word.

Each man cast his lure with incomparable skill. But the Brown Trout was not caught. Another year, another and another—the same program, the same result. The Brown Trout was still free.

Then before the time for the seventh journey to the prettiest pool of the prettiest little river in New Brunswick, the older of the two men left for the most distant of all rivers. He went as happily, as hopefully, as he had prepared for any of life's journeys. A true friend, a true gentleman, a true angler, his last words were,

"Get the Brown Trout this time, old man. The seventh year is lucky." He added quizzically, "Better try a good fly—a wet one."

But the younger friend had lost his zest in the game. The prettiest pool in the prettiest river no longer seemed the same. Could he sit alone before the fire in their small cabin on the river's bank? Could he watch the quiet stars, gaze on the lovely stream-side, wade the swift, cold current of their river, cast their pool—alone?

The season advanced with no plans for the siege of the Brown Trout. Then within a week of its closing an irresistible impulse urged the friend of the older man to make the annual journey to their pool. Something stronger than his dread of the loneliness seemed to be impelling him.

He found the little river and the pool at their prettiest. The cabin was cosy and friendly beyond belief. As he sat before the fire the evening of his arrival he smiled often at the memory of other evenings there with his friend when they had unearthed all their old stories and had laughed appreciatively at the retelling of them.

He spent several hours contentedly looking over his boxes of dry flies as well as examining carefully some old books of wet flies left there by his friend.

The first day he spent happily fishing the upper reaches of the little river above the prettiest of pools. The second day he spent covering the two miles of good water below the prettiest of pools.

In the pearliness of early morning of the third day he approached that prettiest of pools with the utmost quiet skill of which he was capable. He fished the pool thoroughly. He fished it beautifully. But the Brown Trout seemed not there.

In the coral tint of late evening he again cast his flies with marvellous accuracy over the pool. Suddenly a rise, a strike and the Brown Trout leaped clear. Never was there so gallant a fish as that Brown Trout, as HIS Brown Trout.

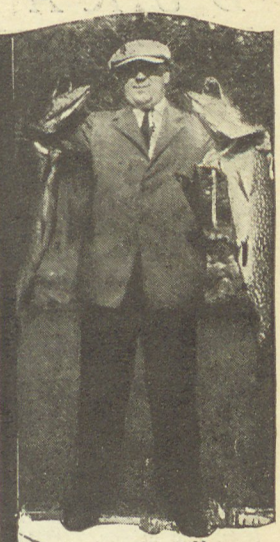
Four reasons why the TRUE TEMPER FISHING ROD has no equal!

1. No joints or stiff spots mar its uniform flexibility or spoil its superb casting action—there are no ferrules to slip or turn. There is only one connection to make and your guides are always lined up true.

2. A hand ground taper and a perfect temper made possible by electrical heat treating, give this one-piece, solid steel rod a strong backbone that holds a taut line on the liveliest catch. It permits you to use the lightest of lines and saves many a strike that would otherwise be thrown.

3. You will cast with one-third the effort taken by *any other rod* and in a long days fishing this spells SPORT instead of work.

4. It needs no loving care on the trip. Let the muskie wrap it around the boat, let him jump or sulk—your True Temper Rod needs no consideration. And afterward it needs no silk or varnish—only a few drops of oil.



"how easy it is to make long casts"

Here's a man who writes that he has "shown my True Temper Rod to all my friends, many of whom saw the two Northern Pike, each weighing over sixteen pounds, which I landed with it. I have also shown them how easy it is to make long casts with this rod, and everyone is amazed at its performance."

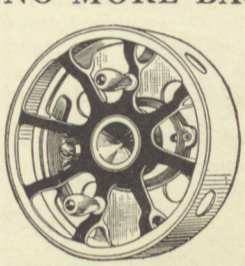
Little need be added to this staunch friend's praises. You, too, will be "amazed at its performance" when you take a True Temper Fishing Rod in your own hands at your favorite tackle dealer's store.

Be sure the words "True Temper" are stamped in the steel of your rod.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
Sporting Goods Division
General Offices: Cleveland, Ohio *Factory:* Geneva, Ohio

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

Night Casting Made Easy
NO MORE BACKLASHES



The Rinebolt Reel thumbs itself; backlashes are impossible. You cast, tilt the rod, and automatically the Reel stops.

Price $8.00

For Particulars Address

G. S. RINEBOLT, HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

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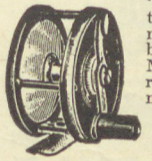
Deal Direct With the Manufacturers



"Edward vom Hofe" on an article of TACKLE not only signifies that it is good TACKLE but that there is none better. Making Tackle since 1867 is a recommendation in itself. We never sacrifice quality to make a low price, neither do we ever use quality as an excuse for a high price.

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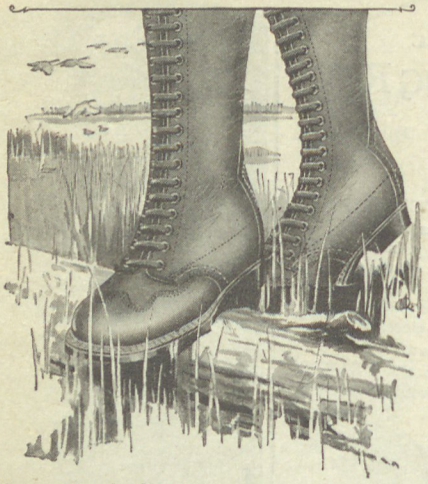
EDWARD VOM HOFE & COMPANY
96 Fulton Street New York City

DURABLE



In a variety of styles, lasts, and heights.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED
HUNTING BOOTS

We have been making these boots for 26 years. They are now famous the world over. In the jungles, in the oil fields, in the swamps, wherever the going is rough they are built to be dry and comfortable to the last mile if properly cared for. It is almost impossible to wear them out and they are pliantly ready for each new trip or season.

Get them at your dealer's, or write us direct for details.

WITCHELL-SHEILL COMPANY
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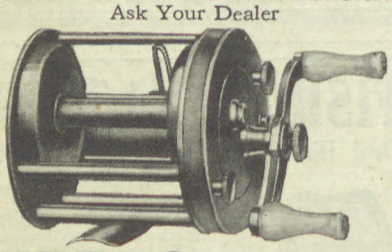
A Longer Vacation FOR YOU

A few feet more on each cast and a greater number of casts each day because of the freer action of Wilson Level Wind reels, will actually add days to your vacation. Three models to choose from—Powell-Wilsonian-Crest.

Ask Your Dealer



Wilson
FISHING TACKLE
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

"Oh, no," he laughed softly, "not mine—yours, old man."

For twenty minutes the surface of the prettiest of pools was ruffled and splashed by as fine a fight as ever angler saw. Then the Brown Trout was drawn gently to the bank of the little river and lay there in all his weight and beauty.

"Back you go, you Brown Trout," rang out the angler's exultant voice. "May you live forever in your prettiest of pools."

And as the Brown Trout darted towards the depths of the pool, the angler, whistling merrily, detached his leader, reeled in his line, disjointed his rod and carefully replaced in an old fly book the wet fly he had been using.

Arkansas Overcoming Obstacles

(Continued from page 30)

such funds as were contributed by individual subscribing sportsmen, and part of the fines collected.

Began With Only Eight Wardens

The first thing the new commission did was to institute a warden system. Being practically without funds, it is easy to see what a difficult situation confronted the commission. The Legislature limited the number of wardens that might be employed to eight for the entire state. This mere handful of men could make but little progress. A few part-time men were employed but this was found to be unsatisfactory. Having wardens work on the basis of receiving part of their compensation from the fines collected resulted exactly as elsewhere; the fee wardens soon became unpopular and their services were of little value.

In the second annual report of the commission, issued April, 1918, the commission recommended that the sportsmen of the state be organized to cooperate with them in building up proper sentiment for game and fish protection. With the active cooperation and assistance of organized sportsmen, conditions have improved decidedly during recent years. The more or less hostile public has been convinced of the value of game and fish protection, but the financial support has been entirely inadequate.

Prospects Much Brighter

This marked change in sentiment has resulted in a much more favorable attitude toward game and fish matters by the 1927 Legislature. While the Legislature made no change in the license fees, the resident license was extended to include persons hunting waterfowl, all upland game, and fur-bearing animals.

Heretofore, residents were required to obtain a license at $1.10 only when hunting deer, bears and turkeys. Naturally very few could be apprehended for violating the law, as they were always hunting something else. At least that became the stock excuse. Just think of it! Only a trifle over $12,000 in a year in license fees from all the hunters in the state, both resident and non-resident. Far too many

LUCKIE
Steel Fishing Rod

HERE'S LUCK!

HERE'S luck and a full string for the happy owner of a LUCKIE Steel Fishing Rod. Why shouldn't he have it—he has the best rod ever made for a moderate price! It is made by people who make the very finest fishing equipment — the famous Bristol Rods, Meek Reels and Kingfisher Silk Lines.

There's a LUCKIE for every rod fishing purpose.

Write, today, for free catalog describing and giving prices of the many models.

Luckie Bait Caster— $2.75

No. 400 Luckie jointed Steel Bait Casting Rod—3 joints—4 to 6½ feet long. Cork grip handle. Nickel casting guides. Wt., 6½ to 7¼ ozs. Specify length. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct enclosing price.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
836 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

Divine RODS

Eye, Hand, Mind and Rod

How infinitely swift and keen is the response of your nerves to every action in the fine sport of outwitting your game fish.

Too bad to dull that keen edge of pleasure with an instrument too insensitive to conduct the action to your hand.

Those moments of rare outdoor sport are all too few. Make the *most* of them! Experience the *greatest* thrills fishing holds for you!

Get a Divine Rod

It is the nearest thing to another "nerve" leading out to the fighting game itself.

Write for Catalog

THE FRED D. DIVINE CO.
522 Roberts Street Utica, New York

Rods to order if you wish

have been crawling in under the tent rather than entering at the gate and paying their money to see the circus.

The deer season has been reduced from 65 days to 16 days, but the annual bag is still two bucks per hunter. Under a new provision, however, each deer must have antlers plainly visible above the skull and the evidence of sex must not be destroyed. This is a step in the right direction but is still far too liberal.

The season was closed entirely on bears, beavers, prairie chickens and ringneck pheasants until 1931 but the commission was granted much more discretion in all matters of administration, propagation and enforcement, this being another step in the right direction.

Still May Murder Turkeys

The season on wild turkey gobblers was cut from 125 days to 36 days, but unfortunately one month of this season still runs during the springtime, the mating season. Each hunter is allowed to kill two gobblers in one season.

Arkansas is one of but twelve states with an open season on wild turkeys. It is most unfortunate that these noble game birds have not been given still better protection.

The gobbler law is fine, but the bag, the season, and method of hunting allowed are entirely too liberal. The turkeys can't survive very long under modern conditions with such liberal laws in effect. Springtime or mating season gobbler hunting as conducted in Arkansas, Mississippi, and several other states is not sport; it is just plain murder! Years ago the turkey could stand it; but now in the name of common decency it should be stopped.

The squirrel season was reduced from eight to four months, and the bag limit was cut from 15 to 8 squirrels per day. Squirrels were added to the list of game birds and animals the sale of which is prohibited.

Quail, under the new law, will have an open season of two months, December and January, a reduction of ten days. The daily bag was reduced from twenty birds to twelve birds.

The waterfowl bag limit was reduced to 15 ducks per day.

Fishing Law Better

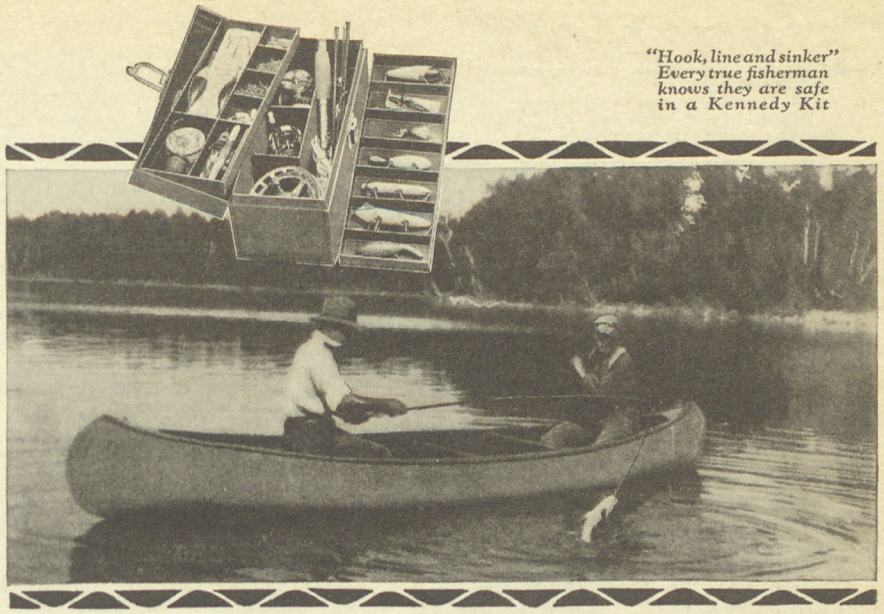
Important changes in the fishing law place seining, trammel and gill netting for commercial purposes under the supervision of the commission, but the law still allows the use of hoop nets for commercial purposes and for personal use in certain streams.

Fortunately, the new law prohibits the sale of game fish whether caught within the state or caught elsewhere and shipped into the state, making the Hawes federal bass law fully effective in Arkansas.

More Wardens Now Possible

Best of all the changes made by the 1927 Legislature was to give the wardens of Arkansas full police power instead of depending upon first having the sheriff in the county where an arrest is to be made deputize the warden, also authorization for the commission to employ such number of wardens as its funds will permit.

From the foregoing it is evident that the Commission, with the aid of their able Executive Officer, Guy Amsler, the few wardens they were able to employ, the Izaak Walton League Chapters and other sportsmen of the state, all more encouraged by results shown at the fish hatcheries and game farms, succeeded in bringing about a very decided change in sentiment during recent years. The obstacles heretofore standing in the way of constructive fish and game administration are being overcome.



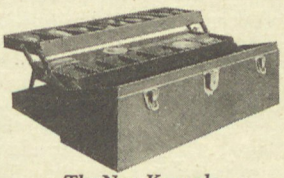
"Hook, line and sinker" Every true fisherman knows they are safe in a Kennedy Kit

TALK ABOUT FISH

—remember this?

PFUT!—the line tightens—Shoosh! He's down again. Now he's sawin' the line on a sharp rock. Not a chance, beauty—that line's been in my Kennedy Kit—it's right.

Kennedy Kits keep your tackle right. Waterproof and rust-resisting. Electrically spot welded, double seamed, finished in Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Nine styles.



The New Kennedy Kantilever Kit

Carries your bait, sinkers, rods, reels and line. Can't spill.

Kennedy Kantilever Kits

Lift the lid and see how the trays swing out of the box. Yet it's the most compact tackle box you have ever seen. Everything accessible. Top tray divided for plugs.

All good hardware and sporting goods houses have Kennedy Kits reasonably priced.

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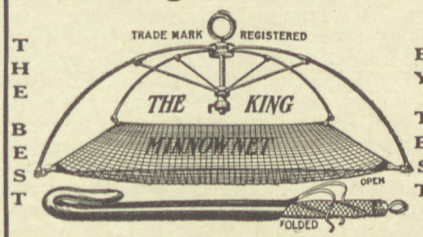
Kennedy Kits

TRADE MARK

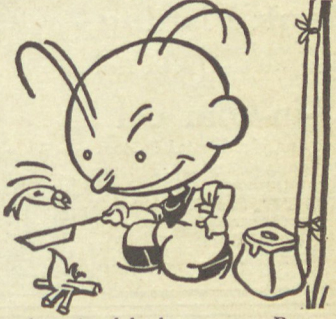
The King Minnow Net



A combination of common sense, skill, and material, opens and folds like an umbrella. Is guaranteed unconditionally for one year; all we ask is that you return the broken net to the manufacturer for either repairs or replacement. No charge will be made. Furnished in three sizes, 4x4 feet square at $3.25 each; 3x3 feet, $2.75 each; and 2x2 feet at $2.25 each. Ask your dealer for the King Net and assure yourself of an ever ready source of supply for live bait.

MADE BY
The W. H. REISNER MANUFACTURING CO.
HAGERSTOWN, MD., U. S. A.

mosquitoes



On sporting trips defy these pests. Protect your skin against mosquitoes, sunburn, insect stings, poison ivy. Enjoy skin health and comfort on your vacation. Liquid Zemo gives instant relief. Invisible on skin; ointment for night use. 60c and $1.00.

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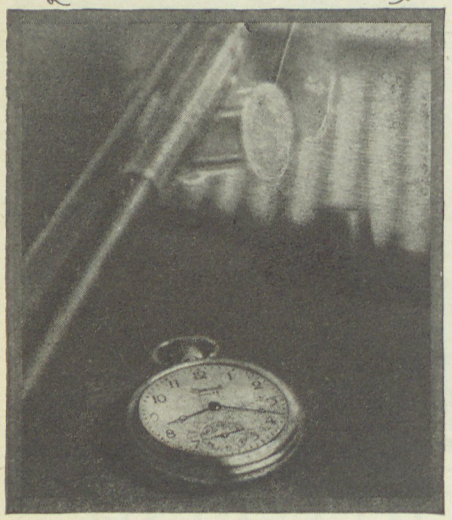
YANKEE $1.50



TIME *to go fishing*

WHEN you fish or hunt, an Ingersoll Yankee is the ideal watch. Dependable under all conditions and more dependable than expensive, delicate watches under conditions of hard use.

If you lose your expensive gold watch, or have it stolen, it means a big investment for a new one. If you break it, it means a sizable repair bill.

If you lose your Yankee, you can get a new one for $1.50. If you break it you can get it repaired quickly and at a very low charge by sending it to the INGERSOLL SERVICE DEPARTMENT at Waterbury, Conn. Ingersoll dealers everywhere.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
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Even For Bank Fishing

A rustless, free-running reel is necessary to land the big ones. Keep *all* your tackle right, with

3-in-One Oil

Guns and pistols need it, too. The Sportmen's oil for 33 years. Sold everywhere.

FREE. Sample and illustrated circulars.

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L33

Olds' Fish Dressing Tool—for bullheads, catfish and all skinned fishes. Fast, skins and dresses without waste; will last a lifetime. Simple, easy method. Fits any tackle kit. Postpaid anywhere U.S.A. with full directions for use—$1.50. Special discount to dealers. Patented. H. F. Olds, Round Lake, Minnesota.

Creation of Game Refuges

Another admirable feature of this very liberal legislation is a provision authorizing the Commission to create game refuges and control them by such regulations as it deems necessary. The development and administration of a practical refuge system can do more toward bringing back the wild life of Arkansas than any other method of game protection.

By proper teamwork the next Legislature should make provisions for more revenue, especially a license for fishermen; eliminate objectionable features in the present law, especially local or county laws still remaining on the statutes; and make a real start on a definite forest program for Arkansas.

Brother Arkansans, continue the good work; keep smiling!

A synopsis of the Conservation work of at least one state will appear monthly. Watch for it

Down the Flambeau

IN the present age of automobiles and the ever increasing network of paved and improved highways leading to almost every conceivable playground of the outdoor man, we cannot but lament the passing of the old sportsman who packed his outfit and hiked through the woods or guided his canoe through lakes and down swift running streams, to the haunts of the wild life.

Partner had always been my companion on our auto trips and fishing excursions since his childhood and therefore had a good knowledge of how our modern outdoor life is served up A la Carte by summer resort keepers.

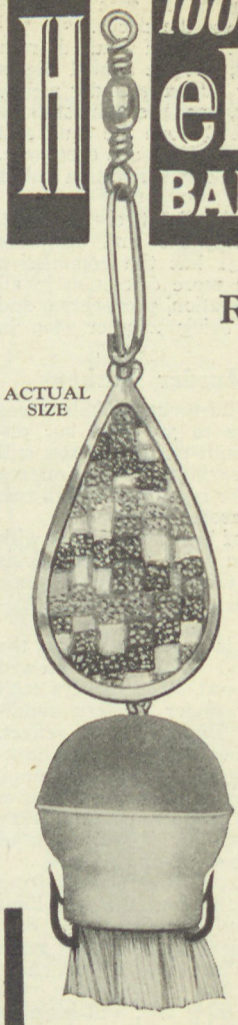
The Old Man knew something of early day life in Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin and yearned for the opportunity to enjoy again some of those old-time experiences, out of hearing of the locomotive whistle and automobile. Partner fell in with this idea and as spring approached and our outing fever struck a high mark, we buckled down to the task of selecting a suitable trip which must be short and snappy to fit into the Old Man's protracted vacation, and which would also bear lightly on the family exchequer. Our first thought was a canoe trip in the Rainy Lake country in Minnesota; but our time would be too limited, and besides it would be rather expensive. To find a navigable stream running through the wilds seemed out of the question unless we journeyed into the Far North. After numerous inquiries we at last succeeded. We would try the Flambeau River, which we understood traversed the last tract of virgin woods left in Wisconsin. Our trip was to begin at Park Falls, thence about 100 miles by water to Ladysmith, both cities being but a night's ride by train from Chicago. Oh, Joy! No paddling up stream or long portages. We learned that the late U. S. Senator Husting, of Wisconsin, an ardent lover of the outdoors, made this trip annually for several years prior to his death. When the time came for our start, we quickly assembled and shipped our duffle and canoe, and on a bright July morning

100% Weedless!

Helle's BALL BAIT

With New

RAINBOW Spinner



ACTUAL SIZE

FISHERMEN! Here's a bait that'll make those "fish stories" come true. 100% Weedless! Just a small, flexible red and white rubber ball protecting three hooks—but man, how it *does* work! No wires to bend. Nothing to get out of order. New "Rainbow" Pyralin Spinner—all the colors of the rainbow. Nothing like it ever before! For surface or deep water fishing—a never failing lure for bass, pike and muskies.

Try it!

Ask your dealer or send us $1.00 and we will mail post paid. Money back if not satisfied.

PROGRESSIVE Tool and Mfg. Co.
559 West Quincy St.
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Now only $1.00

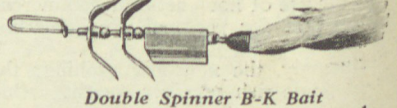
For Bass, Pickerel and Pike use

BILL BAILER'S

B-K BAIT

(Made by a fisherman and guaranteed to catch fish)

Patented July 25, 1925



Double Spinner B-K Bait
Combination Gold and Nickel Plated Spinner, Price $1.25

Single B-K Bait
Gold or Nickel Plated Spinner, Price $1.00
Silk Wound Bass Bug with Buck Tail Wings

The IDEAL Casting Bait

and a real fish getter. Keel weight keeps hook upright avoiding weeds and snags, also makes hook more effective when fish strike. One user says he caught 27 Small Mouth Bass out of 31 casts made with B-K Bait (name on request). *If your dealer does not carry this wonderful bait, send direct to*

W. C. BAILER, 405 Breckenridge St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

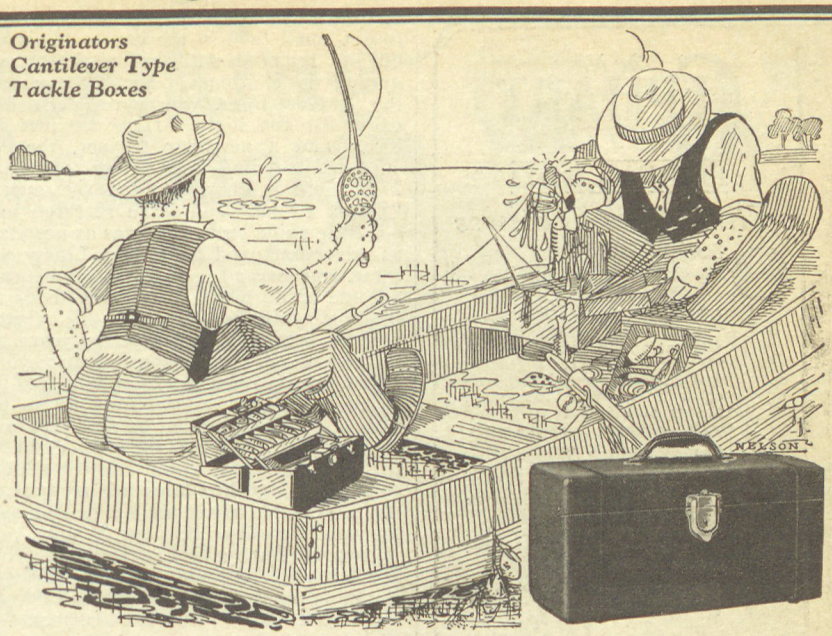
DEALERS—SEND FOR PRICES

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
PAGE 88—THIS ISSUE
Classified for your Convenience

we alighted from the train at Park Falls and lost no time in launching our craft. We had no guide other than a little pamphlet furnished by the railroad, which gave us endless information as to distances, location of camping grounds, springs and rapids. It was, indeed, some thrill to find ourselves out in the current being carried along at a rapid rate. We already had a mental picture of two tenderfeet floundering in the water near an up-turned canoe, when we attempted to run our first rapids, which the little book told us would be the Potato Rapids, a short distance from our starting point. We were reminded of our less fortunate early voyageurs, who paddled blindly down the streams ever watchful for some impassable falls or cataract. The absence of a subsidized guide gave us little concern, but on the other hand added zest to our trip. After passing over Potato Rapids, followed soon afterwards by Barnaby Rapids, Partner and the Old Man decided they were some "Pumpkins" when there was swift water to navigate. These were the only real rapids encountered the first day, while there were stretches termed by rivermen "riffles" and which required one to be alert to avoid a ducking. After passing Barnaby's, the first deer were seen on rounding a bend of the river. A doe and fawn were basking in the shallows near the edge and were quite surprised by our presence. For a moment they stood erect facing us and then scampered off up the bank. The swift current carried us along at a good rate, which we supplemented at times with our paddles, stopping occasionally for a refreshing drink from one of the many springs which trickled down the banks. We had travelled over thirty miles of river the first day and were in the heart of the wilderness and among the wild life, when we made our night camp and prepared our little bed of balsam boughs. Our friend the "Porky" was much in evidence, and it was necessary to put clothing and eatables out of his reach. The canoeist on this trip will never have any difficulty in locating a camp site to suit his fancy. Our location this first night was simply ideal. Located on a gentle slope above the grassy bank of the river, near a spring of clear sparkling water, no underbrush, and surrounded by towering majestic pine and hemlock, it made a beautiful picture and one that will ever be ours to keep and cherish. Our second day started with a riot to get Partner out of bed. The Old Man turned out early and had the fire going and the fish and flapjacks cooked. This day was a busy one as several rapids were encountered. The deer were becoming more numerous, and by actual count we came upon over forty in an hour. We never dreamed there were so many of them left in these particular woods.

When negotiating Flambeau Falls we had our first and only near spill. Our guide book told us to approach them near the left hand bank and hug the shore where there was a channel of swift water which would carry us through. Alas, we started across the stream too late and were pulled into the current of the falls and in spite of our efforts the canoe was moving stern foremost towards the main drop of the falls. We quickly reversed our positions and held the canoe in this position, and made a pretty nose dive over the crest. We came up in the eddy below, right side up, but with the canoe nearly half full of water. We made shore and lost some time drying out. Partner remarked that was sheer carelessness on my part, but I know he was disappointed at not seeing the Old Man floundering in the waves at the bottom of the falls. We were tempted to portage the First Cedar Falls Rapids after this experience, but Partner

Originators
Cantilever Type
Tackle Boxes



The Right Bait at the Right Time!

Our Catalog Tells You

There are other features of *Outing's Cantilever Boxes* and other Outing boxes our free catalog tells you about. You'll want a copy, and when you come to look at tackle boxes, look for the name "Outing" on the lock.

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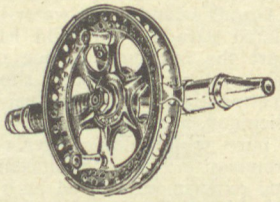
This Winona casting reel is just about the simplest reel you ever saw. No gears—runs like a breeze. Line spools itself. Adjustable drag. With line guard, $7.50. Without, $5.00.



WHEN you see one jump you want to get right on the job—and with the right bait. When you come smack on to a weed bed, your dope is to switch to a weedless bait—and no time out. If you want to haul them in you've got to use the *right bait at the right time.*

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Made of real stuff—built to stand the gaff. Not only that but no sharp corners and edges—they're rounded. Practical and beautiful.

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TOM THUMB
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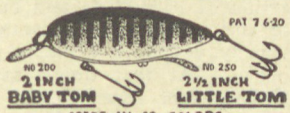

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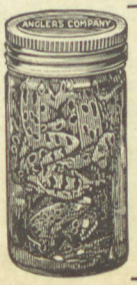

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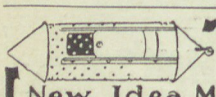

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insisted on running it, with the result we tore a small hole in the canoe. This was quickly repaired with hot pitch. It was getting dusk when we heard the roar of the Beaver Dam, where we decided to camp for the night. Here we met Mr. Trost and a neighbor trapper, the first humans we had seen since our start. Mr. Trost is known to the rivermen as "Skunk Frank," and is so referred to in our little guide book. He was as hospitable as advertised, and gave us a hearty welcome, and insisted upon our using his cabin for the night, which was commodious and inviting. He had us sign his visitors' register, which he had kept for years, and in it we observed the names of three young ladies, co-eds from Madison, who had preceded us in two canoes three weeks previous. Frank informed us that they were regular river rats, and had made the entire trip without a spill. We were highly entertained by his tales of many early day adventures along the river. We spent the next two days between Frank's place at Beaver Dam and Ladysmith, reaching the latter place about noon. This gave us ample time to ship our canoe, duffle and catch the night Limited Express for Chicago.

It seems unbelievable that there still remains a strip of territory untouched by the woodsman's axe, traversed by such a picturesque river, almost at our door. We learned that this trip is usually made in flat bottom boats which can be rented at Park Falls, and shipped back from Ladysmith. Partner and I preferred the thrills of a canoe trip, however, and we hope to make the trip again next season. From our experience on this hurried trip we would say that ten days or two weeks could be most enjoyably spent.

The Albino Deer of Grand Island

By SENATOR A. BIRD GLASPIE

ROAMING the heavily forested area of Grand Island, that water-bound, isolated paradise for wild life, lying athwart the entrance of one of the few deep bays on the south shore of Lake Superior, near the northern shore line of Michigan, are or should be a dozen or more pure white albino deer. They are the remnant of the magnificent conception and experiment carried on by that great Washington naturalist, George Shiras III, in forming a herd of albino deer, an experiment like the proverbial surgeon's statement in which "the operation was successful but the patient died."

George Shiras III did succeed in forming a herd of albino deer, which attracted the attention of naturalists and biologists over the entire world, but disease crept in and finally destroyed a major part of the animals. "At that time," says Mr. Shiras in a recent letter to the writer, "there were about 15 white deer, and, before the trouble arose, we expected to have about 30 deer within the next year and a half, and then some more to be released to roam at large on the island and others to be distributed to state parks."

To avoid total extermination the entire herd was turned at large. These deer have since been protected against shooting, and, back in their native haunts, they have undoubtedly produced a progeny that is of particular interest today.

While disease stepped in and prevented the full consummation of Shiras' idea, the experiment was carried on long enough

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You will want to see the 38" shirt for $12.50, fishing shirt No. 514 of waist length for $6.50, knee-length pants Style 662 for $6.50 and ankle-length pants No. 663 for $7.50.

Fishing Shirt
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Price $13.50

COLORS: *Deep Sea and Olive Drab*

LENGTH: 46", 48" and 50".

WEIGHT: 20 ounces.

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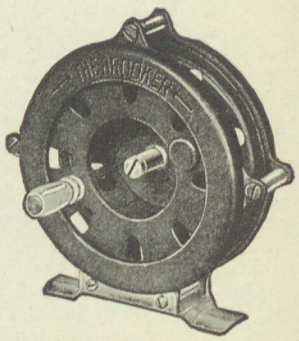

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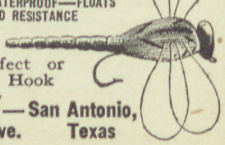

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"A white fawn was found in a thicket and brought up on a bottle."

to prove a question which greatly interested naturalists. It was found that in the breeding of albinos, where both sexes were white, the offspring were invariably of the same color, but, when the white buck bred with the red doe, the offspring averaged about 50-50 white and red.

It was in 1905 that Shiras, then summering on Grand Island, had word that a fine albino buck had been seen frequently coming to a little pond on the easterly side of the island.

For two summer seasons he spent days and nights in quest of a picture of this freak of animal life, only to learn that a Detroit hunter had shot the buck.

Close watch was kept and finally, in the fall of 1915, a good sized albino buck was seen loitering about box traps set for catching deer. With little effort it was taken.

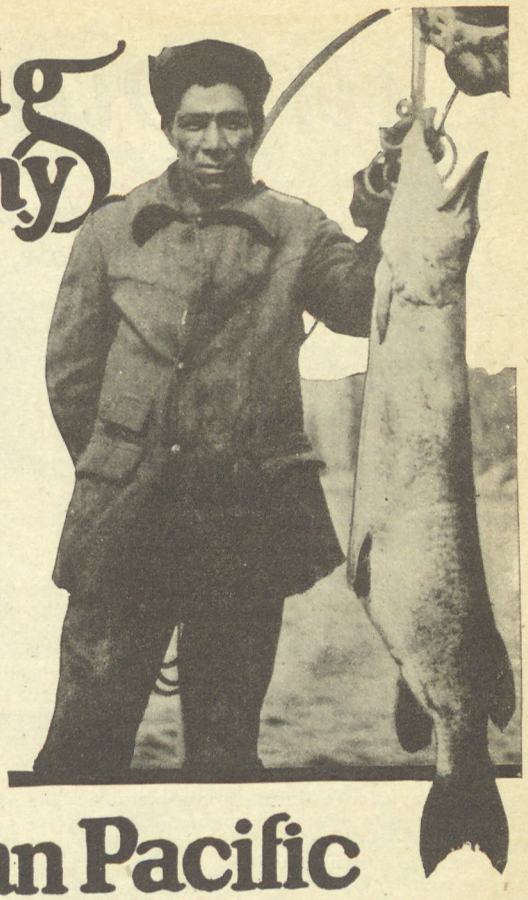
A few weeks later a white fawn was found in a thicket, brought up on a bottle, and the opportunity for the formation of the herd was a possibility. This fawn, when found, had the covering of white spots usually found on any deer fawn, although in this case they were the same color as the rest of the coat, appearing more as a pressed design such as one notices on a clear white damask cloth. The following year a red doe gave birth to an albino doe fawn, which, however, lacked the delicate spotted markings.

In the spring of 1919 one Capt. Joe Stephenson, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., was trout fishing on one of the streams in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, when he found in a thicket beside the stream, a newly born pure albino doe fawn. He brought it home, turned it over to the state whose authorities named it Josephine in his honor. It was shipped to Grand Island to add new blood and aid in the interesting experiment then being carried on.

The original buck died in November of that year, leaving a buck fawn as the future head of the herd. This original buck weighed about 150 lbs. and possessed a spread of antlers 26 inches wide, a spread much larger, says Mr. Shiras, than any he had ever seen. The antlers, when in the velvet, were snow white; and reared before a green background made a picturesque statue-like appearance of beauty.

Naturalists are trusting that some individual, municipality, organization or state may undertake the task of breeding this novel species. There is little question but that George Shiras III and the owners of Grand Island will coöperate with them to the fullest extent.

Striking Testimony



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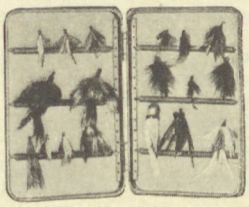

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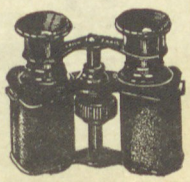

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Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than living in the open

Camping and motor camping questions will be gladly answered by Paul D. Burress, Field Editor, whose knowledge of camp life is full and practical

Flies and Mosquitoes

By

MURDO GIBSON

WERE it not for the stinging, biting and buzzing insects, camp life in the lake regions of the north woods, during June, would approximate perfect bliss. Fishing is almost sure to be good and the weather ideal for canoe travel, nature study, photography, or just plain loafing.

While one is actually traveling in the canoe, flies and mosquitoes cause little or no annoyance but nature study demands a good deal of physical immobility. To obtain the coveted information or picture, absolute stillness, for long periods of time, is often necessary. Without some protection this is practically impossible, so it is highly important that summer campers know something about the habits of these pests and how to render themselves immune from their attacks.

Contrary to widespread belief, mosquitoes are inactive during a considerable portion of the day and night. Unless rudely disturbed, or rain threatens, they are likely to remain quiescent from about ten to four o'clock, both A. M. and P. M. When timber cruising in fly time I take advantage of this fact and do my writing and mapping during the middle of the night, when the tent is cool and all troublesome insects asleep.

On chilly nights most of the mosquitoes will leave an open tent and settle in the warm ashes of the extinct camp fire. When rousted from there at daybreak they rise in an angry, buzzing swarm and give the luckless cook a bad five minutes before the fire becomes hot enough to drive them into retirement.

Although I have never tried the experiment, I think that most of the mosquitoes that repose in the ashes could be killed by spraying them with some insecticide before the morning fire is lit. I intend to try it this season.

Smoke, drifting across the campsite, sometimes mitigates the sunset attack of sand flies, or "no-see-ums," but I am thoroughly convinced that mosquitoes can endure much more of it than myself. I have found out that a bright blaze will kill, or disperse, them much quicker than will any smoke that my eyes can endure.

Canoe campers could save themselves a lot of needless misery, in fly-time, by starting a big bright blaze as soon as they land at the selected campsite and before they scatter in search of poles, stakes and boughs. Every step through the undergrowth will dislodge many insects and most of these will follow their disturber for a considerable distance. By leading them to the flame and circulating around it a few times one can destroy myriads of these torments before the packs are unstrapped. Every experienced north woods camper knows that, so far as mosquitoes are concerned, the first half hour at any new campsite is likely to be the worst.

There are times when a head net—sometimes called "Mosquito Helmet"—can be used to good advantage, but more often it will prove to be a greater nuisance than the flies. "Fly Dope," in my opinion, is the most practical protection against insect attacks. Most of us have heard stories about flies being so numerous and vicious that no kind of dope would prevent them from biting, but I think all such tales are pure, unadulterated bunk. Judging from my own rather extensive experience, no fly or mosquito, native to the north woods, will bite or sting through *any* of the advertised dopes. Super-sensitive persons who maintain that they would rather suffer the bites and stings than endure the "dirty" feeling of a greased skin and messy collar and cuffs, should not go camping during June and July.

There are many kinds of fly dope on the market. One's choice should be determined by the use to which it is to be put. Some are heavy, dark colored and smell strongly of pine tar. These are excellent for use on a protracted trip to the wilderness, where a clean face and dressy appearance are not essential to happiness. Other dopes are lighter in body and color and have a more delicate odor. They are intended for short, semi-civilized trips, such as week-end cabin parties, where guests are supposed to wash before eating and to wear reasonably clean shirts after supper.

One of the best formulas for making a heavy-bodied dope is given in "Nessmuk's" book on Woodcraft. It is: 3 oz. Castor Oil, 2 oz. Oil of Tar and 1 oz. Pennyroyal: simmer together over a slow fire and bottle for use. This quantity should last one man an entire season.

A very good dope, that is not quite so gooey as "Nessmuk's," can be made by mixing together 1 oz. Oil of Citronella and 2 oz. Olive Oil, or Vaseline. This is as effective as the tar mixtures but does not last so long.

The great secret for success in "doping" is to renew LIBERALLY every time a bite is felt. The bite is a sure indication that at least one spot is not protected. The only caution I have to offer is to keep the stuff out of the eyes, especially the Citronella.

Haymakers, working on the extensive marshes of northern Minnesota, sometimes use a mixture of pine tar and lard, or kerosene and lard, but the most common fly preventative there is raw, fat pork. This is carried in a little cloth bag and attached to the trouser band by a piece of string.

For use at fixed observation posts, students of nature will find great comfort in a tent made from bobbinette, or a good grade of cheesecloth. Excellent ones, with collapsible frames, are listed in the catalogs of most sporting goods stores, but anyone who is handy with needle and sewing machine can make a practical "fly tent" at home. One of the simplest is made in the shape of a truncated cone, the open top of which is just large enough to fit over the top of an opened umbrella. The umbrella handle is attached by cords to a centre pole, and the extended skirts held in place by stones or small stakes passed through loops sewed to the bottom edge.

In color, observation tents should harmonize with the surroundings and be placed so that its occupants are invisible from the outside. A little experimenting will soon determine the kind of background best suited to the work in prospect.

This comfortable method of observing birds and animals has one serious draw-

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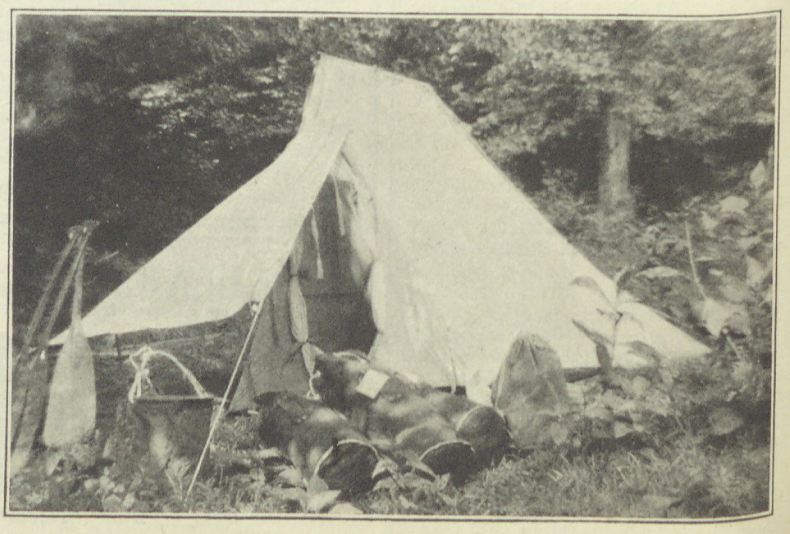

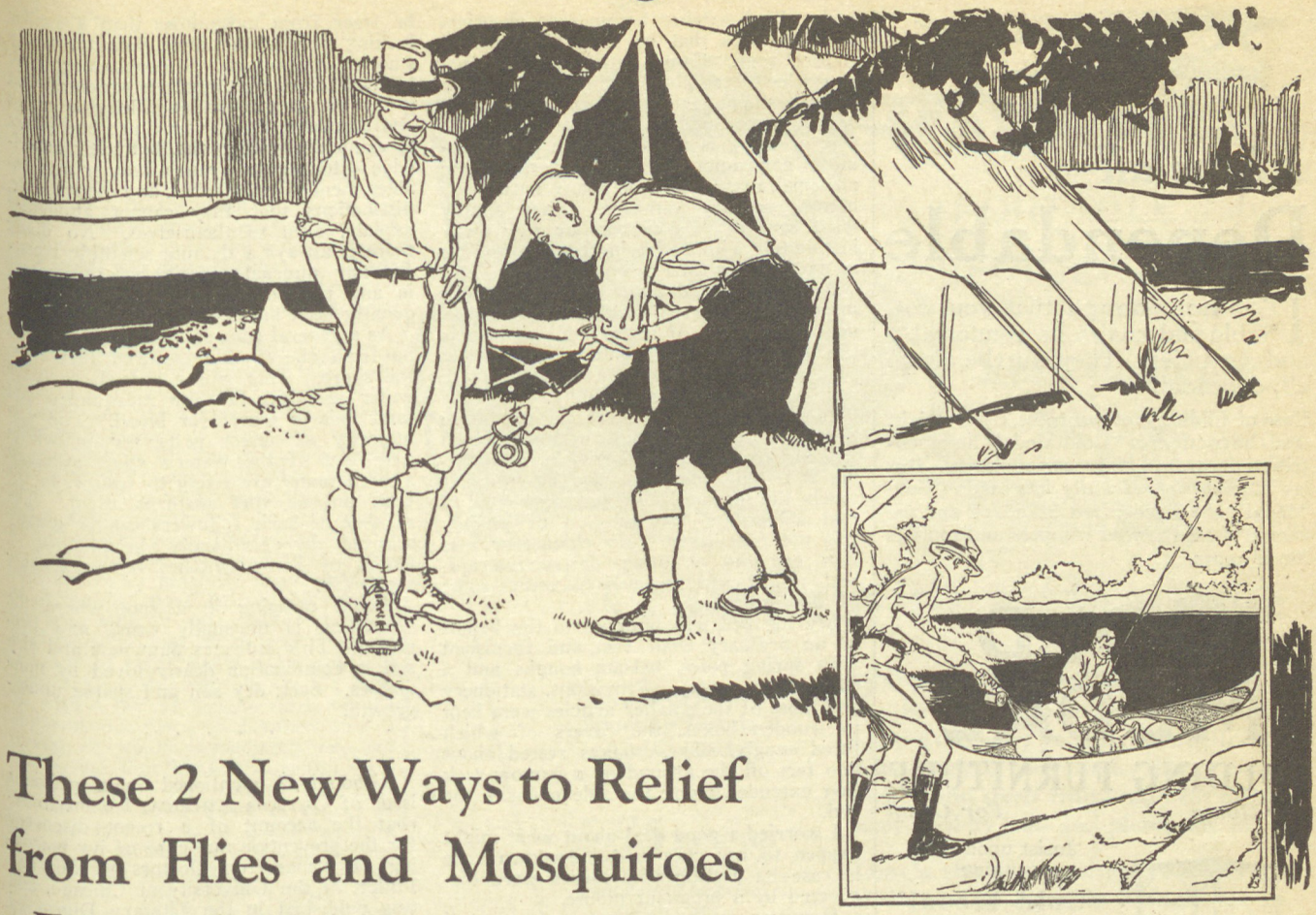

These 2 New Ways to Relief from Flies and Mosquitoes

FLIT, the wonderful new liquid for killing insects, will not only free the tent or cabin completely from mosquitoes, black flies, etc. It will also *repel* the insects in the open air, drive them from your body, clear them from your boat, chase them away at meal time, or when you want to sit out in the open.

Flit is invaluable for outdoor life. It removes the one and only drawback to complete joy—insect annoyance. It should be a part of the standard equipment of all fishermen, hunters, motor campers, outdoor lovers.

How to use Flit

Inside of tents: Close the flaps and fill the inside of the tent with Flit vapor. Also spray the top and the walls of the tent—cots and bedding. In a few moments, Flit kills all mosquitoes and other insects present—and keeps them away. Spray Flit before retiring and enjoy restful sleep during the night. Flit is non-poisonous and harmless to mankind.

Outdoors: While Flit spray is not as deadly to insects when sprayed outdoors—it will serve to repel and keep them away for some time. Spray Flit on your leggings, woolen stockings, breeches and sweaters. Does not stain. Spray boats and canoes. Spray Flit outdoors—anytime, anywhere—when you want freedom from tormenting insect pests.

Millions now use Flit and enjoy new summer comfort and healthful cleanliness at home or at camp. Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer, today. For sale everywhere.

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DESTROYS

Flies	Mosquitoes	Ants
Gnats	Midges	Fleas

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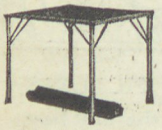

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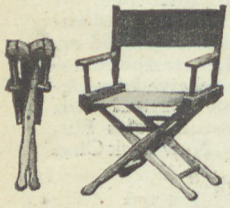

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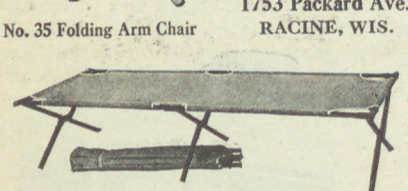
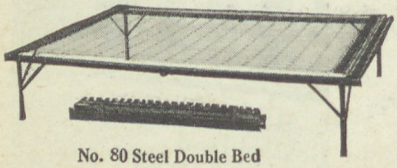
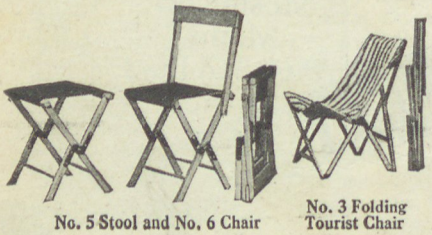


No. 81 Steel Cot



No. 80 Steel Double Bed



No. 5 Stool and No. 6 Chair

No. 3 Folding Tourist Chair

back. The watcher becomes so absorbed in his studies that he loses all sense of elapsed time. Camp duties are forgotten or neglected, meal hours ignored and his associates kept in perpetual anxiety because of his unaccountably long absences. This sort of thing is not conducive to harmonious companionship and is perhaps the principal reason why so many naturalists become solitary campers. They simply *must* be free to come, go or stay away indefinitely without having to give reasons or excuses for their irregularities.

Mosquitoes, and many other obnoxious insects, love the dark and damp corners near the bottom of a tent. There also is the first place that mildew will attack the fabric. Tents should be thoroughly ventilated at every opportunity.

In an effort to protect an expensive 7x9 tent that could not be replaced in that district, I conceived the idea of pitching it so high that the sod cloth didn't reach the ground. Being camped in a real wilderness, the question of privacy was not considered. My chief fear was that gnawing or other destructive animals might enter and perhaps injure some of the equipment.

My log bed was built up to the height of an ordinary chair seat and furnished with spring poles, balsam boughs and a cheesecloth canopy. Provisions, stationery and most of the smaller articles were kept in wooden boxes, the covers of which fitted snugly. These boxes rested about two feet off the ground on a narrow rack that extended along the side opposite the bed.

I worried a good deal about what might happen to my cherished eiderdown robe in case its nesting possibilities were discovered by a pregnant mouse.

However, my fears for the robe, as well as for the other stuff, proved to be groundless. Although the tent was pitched early in May and not taken down until the first of October, it showed no sign of mildew and nothing else was damaged in the slightest degree. This in spite of the fact that, on many occasions, I was absent for several days at a time, and the mice, squirrels and rabbits in the vicinity were both numerous and tame.

Meanwhile, I had a cool, well ventilated habitation that gave me ample shelter without stuffiness, and such unusual freedom from mosquitoes that only four times that season did I use the bed canopy. Since then it has been my regular practice in summer to pitch my tents well off the ground. That, by the way, is one of my reasons for not favoring a "sewed in" floor.

When a wall tent is used, it is not necessary to pitch it high in order to get perfect ventilation. The sides can be rolled up to the eaves and tied with the cords or tapes, that every well constructed wall tent should be fitted with.

If there is plenty of room in the tent, I prefer to use bed canopies and leave the door flaps wide open, but when space is limited, it is better to screen the front and try to keep the flies outside. Netting should be considerably longer than the height of tent, so that it will lie closely to the ground without being carefully weighted down.

Although I have not yet done so myself, I advise holiday campers to take some sort of "punk stick," fumigating candle or an insecticide spray on their next trip. Reliable dealers assure me that these things actually will, in a few minutes, kill all the insects in a tightly closed tent. It is certainly well worth trying.

While I don't really believe that any phase of woodcraft depends entirely on pure instinct, the ability of some woodsmen to *sense* that a certain campsite will be freer from mosquitoes than a similar looking one in the same vicinity, surely smacks of intuition. Probably they have learned from personal experience that grassy clearings, abandoned logging camps and certain types of forest are bad places to camp during fly time, but their knowledge often extends much further and enables them to make other, and more subtle, distinctions that they cannot altogether explain, even to themselves. No doubt there is always a definite scientific reason for any unusual scarcity of mosquitoes in any particular spot, but I have frequently been puzzled to find it.

As a general rule, summer camps should be from one to two hundred feet from the shore. This is far enough to carry water and too far for mosquitoes and sand flies to travel for blood. The vast majority of insect pests remain within fifty feet of the water's edge, although a good many are likely to follow, to the tent, anyone that disturbs them. The number of such followers can be greatly reduced by frantically brandishing a bunch of leafy switches before leaving the beach.

Avoid camping in a spot where the vegetation is unusually dense and luxuriant. This indicates dampness and rich soil, a combination dearly loved by mosquitoes. Seek dry soil and sparse undergrowth.

. . . . .

Although I mentioned in a previous issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, I want to repeat the account of a recent discovery for the prevention and cure of ivy poisoning. It comes from Doctors McNair and Fuller, of the University of Chicago, and was published in the Literary Digest of July 24th, 1926.

Dr. McNair suggests the use of a five per cent solution of Ferric Chlorid in a half and half mixture of alcohol and water. Dr. Fuller uses a strong solution of Ferrous Sulfate—anything short of saturation will do—in water. This, he states, is cheaper to make and keeps better than the alcohol mixtures.

Directions for use of both these remedies are very simple. Just bathe freely the skin surfaces that have been or are likely to be exposed to the poison.

Dr. Couch, chemist for the U. S. Department of Agriculture, advocates painting the poisoned patches of skin with a solution of Potassium Permanganate. This is said to give immediate relief and prevent spread of the trouble. It turns the skin brown, but this effect can be instantly removed by washing with a weak solution of Oxalic Acid.

I advise every outdoorsman to copy these remedies and paste them in his first-aid kit. tackle box and note book.

"OH, let's go back to camp," exclaimed Bill wearily.

Grandfather looked at him in surprise.

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"Matter?" sneered Bill. "Can't even get a bite."

Grandfather sat in silence a moment, then said—

"Well, you're *fishin'*, ain't you?"

The Golden Remedy

By GENE BRASS

THE love of the great out-doors. It is a queer thing, in one sense of the word. It is like a great monster, it holds you in its clutches. It creeps into your system like a strange fever, it masters you, it demands of you sacrifice in many ways.

I know men, who will willingly, aye, eagerly, do a month's work in one week, so that they can slip away from the humdrum life, and see a little bit of Nature.

Try and explain if you can, why a man will double his energy, work like a slave, plan and scheme so that he can take a week off, and go on a fishing trip. On this same fishing trip, he will gladly sleep in a wee tent, doubled up like a jack knife, on the cold, wet ground and swear that he is perfectly comfortable.

At home he must have a big, handsome bed, with a soft fluffy mattress, several blankets, and steam heat. Should he happen to come home some day and find a dinky little tent out in his back yard, with a bed of boughs made on the earth, and one or two blankets for a covering, he would immediately cry out to the world that he was a victim of a terrible outrage.

Just let him come home to dinner at night, and find a can of baked beans, a half loaf of bread, and a pot of strong, black coffee at his plate!

This same man, however, has been known to live happily for weeks, on just such food as this and sleep on a bed of boughs on the cold damp ground. He has endured uncomplainingly wet feet, cold hands, and damp clothing.

Explain all of this if you can. Perhaps even you are suddenly taken with this wild desire to turn savage. If so, you will understand my words. You sit in agony in your cozy office. You have three square meals a day all prepared to the king's taste. You ride to your work. You ride home again at the end of the day. You sit in your big overstuffed chair, with your slippers on, and read, or listen to the radio. Everything you could possibly want at your finger tips.

Suddenly though, there comes creeping into your veins, that mysterious malady, that queer feeling. You are no longer satisfied with all this, you become uneasy.

Oh I know, it is that old desire, to get out the fishing rod, bait box, reels, lines and boots. It is that sneaky feeling that you have just got to run away from all this life for a while. Out into the wilderness for a week or two. You are getting that old appetite for strong black coffee, a can of baked beans, some fish fried in cornmeal and butter. You simply must sleep out a few nights on the ground. Cold feet, wet clothes, and a little wood fire to dry out by.

Yes, you are breaking out all over with the old fever. The mad desire to go pal around with Nature.

And this getting back to Nature is a great tonic, a wonderful medicine. It gives us new pep, and produces that light, buoyant joyful feeling, which I defy any other remedy to produce.

Some years ago I became acquainted with a man whom I will call Mr. Martin. I take pride in the statement that I discovered Mr. Martin. I first met him on one of our beautiful lakes in the Adiron-

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dack Mountains. Now, I say that I discovered Mr. Martin because I really and truly believe that I discovered some things about Mr. Martin which even he did not know he possessed. I saw him first, on a warm day in August, attired in a white silk shirt, white trousers, and white tennis shoes. He was supposed to be fishing.

He looked more like a hero of modern fiction. He was the man you see every day, smiling down at you from some tooth paste or collar advertisement. Here, indeed, I thought as I first saw him, is the typical modern, middle aged business man. True, he appeared to be fishing, but one often sees such sights at our mountain resorts, people who equip themselves with a fishing rod for the simple reason that they have to appear to be doing something.

As a rule these men take a rod, a book and a few pillows, row out into the middle of the lake, drop the line over the edge of the boat, and go to sleep reading. Then they can go home and tell their friends what a great fishing trip they had. At any rate upon first sight I immediately classified Mr. Martin as one of these sofa pillow fishermen.

Upon better acquaintance, however, I learned that deep down inside of this man there was a real love of Nature. A real desire to learn how and where to fish. He really wanted to know just how a real fisherman acted, what he did, and how he did it.

I told him I knew of a wonderful fishing hole, far back in the woods, where the trout got so lonesome, that at sight of a stranger, they just naturally tried to jump into the boat to greet him. But in order to reach this fishing heaven, one has to hike twelve long, rough miles back into virgin timber. This also means that one must carry along fishing tackle, blankets, tent, food and clothing. I was certain that this information would thoroughly discourage Mr. Martin. Here is where I was wrong, for he was all interest. This was just the sort of a fishing trip he had always wanted to take. Yes, deep down in his heart was a longing to get out and see Nature, to tramp and work and perspire under a pack. To get away from the sofa pillow fishing. The big woods with their hidden lakes held a treasure in store, which he had always wanted to find.

As Mr. Martin's time was limited that year, we planned to take a trip back into the woods, as soon as the snow and ice were gone. Incidentally, I explained to him the importance of substituting good warm, durable woods clothing, for the silk shirt, white trousers, and tennis shoes.

It was May when Mr. Martin arrived at my camp the following spring. We started for the fishing hole, two days later. You can bet that after a twelve mile hike, with a forty pound pack, Mr. Martin was a pretty tired man, when we reached the pond, late that afternoon.

We built a fire to dry out the earth, on the spot where we decided to pitch our little tent. But darkness prevented our setting up the tent and we were obliged to sleep out under the stars that night.

The way they look in Oklahoma where there is no closed season on game fish. Oklahoma sportsmen, get busy.

This was a new experience to Mr. Martin, and during the night as he was awakened several times by the sounds of deer and porcupine, prowling around, and feeding near us, he was given a new thrill.

The following day I made our little camp as comfortable as possible, considering the means at hand. I then located an old canoe which I had packed in to the pond several years ago, and which I hid in a new place each year. I found this to be in good condition, except for one rip about three inches long in the canvas.

Over this rip I placed a strip of adhesive plaster which I always carry. I then located a big spruce tree, and cut off some spruce gum which I heated over the fire until it was soft and would spread like butter with the aid of a knife. I

soon had our canoe leakproof once again. Mr. Martin watched this woods trick with much interest.

He was certainly a mighty fine companion, and as I became better acquainted with him, I came to admire him very much. What a shame, I thought, that here was a real man, a real lover of nature, who would much prefer to lead a life out in the open, with Nature as a teacher and a companion, but who was cooped up, a slave to the grind of the city.

"Gene," he said to me, "this is just the sort of a thing I have always wanted to do. I have always wanted to get out and rough it like this."

He had watched me build our bunks, up off from the ground, by driving four stakes into the earth. To these I made a frame around the top, by using four saplings, which I tied to the corner posts. Then across this frame, lengthwise, I also tied more saplings about four inches apart. And over this I placed about six inches of balsam boughs, for a mattress, and I showed him how to tuft a top layer of balsam tips into this bed, so that now with a blanket over it we had a bed fit for a king.

As I paddled our canoe quietly, up to within perhaps twenty feet of a large fallen tree, which lay out into the water, I told him to cast his line over into the shadow. He made two or three attempts and finally succeeded in a good cast. The result was a severe tug on his line and soon after he was busy with a trout. After some ten minutes he brought him in, a beauty twenty-one inches long. I know that then Mr. Martin had another real thrill.

This trout was the largest of our entire catch. The most of the ones we caught averaged from twelve to sixteen inches. And plenty of them. At night I pointed out three deer which were drinking and feeding down at the edge of the pond. Several beaver were also seen, and Mr. Martin thoroughly enjoyed his first real fishing trip.

After six days of fishing, we returned to my camp. He was now a "Dyed in the Wool" fisherman. I discovered that here, after all, was a man who loved Nature, the wide open spaces, the big trees, the hidden ponds and lakes. A man who loved to sit beside the camp fire and watch the fairies dance, and the sparks shoot upward. A man who would stand on the edge of a lake at night and watch the silver light of the moon as it danced over the ripples, and listen to the flap of the beaver's tail as he signaled to his mates of the presence of an intruder.

Mr. Martin is the head of a large and prosperous concern in the city. He is still the same shrewd business man. But I think that I have helped him to find himself. I claim that it was I who discovered the real man in him, and every year now we enjoy our fishing trip together.

Was it any wonder that he was nervous? Here was the real man in him, crying out for a chance to breathe. A part of his soul was shrivelling up and dying. All that he needed was some bright sunshine, good air, wet feet, a tired back and an introduction to Nature.

Not skyscrapers, not famous paintings, not man's work of art, not jazz music, but just to get out and roam around amid the skyscrapers of the forest. To see the paintings which a silvery moon can throw on the silent waters of a hidden pond. To listen to the music of the birds, and get acquainted with Nature. This is a sure cure, it is the Golden Remedy.

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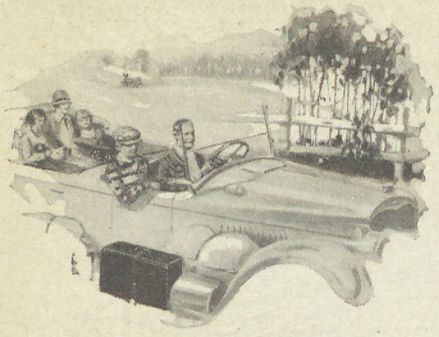

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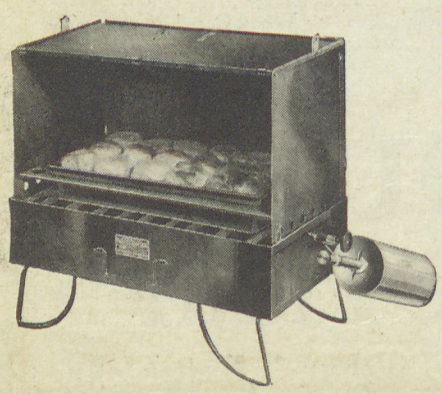


Motor Camping

The Conversion

By MALURA T. WEAVER

WHEN I discovered Bill, early one March morning, browsing among his fishing tackle on the third floor, I'll admit I nearly lost my temper, and in a voice as deep and hollow as a sepulcher I exclaimed:

"Bill!"

The vehemence of my utterance must have startled him considerably because he dropped his best rod on the dusty floor and got to his feet in that funny embarrassed way that reminded me of Junior when I come upon him suddenly with his fingers in the jam pot.

"What's the matter, Flol?" he asked needlessly.

He knew.

"Come on down to breakfast. The coffee has boiled over twice already, and you know that you don't like boiled coffee."

Which, of course, wasn't the true cause of my perturbed state of mind. March! Only March! And Bill was beginning to sort out his hooks, rods, and funny looking bugs!

It was Sunday, and on that day our house is always in more or less a state of chaos. Bill is home from the office, the youngsters are home from school, so we just go to church, eat when we please, and generally have it as one day out of the seven when the routine of our work-a-day lives is broken. On this particular morning all during breakfast I watched Bill out of the tail of my eye, and in his was that familiar far-away look. He was not at our breakfast table. He was pulling a speckled trout out of a mountain stream! Later on in the afternoon Bill and I settled ourselves in the living room; he with the sport section of the morning paper and I with the fashion magazine. Just as I was getting interested Bill lay down his paper and demanded in a blustering voice:

"Flol, what is the matter with you all day today?"

"Nothing!" I repeated frostily.

I love Bill. I realize he wouldn't cut much of a figure posing for Arrow collars, but even if his ears do stick out (his mother really should have tied them down when he was a baby; I used sticking plaster on Junior's), I think he's the best man in the world. And about the dumbest!

"Flol," Bill went on in an injured tone, "I had a surprise for you; that's why I was going over the tackle. Anticipation, you know."

I knew only too well.

"What's the surprise?" I asked in a strained voice.

"We're going South! Mather's giving me two months."

"Wonderful!" I returned ungraciously. "In other words, I'll be a fisherman's widow for my vacation! Besides, it's too hot down there."

"No, it isn't. You remember Flynn? He was down there last summer and he says it really isn't bad. We can't go in winter and since Mather is giving me the early summer months we ought to have a real lark, Flol."

I didn't answer. But I really did chide myself mentally for being so cantankerous, accordingly I relented somewhat when I got a glimpse of the wry expression on poor Bill's face, and I mustered up some belated enthusiasm.

"Never mind my temper, honey," I said, "I'm just as glad as you are that Mather's giving you the two months, and don't you worry about our not having a good time. Why, Bill! It'll be great!"

However, no amount of persuasion of this brand could smooth over with him my apparent dislike of the whole proposition. Bill is that way. Like a bull dog, I often tell him. And he wasn't satisfied with my explanation.

"Flol, would you rather spend our vacation differently? Honest Injun?"

"No!"

"But you don't like camping?"

"Oh, so-so."

"I'd be only too glad to take you down a la Pullman, put you up at the finest hotel, and have half a dozen lackeys dance attendance on you, but that takes money. And we haven't got it."

"I know! I know!"

We lived in central Pennsylvania and well I knew that such a trip would be no small item.

"Listen, Bill! I know you are crazy about camping. I know the height of pleasure for you on a summer's day is to sit in a stuffy boat under a boiling sun hour after hour tempting the little fishes to take a nibble at your bait. You're at the office the year round and such a life out of doors is fine for you. The kids go to school nine months out of the year and the summer days out of doors are fine for them. But me! I cook three meals a day, make the beds, and keep my family clean, mended, and darned the year round, and when vacation times come I must do the very same thing. It's change I want, Bill!"

The paramount quality of Bill's many virtues is his capacity for understanding things. He actually sympathized with me! And right then and there I made a silent vow that if I had anything to do with it Bill's vacation was going to be a pleasant one. Take olives. I had to eat a couple dozen of the things before I could keep from crinkling up my nose when I even smelled one. Like olives, I decided, I might get used to camping and fishing.

Bill had been sitting very quietly while I was communing with my noble thoughts. He was figuring an idea out of his own. I can always tell by the way he narrows his left eye ever so slowly that there is some scheme on foot. Presently a wide ecstatic grin that reached literally from ear to ear spread over his countenance.

"I have a fine idea!" he ejaculated.

"Suppose we swap!"

"Swap? Swap what?"

"I'll be chief cook and bottle washer; you boss the outfit!"

"Silly!"

"I'm dead serious, Flol."

And he was. Moreover I thought it was an admirable idea myself.

It was truly funny to see Bill scurrying about the pantry a few days before we left, with his slip of paper and pencil jotting down: matches .... pins .... paper .... oil cloth .... flour .... salt ....

I packed the Studebaker, fitting up a little cupboard on the side for eatables, and on the other I put the tent and its trappings, the children were piled in the rear seat, Bill and I rode in state in front, but just before we set out in mid morning I made a hectic dash to the bank for our travelers' checks which I had all but forgotten. I drove. Among the Parkton hills I made a stupidly short curve but Bill didn't rage, just "Steady, old girl," and I did better next time. The weather was perfect. Someone who evidently knew his stuff asked a long time ago what was so rare as a day in June, and I've never yet heard of anybody who challenged the question.

We pitched camp just over the Virginia line. Bill scorched the potatoes horribly and the kids giggled about it all through the meal but they ate even the jackets because they were so hungry. Bill grinned rather sheepishly himself but not one of us mentioned the burns, so the next morning he did himself proud and the cereal actually tasted like cereal, and it would have tasted even more like it if he had not forgotten the salt. I was as stiff as a board. My back ached in a million spots and I sneaked in a liniment rub when Bill wasn't looking. Lolling about a day or so would have been more to my liking but I valiantly broke camp and again took my place behind the steering wheel. We had several close encounters with machines and the way Bill did some pantomime braking was worth a price of admission.

After some days the kinks in my muscles wore off and Bill's culinary efforts were improving, the weather stayed perfect, the youngsters were in high spirits, and a good time was being had by all.

Then it rained. We were in Georgia. The roads there were clay. Misfortune has ever come in pairs and right where the rain drops fell the thickest and the clay was the softest I picked up a three-cornered stone in my rear left tire. Bill started to make an exit and I pulled him back by his coat tails.

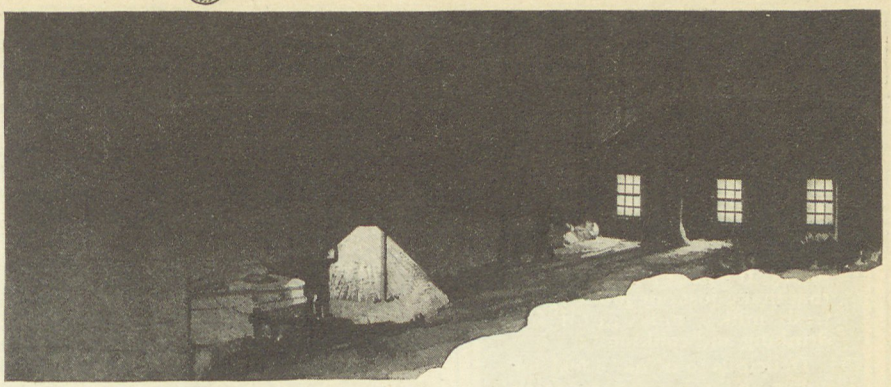
"Here, sir!" I said, "that's my job."

"I'll fix the tire, Flol. It's raining."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. That's my job," I told him decidedly. "Be a sport, Bill. This is fun."

Enveloped in a rubber top coat I started in operations, and by the time I was pumping in the air I was as muddy as the broad highway. Not refined flecks here and there at an artistic angle, but huge soppy clods of it! A prosperous looking Cadillac chose this inopportune moment to draw up behind me and from the luxurious confines of the front seat a handsome gentleman emerged and graciously offered me assistance. I thanked him kindly but I had already finished. He shot one contemptuous glare at poor Bill, and then back again to me. Explanations, I felt, were in order, so pointing toward my unsuspecting spouse I tapped my forehead gently and shook my head!

At Lake City we turned over to the west because Bill had heard that the Boca Ciega Bay afforded such excellent fishing,



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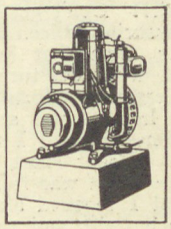

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Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. E-81 Dayton, Ohio

Also Manufacturers of Electric Water Systems for Country and City Homes, and Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration.

Dependable
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ELECTRIC PLANTS

A SUMMER HOME ON WHEELS

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12 x 14 ft. waterproof tent. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for tourists.

Write today for catalog and prices.

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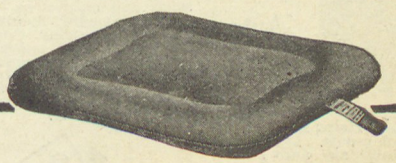

Made to Make You Comfortable

Take a Miller Outing Pad with you when you go fishing, camping, motoring, swimming, or picnicking. Use it in office chairs, porch chairs or porch swings. It will rest body and nerves.

The Miller Pad is made of fluffiest Japara Kapok, covered with serviceable, olive drab jean cloth. No buttons or other metal projections. Size 16x18 in. Price, $1.50. If your dealer hasn't it, he can get it for you, or we will fill your order direct.

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PLAN to take Klim on your next camping trip. Send 15 cents now and try Klim at home. It's put up in small cans that make just one pint of pure fresh milk --- milk good for drinking and cooking.

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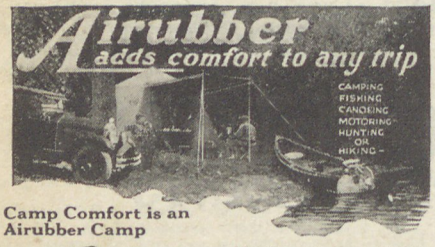
Airubber adds comfort to any trip



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This Book FREE

Shows useful, new wrinkles for joy, safety and convenience in camping, hunting, fishing, motoring, etc.

AIRUBBER CORPORATION
457 W. Superior Street
Dept. 6 CHICAGO, ILL.

and we pitched our camp on the furthermost rim of the Floridian peninsula. Our friend, Flynn, was right when he said the summers weren't bad. To be sure it was warm but the breezes from the Gulf more than made it endurable. For days Bill did nothing but fish. We had fish for breakfast, at noon, and in the evening. Along about the second week he got it into his head he wanted to catch a shark.

"Come along, Flol," he invited, "see us catch one."

Reluctantly I consented.

We, together with two of his friends, journeyed to a half finished bridge and it was from this they had planned to fish. By the time we had mounted the bridge the dusk was quite settled and I caught, somewhat, the fever of excitement.

"Let me, too," I begged. "Let me try it."

I chose an enormous hook attached to a heavy rope and Bill fastened on the fish heads for bait. Then he threw in the rope and fastened the end around and around the supports at the side of the bridge. I grasped my stout line below where it was tied. I heard it whip the water as it struck, then everything was absolutely quiet.

"Bite?" whispered a voice out of the darkness.

"No!" came in Bill's throaty bass.

"What's that?" I questioned, terrified by a splash below.

"Only a mullet," came the tense reply.

A truant pelican called near by. He called again. Receiving no reply he flew out toward the Bay and passed so close he almost brushed my face with his wide spread wings.

Suddenly I felt a tug at my rope. My breath came faster. Could it be a shark? Another tug! I pulled away just a tiny bit, and there followed a mighty tug that unbalanced me as surely as if the earth had shaken.

"Bill! Bill!" I shrieked. I was panting now. "I've got a shark!"

"Pull! Pull!"

I pulled with all my might and tried to draw up the rope hand over hand. Such a whipping and lashing!

"Easy! Easy, old girl! Don't get excited," came Bill's reassuring voice.

Farther and farther came that huge black body. It pulled, wriggled, turned, side twisted, in its desperate efforts to loosen itself, but the lure of the sport had me completely enmeshed and I ran the gamut of emotions in that short period of time as the great fish was raised higher and higher, and I moaned aloud in excitement with each twist and turn. A gentle breeze had arisen and swept over us in grateful coolness, but my flesh still seemed fevered even though tiny shivers played hide and seek up and down where my spinal column is supposed to be. The struggle lasted half an hour. Several times I was sure we had lost him, but like a prize fighter he seemed to take a moment's rest the better to renew the attack. I was actually exhausted when the top of him arose above the side and Bill clubbed his head repeatedly.

We returned to camp about midnight. Bill puttered about arranging things for the night and I lay down on my army cot. Presently Bill fastened up the tent flaps so that the first morning breeze would have an entrance and he, too, prepared to retire.

Then in the darkness I confessed. "Bill," I said humbly, "Bill, that was the biggest thrill of my life!"

And there were no "I-told-you-so's" from Bill. Only, "Shall we get up at four and try the Bay?"

"I'm game," I acquiesced promptly and with sincere fervor.

DRY AS A FEATHER IN *ANY* WEATHER

Get away from the home grind and go camping once in a dependable "Outodoor" Deluxe Umbrella Tent and you will go again and again. This tent is waterproof and mildewproof, made of highest grade, close woven umbrella tent fabric. The collapsible galvanized steel frame holds the tent rigid; easily erected by one person. Built to withstand wind and weather. Positively pest proof. Perfectly ventilated.

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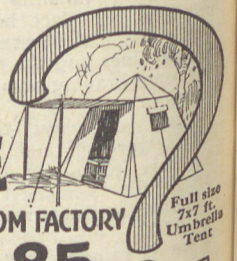

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Full size 7x7 ft. Umbrella Tent

This high grade UMBRELLA TENT has every quality and practical feature of the highest priced tents; extension awning, screened window with storm flap, inside operated, sewed-in floor. Made of extra strong waterproof fabric. Comes complete with center pole, frame assembly, awning poles and guy ropes. Nothing else to buy. Packs in small bundle.

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The Motor Log of Three Nature Lovers

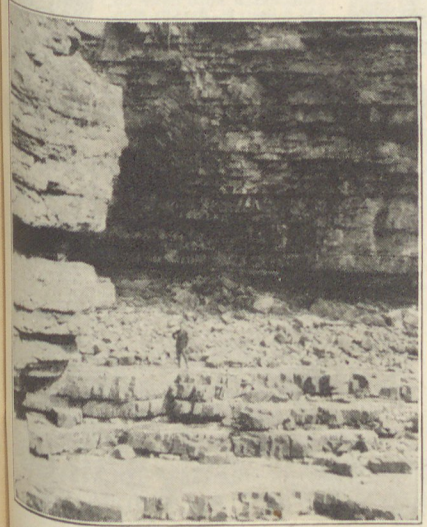
By
A. L., H. S., AND J. S. MEHRING

WHILE the cost of living has been increasing, the opportunities for studying and enjoying nature have also been increasing. Moving pictures, lectures and beautifully illustrated books and magazines are making it very easy to increase our knowledge of this wonderful creation in which we live.

Reading about the songs of the birds and gorgeous sunsets, however, is not enough. The inspiration that comes to one as he views the sublimity of the mountains or the vastness of the ocean can never be gained through pictures or text. The myriad odors of fields and woods cannot be described. The thrill that comes with hunting rare wild flowers or birds' nests and actually finding them, must be experienced to be appreciated. John Burroughs said of nature study, "There is a fascination about it quite overpowering. It fits so well with camping out, with all that takes one to the fields and woods. Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news in every bush. What no man ever saw before may the next moment be revealed to you. What a new interest the woods have!"

The impression is widespread that to tramp through primeval wilderness, to study wild animals in their native haunts or to see marvelous scenery long and expensive journeys to the far west or other distant points must be taken. This is far from true. The development of the automobile and good roads have made it possible for even the residents of our largest eastern cities to do these things by taking comparatively inexpensive trips of only a few days.

Almost everyone has heard of Gertrude Ederle but there are a multitude of other good swimmers of whom most of us have never heard. And so, because the highest mountain, or the deepest valley, or the biggest tree is thousands of miles away, we of the east should not forget that we



Ledge in Ausable Chasm, northern New York.

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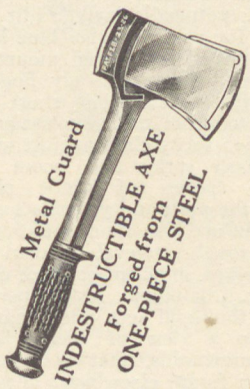

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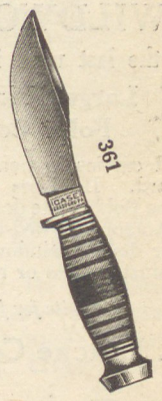

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OUT FIT COMPLETE IN GREEN WATER PROOF BAG
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Plenty of Head Room
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EASY TO SET UP—
PACKS IN SMALL SPACE

Buy your tent DIRECT from the WORLD'S LARGEST DEALERS in Camping Supplies. Because we sell more tents than any other store in the world, we can buy materials at lowest prices, and we sell direct to you with **only one small profit added to actual cost.**

The **Kamp King** has removable, folding steel U rods run through double sewed pockets along the eaves and spring-lock at corners, making a frame that will not weave or buckle in a wind. One-piece steel center-pole, which folds in three sections, has sole leather base. Ratchet appliance automatically adjusts pole to proper height. Strong strips of webbing from corners of eaves to peak, with sole leather cup at peak, reinforce tent cloth and permit drum-tight, rigid erection.

Made of Deep, Forest Green, 8½-ounce closely woven Tent Cloth. Dry Water-proofed by most perfect treatment known. Sheds water like a duck's back. Water-proofing process leaves tent dry to touch—will not mildew—wears well. Sewed-in floor of same material is reinforced where tent-pole stands. Storm-proof window (size 14 by 18 inches) is made rain-proof by patented gutters on either side. Window can be closed from inside. Tent door, 38 by 60 inches, has bobbinet screen door, and storm door, which with the aid of double door laps, 6-inch door riser and snap fasteners, make an unexposed enclosure. Eaves, 6 feet, 2 inches high; center, 7 feet, 6 inches. Awning has 2½ inch drop edges, provided with snaps for attaching side curtains. TENT CAN BE SHIPPED BY PARCEL POST.

460 W 9590—Base size, 9 x 7 feet; 5 feet square at eaves. Complete with canvas carrying bag for tent, extra bags for poles and steel stakes. Size, knocked down, 4 feet by 11 inches. Awning poles not included. Shipping weight 45 pounds..... **$33.95**

460 W 9591—Base size, 10½ x 8¼ feet; 5 feet square at eaves. Size, knocked down, 4 feet by 11 inches. Awning poles not included. Shipping weight 48 pounds..... **$38.95**

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60 W 9570—Reversible Side Curtain.....Each **$3.95**
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Laacke Tents have been the recognized standard of quality and serviceability for over 30 years.

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"WILDWOOD" Tent

—the last word in touring comfort

Large, Roomy, 8'x14'
Folds Compactly

and carries in neat sack on running board. Hookless (Zipper) fasteners close Bobbinette door securely from top to bottom. Sewed-in floor. Bobbinette rear double window. Securely sealed against insects or reptiles.

Write for full details.

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Comfort Equipment
—adds to the joys of the camp trip!

WITH an outfit of LINCOLN folding Camp equipment on your running board, you drive into a new camp — and presto! — in just a few moments everything is opened up — the full size double bed, table, chairs and stools. Any piece opened or folded in thirty seconds, giving you comforts you wouldn't otherwise dream of. All metal construction, with stout canvas tops. Table all metal. Light in weight but strong and durable. See the full line of Lincoln Camp Equipment at your dealer's or write us for beautifully illustrated camp catalog. **Sent free —write today!**

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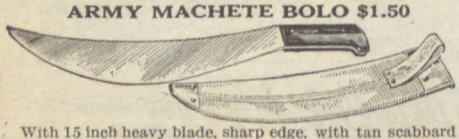
The Tourist's Favorite
FOLDING FURNITURE

ARMY MACHETE BOLO $1.50



With 15 inch heavy blade, sharp edge, with tan scabbard $1.50 POSTPAID. Illustrated catalog, 380 pages, issue 1927 at 50 cents; shows saddles, high power rifles, tents, cots, helmets, haversacks, etc. Special circular for 2 cent stamp. Established 1865.
FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS, 501 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

have things of the same sort relatively near our homes which can give us a real thrill if we will but go to see them.

One might imagine that Pike's Peak with an altitude of 14,109 feet was more than twice as imposing to look upon as Mt. Washington, with an altitude of only 6,290 feet. But that is because we forget that both have about the same height above their bases. Mount Washington with its precipitous slopes, narrow ravines, high waterfalls, glacial cirques, primeval forests and snow capped summit high above timber line is awe inspiring, and as interesting as any mountain in this country.

Lafayette National Park on Mt. Desert Island, Me., is unique for its mountains rising almost perpendicularly right out of the ocean, for its wonderful blue lakes entirely surrounded by rugged mountains and for Somes Sound, the only fiord in eastern North America. The shore line of the island consists of a succession of beaches and high rocky cliffs against which the waves dash spray and boom like thunder. 230 species of arctic plants grow wild in the park and yet plants common in Florida are also found here. One may tramp through primeval Acadian forests and if he has sufficient courage climb a cliff on Mt. Champlain, nearly perpendicular for a thousand feet, and from the summit obtain a view of ocean, lakes, islands and mountains, that is different from anything found elsewhere. And as an added inducement he will find at the top the dwarf forest composed of nine varieties of evergreens, not a single tree of which is more than six feet high. The bald eagle now so rare still breeds regularly in the mountains of this park.

It is not possible for the majority of people residing in the east to visit the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, but many who probably have never heard of the John's River Gorge at Blowing Rock, N. C., could here enjoy a scene but little less sublime. The Great Bowl, miles across and thousands of feet deep, is filled with a jumble of wooded hills, the tops of which are so far below the Blowing Rock as to appear blue in the haze. The Blowing Rock itself is a curiosity, for if one throws his handkerchief into the abyss from its summit, it will soon come fluttering back to him.

If one prefers his canyons to be narrow and have perpendicular walls he can find such at Watkins Glen or Ausable Chasm in New York State.

At Chimney Rock in Western, N. C., are Hickory Nut Falls with a drop of 900 feet, a number of very unusual rock formations and cliffs high enough to entirely satisfy most people. Numerous other high cliffs and waterfalls are to be found in the White Mountains, Adirondacks and Southern Appalachians.

Real miniature deserts lie between Middleboro and Plymouth, Mass., and southeast of Norfolk, Va.

The beauty, variety and novelty of the formations in the numerous caverns of the Shenandoah Valley are unexcelled if equalled by any others on earth. A few miles further down the valley are the Natural Bridge and Natural Tunnel, the latter of which extends through a mountain range.

And where in all the world is another boulder like Stone Mountain near Atlanta, Ga.?

Many kinds of wild animals may still be found in their native environment in the east. For example thousands of wild horses graze on the uninhabited savannahs in eastern North Carolina. In the western part of the same state, deer, bear, elk (introduced), and other animals roam through the mountains, especially in the Pisgah Forest, where they are cared for

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½ Ton Capacity

Other styles of body, same price. Light weight, easy running, just the thing for camping, touring. Absolute money-back guarantee. Write for catalogue.
BOWER MFG. CO. Box 18 FOWLER, IND.

by the government. Beavers, porcupines, deer, wild turkeys, etc., are very plentiful in some parts of the mountains and bear may even be found within less than a hundred miles of the national capital.

Thus far we have pointed out the unusual things which are available for sight seeing or nature study, but every section has its glories among the commonplaces of nature, which while not so well known, can and should be enjoyed by all. The massive maples in the well kept sugar groves of Vermont; the Arcadian forests of Maine; the sweet scented balsams of the Adirondacks; the pine barrens of New Jersey; the open hardwood groves of the middle west; the giant tulip trees festooned with garlands of wild grapes, honeysuckle, Virginia creeper, trumpet vines and green briers of eastern Maryland; the live oaks of the coastal plains of the Carolinas and Georgia, hoary with streamers of Spanish moss; the Chestnut woods of the southern Appalachians almost impenetrable with an underbrush of galax, laurel and rhododendron, the jungles and palms of Florida all have a charm of their own which is very different from that of other regions.

Every nature lover is familiar with the wild life of his own neighborhood, but does not always realize that the flowers, birds and animals so plentiful there, are entirely absent or very rare in another locality not far away. The wild life of the salt marshes of the coast is entirely different from that of the neighboring fresh water swamps; and that of the groves of the Piedmont is quite unlike that of the adjacent mountain slopes. Type of soil, climate, altitude, latitude, availability of suitable food and many other factors profoundly influence the character of the flora and fauna of any given region so that if one takes even a short trip anywhere, and looks for them he will find many new and interesting things.

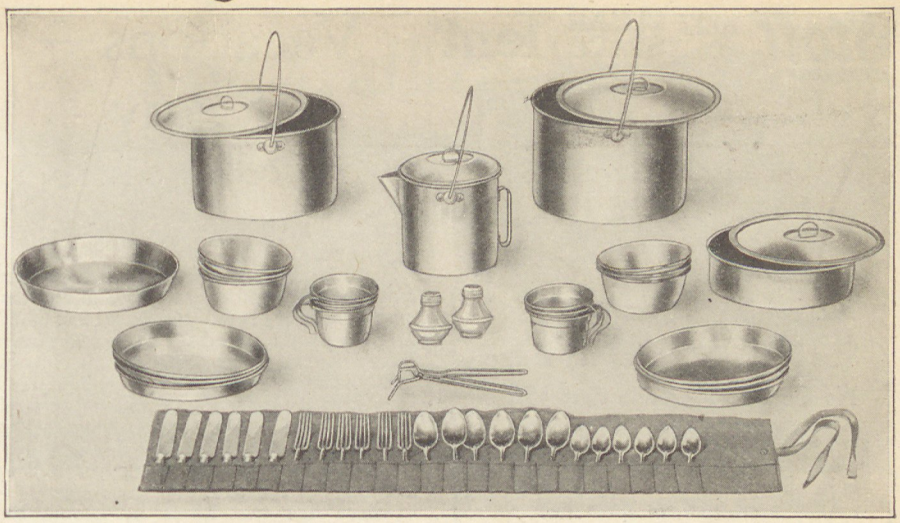
Of the 13,000 known varieties of birds about 400 are very common in the Northeastern section of the United States, and yet there are few localities where 75 species of birds may regularly be found and Frank Chapman once said it is very rare to find anyone who is sufficiently familiar with them to correctly name a dozen common birds.

A similar disparity exists between the number of trees and flowers listed in text books, and those which may be studied in one small section of the country. Of the many thousands of species of native plant life found in the United States, there are only about a score that may be found growing wild in both the Pacific and Atlantic coast states. Of course there are oaks, pines, willows, etc., on both coasts but they belong to different species.

Not only are different species found in different sections but the same species exhibit differences from place to place which are very interesting. The elder which is always a shrub but a few feet high in the north becomes a tree in the south, sometimes more than twenty feet high. The sassafras attains a height of 120 feet and a trunk diameter of 6 feet in the south, but is only an insignificant sapling in the north. On the other hand the white elm which practically never grows very large in the south becomes a magnificent tree in New England, at times 125 feet high, and with a trunk diameter of 10 feet. The habits of animals too change from place to place. For instance the muskrat builds a house in tide water country, but in the Piedmont section it digs burrows in the banks of streams, and birds seen only as rare visitors in one section breed in another.

An automobile trip offers an ideal vacation to nature enthusiasts.

(To be continued)



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There's a set for every size party; you can buy them with cutlery or without it. Tucked away in a corner they represent all the utensils for cooking and dishes for serving that you'll need.

Send for the folder, "The Greatest Dining Room in the World," which gives you all the details.

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No Corner Poles

Stoll's 1927 CLEAR SPACE TENT is in all respects the finest tent these master tent makers have ever designed. Its many new improvements and exclusive features make it so. The highest grade 10 oz. U. S. Army duck is used. It has bobbinet door with zipper fastener, eliminating straps and snaps. Screened door and window. Sewed-in floor and raised threshold. Perfectly rigid arch roof support without center pole or corner poles. Set up like magic by one person in 5 minutes. Large awning with peaked roof provides extra room. In all respects a marvel of tent construction providing the utmost room because of wide hips and no center pole, and maximum comfort for all camping purposes.

It comes complete with steel tent stakes; awning guy ropes, water-proof carrying bag and everything ready for camping.

Write for complete catalog of Stoll tents and Stoll Camp Equipment. IT'S FREE.

STOLL MFG. CO.
3261 Larimer Street **Denver, Colo.**

AT LAST!

Electric Light for Camp

$225 F. O. B. Port Chester
Really Portable. 110 lbs.

You'll wonder how you ever got along without it—a HOMELITE plant will provide plenty of safe electricity for all lights, electric appliances, machinery up to ½ h. p., or charging radio and auto batteries. Standard 110 volts, or 32 volts, 600 watts. **Write Dept. OA-6**

HOMELITE CORPORATION
Port Chester, New York

TRADE MARK
Homelite
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Vacations—If Any

By J. GEORGE O'BRIEN

VACATIONS are withal a necessary evil.

Ever since the time in those prehistoric days when that far-sighted cave man laid off beatin' his wife for a day in order to get rested up for a real beatin', the vacation fad has been workin' its way into the minds of the dear public like a kid through college, and nobody would think of stickin' on the job for 365 days in rapid succession without the customary two weeks off to tire themselves out for another whirl at the old work-bench.

There are two kinds of people that take vacations, namely: the kind that can afford 'em and the kind that can't. How and soever this is simplified somewhat by the fact that there is only one kind of vacation, to wit, the kind that you can't afford, which makes it a great deal easier to decide what you don't want to do when that eventful day arrives and you are to start on your "two weeks with pay."

Now a great many of the customers complain to me these days that they have a hard time figurin' out just where to go and why, and suggested that I get some dope together relative to vacations I have met, which might be of some assistance to the tired business man, desirous of breakin' away from the dreaded monotony of the four hrs. per day at the office, in preparin' his annual campaign in search of rest and recreation.

Now they ain't nothin' very difficult about that when one is familiar with the four essential elements that constitute the proper requirements for a high grade vacation, i. e., excitement, scenery, robbery, and exhaustion, and bearing in mind the fact that all four of these are absolutely necessary to make the vacation a success, I am proud to offer the following list of preferred vacations from which you should have no difficulty in selecting the one that appeals to you the least.

First—Touring—This will appeal particularly to those who feel what the poets term "the call of the open road," and I might add right here that the call is a darn sight easier to find than the open road, and you'll understand why when you see all the "detour" signs. To enjoy this kind of a vacation most, pack about three times as much plunder into the old bus as she can possibly hold, equip her with four old tires that are nearly ready to blow out, get the wife, the kids, the dog, and cat, and if possible a canary, a parrot, and some gold-fish, load 'em all in somehow and you're off. It makes no particular difference which way you go, you'll eat just about as much dust on one road as another and you won't see anything anyway. It is very important, however, that you go until you are completely exhausted before returning home to spend the winter telling your friends about the wonderful trip you had last summer.

Second—Sweltering—This constitutes a visit to Aunt Minnie and Uncle Jason's in the city. Uncle Jason, of course, is the rich relative who has made such a success of the Jason Patented Toothbrush for Pomeranian Poodles and who has oodles of money, a wonderful home, and is such a good entertainer. Spend about ten days in the sweltering heat of the big city in the boiling sun chasing Uncle Jas around the golf links, and they'll bring you home in a covered wagon, talking to yourself

The "Auto-Kamp" Trailer

When you camp or motor this summer, if you want to really see something and taste the joys of the open trails, free from uncertain hotel accommodations, consider the "Auto-Kamp" Trailer.

There is a wonderful vacation for you this summer in an "Auto-Kamp" Trailer. Actually a portable home, the "Auto-Kamp" provides for the complete comfort of four adults and two children. It contains two double beds with springs, mattresses, pillows, folding table, shelves, ice box, provision container, electric lights and a water-proof, insect-proof tent. Erected or packed quickly—follows lightly—no luggage encumbers the tonneau.

Write today for full details—specifications, prices, letters from enthusiastic owners.

If you have camped, or intend to camp or motor this summer—get our new "Auto-Kamp" Trailer Booklet—32 pages of text and illustrations—complete description of "Auto-Kamp" Trailer.

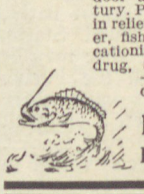
AUTO-KAMP TRAILER CO.
6526 Sheridan Avenue **Saginaw, Mich.**

HOOK 'EM SON!

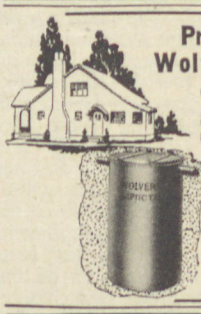
A perfect cast . . . whir-r-r—and he's off like a flash! Play him carefully. Don't let him get away! E-a-s-y, there—NOW!—you've got him! Oh boy, he's a beaut! . . . It's in exciting moments like this when you appreciate

KIMBALL'S FLY OIL

It keeps off those pestiferous mosquitoes, gnats, black flies and midges and enables one to concentrate on the job on hand. Used and endorsed by leading outdoor authorities for a quarter century. Pleasant, comforting, unfailing in relief. A necessity to every camper, fisherman, auto tourist and vacationist. Handy tubes 35c — at drug, sporting and general stores —or mailed postpaid on receipt of price.



Kimball Bros. & Co., Inc.
Enosburg Falls, Vermont



Protect Your Family
Wolverine Septic Tanks or Chemical Toilets

Septic Tanks offer scientific sanitary sewerage disposal. Take no chances with anything but a properly designed system. Write for full information. Special resort agents wanted.

DAIL STEEL PRODUCTS CO.
742 Main St. **Lansing, Mich.**

TROPHIES

For Cozy Dens and Restful Summer Cottages

Complete the charm of your cozy den or summer cottage with fur rugs, mounted animals and birds, horns, antlers and novelties by Jonas Bros. Free Art Catalogue on request, with price list.

JONAS BROTHERS, 1026 Broadway, **Denver, Colo.**

and admitting that you never had a vacation like it before.

Third—Sheiking—This is probably the most popular form of summer amusement. Put a mortgage on the old homestead and invest all the money in sports clothes, evening clothes, knickers, bathing suits, and other useless articles of a like nature, paying strict attention to the fact that you are not to buy anything that you will ever have any use for afterwards. Then hie yourself to some popular open-faced summer resort, which means that every time you open your face it costs you plenty of dough. Here you can spend two very enjoyable weeks hob-nobbing with the grocery clerks, lounge lizards, and cake-eaters, getting yourself sunburned into society and moonshined out of all the money you were able to gather together, and by the time the doctor tells you you can go back to work you will realize how elevating it is to meet so many nice people and to get so many nice photos for the album.

Fourth — Communing — Meaning, of course, communing with nature, and let me say right here that in my opinion they is nothing that offers a fellow an opportunity to get more tired and to return home more unfit for work than this business of gettin' right out into the wilds with nothin' to protect you from the vicious onslaughts of cannibalistic mosquitoes but a tent. Believe me, it's the life. I love nature and can even get a thrill out of a pair of "natural aces" or even deuces, providin' they're wild. Indianlike, pitch your "teepee" on the banks of the primeval lake, teeming with fish, according to the advertisement in the pamphlet they sent you, and then try and catch some of them. Try and sleep. Try and eat. Try and rest. I don't care, try anything. You'll get the same answer. Of course they'll explain it by saying that it is a very unusual season, or that an epidemic of lock-jaw broke out among the fish the day before you came. They'll tell you about the wonderful catches that the party from Wallahalla made, camped right where you are. They'll show you the picture of the big one that one of the natives caught last year, and they'll tell you how the water went down two feet when they took him out of the lake. But —try and get in on some of this yourself. There's the rub. Stay until the wind blows your tent back home. Then come home soaking wet, covered with poison-ivy, sunburn, and mosquito tracks—and get over the pneumonia as soon as possible and get back to the office to tell the boys about your trip.

Now, if you can't get something out of these to your liking, my advice to you would be to give up the idea entirely, in which case you could spend a couple of quiet weeks at home, resting. But, of course, nobody ever thinks of that—it ain't being done, and besides—it ain't vacationing.

Read Important Editorial

By

James Oliver Curwood

PAGE 26, THIS ISSUE

The Call of Sunset

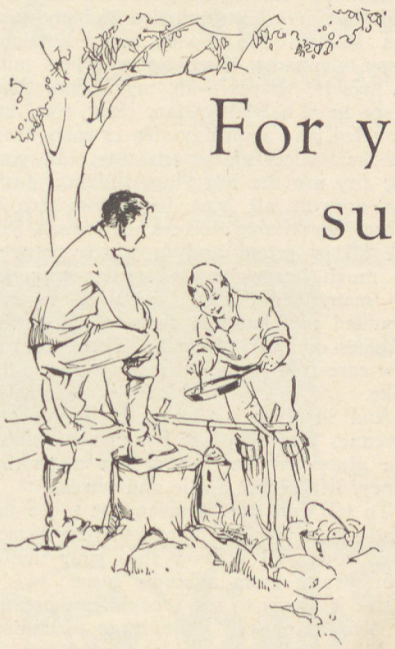
When the scarlet dances on the water, and the frogs and crickets start their evening overture, then you hear the sunset's call to rest.

Vacation's greatest joys are after sunset—the yarn, the pipe, the open fire, the Nature scented sleep.

Thousands of vacationists enjoy this after-sunset rest to the highest degree on Rustic Hickory Furniture—the natural wood furniture for every summer use, inside or out—the last word in comfort, beauty and durability. It feels as if it was made to your measure. Its natural charm adds greatly to the appearance of any summer building or lawn. If you forget to "take it in" at night, the big storm won't hurt it.

Rustic Hickory Furniture is hand made in our own shops by craftsmen de luxe. There are one hundred thirty different styles to select from—just one hundred thirty surprises waiting for you between the covers of our beautiful big catalog. Ask for catalog E.

Rustic Hickory Furniture Co.
La Porte, Ind.



For your summer camp

To have the best food you've ever had, you need to take with you this year our little booklet on how to use Evaporated Milk.

We send it free on request. Write to-day.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION
231 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

SNAP FLY DOPE

stops mosquitoes, flies, midgets. Like magic. Harmless; inoffensive. One application lasts hours. RESULTS or money back. 50c postpaid.

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Free NEW CATALOG OF ARMY GOODS BARGAINS

Shirts, Pants, Boots, Shoes, Blankets, Tents, Guns, Harness, Tools, Etc. Government's sacrifice saves you money. Write for copy.

ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLY CO.
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Dept. 314, Richmond, Va.

Stay Outdoors on your vacation

Get the full benefit of outdoor air every minute of your vacation—SLEEP outdoors.

It's just a moment's task to find a convenient spot, throw down your WOODS ARCTIC JUNIOR ROBE, and pile in.

Man, what comfort! And you'll wake up feeling like a million dollars.

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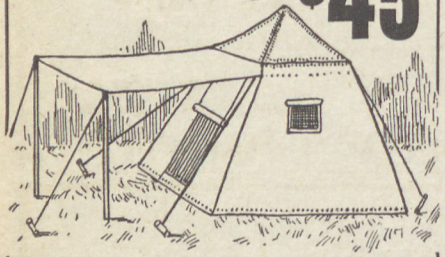
WOODS
ARCTIC
JUNIOR
SLEEPING **Robe**

Only $45



A Real Tent Offer!

This wonderful 10'x10' Palmetto Tent complete in every respect, direct from manufacturer, eliminating the dealer's profit of $15.00 to $20.00.

The product of our 45 years' experience, this tent affords the nearest approach to honest-to-goodness home-comfort obtainable in a tent. 100 square feet of floor space and 7 feet of head room. Made of high-grade brown tent-material and is absolutely water, wind and insect-proof. Door is equipped with quick-acting zipper fastener.

Wonderful Features

The tent accommodates three cots and a table. Ample ventilation is assured by the large screened window and door. Sewed-in waterproof floor, rustproof steel telescoping poles and metal stakes. Compact to carry, easy one-man erection. The large 6½' x10' awning affords shade and comfort.

Your summer will be more enjoyable if you have one of these tents. Drive where you wish, camp where you wish and really enjoy the great out-of-doors. It pays for itself in ten days in saving hotel bills.

Your Guarantee

Our 45 years' integrity your guarantee of **absolute satisfaction.** We pay the freight. Shipment will be made same day your money order is received. If tent is not entirely satisfactory it may be returned and your money will be refunded at once. Order today and begin enjoying real tent-comfort and satisfaction.

THE CLEVELAND TENT CO.
1392 W. 70th St., Cleveland, Ohio

An Unknown Woodsman

Answers an Invitation to the City

MY dear "Cliff Dweller."

"For I myself am best
When least in Company"
(12th Night)

Shakespeare must have known some such "Queer Duck" as me, who was in love with—

A book—a pipe—an easy chair
To take away whatever care.
A lake—a brook—a forest deep
To sit on the lap of a mountain steep;
Away from the roar of a city's strife—
In tune where "out-doors" speaks of life.

I wish my mode of life had not spoiled me so that I could attune my mind to accept your kindly invitation for a visit in your big city. Better fitted to roam out-doors where the strings of my lyre play true and clear and tuned to the song of the lark, I am afraid my visit to you would prove to be a discord in your surroundings, and a pleasure to neither of us.

We have been good pals, you and I, in our travels over this Whirling Ball, and what are big cities to one who has seen most of them and in the main, all alike? Palaces? I build them daily in my woods which are the parks in which they stand. Monuments? There is nothing put on canvas by mortal hand and brush comparable to the sunsets, moonlights, cloud effects as pictured by the Master's hand on the great easel of the firmament. Zoological gardens? My animals run free, untrammeled and my mind has stocked the woods with antelope, bison, elephants, lions, tigers, all as tame as myself. Faces?—ah, my friend, those I see have a healthy tan, clear eyes, untroubled, and a springy step to carry them on their cheerful, joyous way. In your big city are the hurrying, shoving, pushing crowds, all bent for somewhere in those sky-kissing towers of which you are all so proud and in which there is so much heartache and soul weariness; so many cold, hard, passive, furtive, troubled and haunted faces which either frighten or appeal for pity. There seem so few care-free faces; so many to carry the yoke.

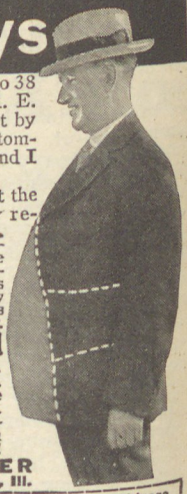
And in those Cañons which you call Avenues and Streets, in some of which the glory of the sun is but a passing fancy, life seems hectic and unreal.

To tell you this, I mean not to be unkind—your work is there and your career. And how well I know that your invitation sprang from a kindly heart.

But it seems to me I could not breathe or live in one of your large apartment buildings which forever remind me of exaggerated sardine boxes—people living there in layers.

My studies and travel notwithstanding, I am still a son of the soil with the same old boyhood love of forest, stream and field. I still like to wander far afield, with my own thoughts for company, and the hum of the bees and the song of the birds. No troubled faces here, nor hurried feet, unless it be a chattering squirrel, a flushed quail or a scared rabbit. The songs of my feathered friends are a far more soothing tonic than the roar and

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

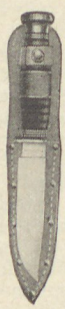
LANDON & WARNER
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Landon & Warner, Dept. C-6, 332 S. LaSalle, Chicago
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

HARLEY'S SHORT-HANDLED AX



A Fine Steel Ax with Sheath for carrying on belt. Rust proof—just the thing for campers, hunters and fisherman Length over all 15 ins.

$1.32 POSTPAID EAST OF MISS. ADD 25C WEST

HARLEY'S SHEATH KNIFE

Every hunter and fisherman should have one of these knives. Has leather sheath for carrying on belt. Made up of best steel and built up leather handle, brass bound. Length of blade 5 in.

$1.98 POSTPAID

SEND FOR COMPLETE SPORTING FOLDER.

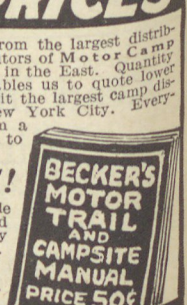
HARLEY WICKHAM CO.
Dept. O. ERIE, PA.

Camp Equipment AT CUT PRICES

BUY from the largest distributors of Motor Camp Equipment in the East. Quantity buying enables us to quote lower prices. Visit the largest camp display in New York City. Everything from a blanket pin to a trailer.

FREE!

This valuable booklet edited and compiled by Major Chas. G. Percival, Secretary and Treasurer, American Tourist Camp Association. Address Dept. 7.



BECKER'S
MOTOR CAMP OUTFITTERS
312 Broadway-New York City
159-06 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, L.I.

discordant diapason of the city. There is no comparison with the life giving balsam of the air with the dusty, smoky atmosphere which you breathe and which obscures the sky.

Come, "pal with me" awhile: I have a bungalow on the shelving shore of a lake, set like a sparkling diamond among emeralds, and alive with such game fish as are a sportsman's delight; I have rods and lures to play them whenever the spirit of Saint Izaak Walton urges. Round my lake there is a splendid virgin forest in which I can shoot a deer, if that be my desire. My book shelves are adorned with all the legacies of the sages and philosophers of yore, who made this world richer and finer for you and for me, who have sown for us that we may garner the crop.

All this I have, and a peace past understanding; aye, more than that, my friend, in this paradise tucked away by my lake; and all of this is yours, if you will, instead, accept my call to you to come to me. Your lost good cheer, energy, and health will come back to you with every breath. It is a tonic no druggist sells, yet every doctor prescribes. You shall have such rest and peace as you have never known in your modern Babylon. There is but one language spoken here and Mother Nature shall teach it to you as she has to me.

And of all the grand things you will find in my cottage by the lake, on its bosom or among the trees of the forest, you'll find your own immortal soul—yourself.

I wish that I could find words of such allure for you to say you'll come; to smoke your old pipe on my little veranda, feet propped on its rail, chair tilted against the wall, with never a word from me to you or from you to me, a token of friendship's perfect understanding—just dreaming, dreaming, and living and when yon waning moon beds in the farthest trees, turn to your waiting couch to sleep untroubled.

Come:—Say with Hamlet, "If circumstances lead me, I will find where the truth is hid, though it were hid indeed within the center." Come to my lake and forest where you will find the truth, where you will find yourself.

Let circumstances lead you to your friend,

JACK.

Read

The Deadfall

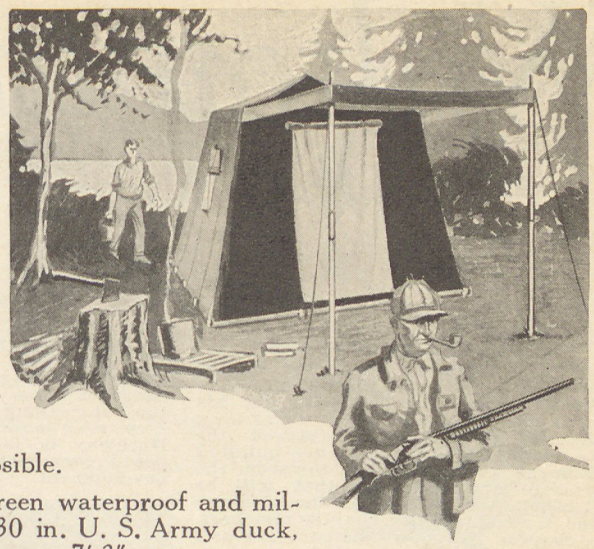
By

EDISON MARSHALL

The year's most absorbing and thrilling outdoor novel

The OMAR

AUTOMATIC POLELESS TENT



Erected in four minutes.

Automatic features allow for shrinking and taking up slack canvas.

Frame is rust-proof and non-collapsible.

Canvas is moss green waterproof and mildewproof 8:42 oz., 30 in. U. S. Army duck, Size 9½ x 9½, 6 ft. eaves, 7′ 3″ center.

Outdoor Days Are Coming

Make plans now for your vacation and be sure to include the Omar Automatic Poleless Tent. Its new features eliminate tent troubles.

If your dealer does not sell it write for complete information

MICHIGAN TENT AND AWNING CO.

1922-1932 CANFIELD AVE. W. DETROIT, MICH.

Are you going camping?

The "BUNGALOW" Auto Camp Trailer is the Ideal camping outfit

Comfort and convenience so often lacking on a camping trip are provided for in the 1927 "Bungalow." *Write for descriptive circular and prices*

HULL AUTO TRAILER CO., 18 N. Locust St., Hagerstown, Md.

COMPLETE 5-LIGHT SYSTEM ONLY— $59.

City Conveniences in

Lighting and Cooking

A Safe, Efficient and Extremely Economical Unit

WRITE FOR DETAILS

Carbic Manufacturing Company

DULUTH, MINN. General Office

NEW YORK 141 Centre St.

finest tackle at lowest Prices

fish? camp?

Then be sure to write for VL&A's FREE CATALOG

The finest selection of fishing tackle, camping equipment, sports clothing and athletic supplies at lowest market prices. Prompt service. Money-back guarantee. Write today — *Ask for Catalog No. 70T*

Von Lengerke & Antoine 33 S. Wabash Av., Chicago

Camp Comfort

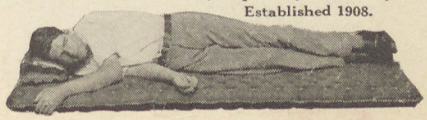
Depends chiefly on a good bed—and a good bed depends chiefly on the mattress. Assure restful sleep on your next trip by taking along an

AIRO MATTRESS

Made on NEW air-chamber principle of live rubber, khaki covered Deflated makes a small roll easily carried. Will last for years. Quickly inflated by mouth or pump. Write for catalog.

THE K & W RUBBER Co., Dept. 131, Delaware, Ohio

Established 1908.



Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

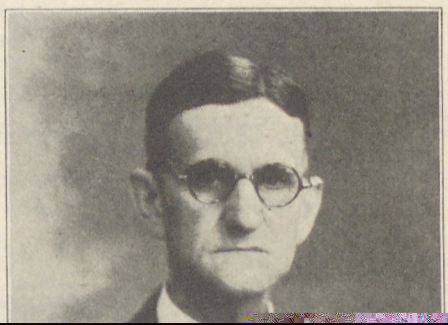
MT. CARMEL PROGRESSING

ROBT. P. DOMAN, president of the Wabash County chapter, Mt. Carmel, Illinois, is trying to put his chapter on the same basis as their local basketball team which captured the State Championship. They are building a dam as the first step towards the three-acre artificial lake that will be well stocked with fish for the pleasure of the Wabash County chapter members. The chapter roll now numbers 111 and is growing fast due to their membership drive which was started April 13th with a fish fry dinner.

NEW ORLEANS STARTS DRIVE

Their attention diverted from high flood waters, the 261 members of the leading Louisiana chapter have started a membership drive setting their quota at 2,000 members within six weeks. Howard M. Moody, chairman of the drive, has donated a silver loving cup for the team bringing in the greatest number of new members. There are eighteen teams each named after a fish, bird or fish bait, all of which, of course,

AND WHEREAS, The destruction of this beauty in the falls and rapids of the Wolf River, the flooding of thousands of acres of Indian farm land and the submerging of the historic old military road now known as scenic State Highway 45, is threatened by the proposed construction of dams for power development.



Dr. W. C. Wise told briefly of the establishing of the 2,000-acre game preserve in the town of Taycheedah by the Fond du Lac chapter and of the taking over by the state, of the preserve, now one of the largest in the United States. L. F. Warrick spoke of how manufacturers of the state are co-operating with the state in research work designed to end stream polution.

One of the youngest sportsmen elected to League membership is John McCready, 7, Fond du Lac. His election is a tribute to his father John B. McCready who was a leading sportsman in the League. Members of the Fond du Lac chapter have pledged themselves to train "Little Jack" in the ways of the wild and to bring him along in the footsteps of his father.

JASONVILLE CONDUCTS DOG SHOW

The field trials and bench show conducted by the Jasonville, Ind., chapter, held near there, proved to be interesting and instructive to the large number of guests. The field, located about three miles from Jasonville, was in excellent

Green Jade

JUST a little green jade figure, exquisitely carved, but what a wealth of meaning and adventure it held for Johnny Rotherick after he found it in that little shop in Lisbon. W. Townend tells the story in a complete novelette in the June 1st issue.

On the Skyliner

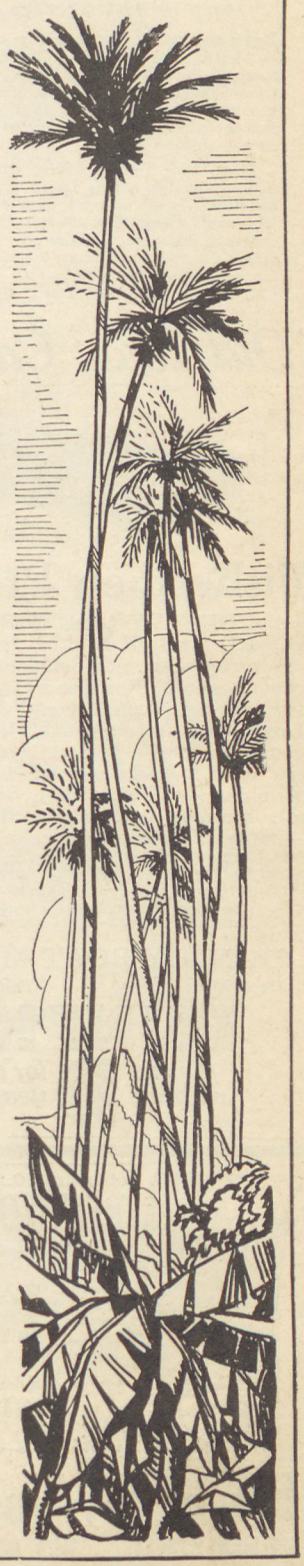
A whirring story of the air by Thomson Burtis with one of the most thrilling encounters of these ships of the clouds that you ever read about. Complete in the June 1st issue.

The Drums *Roll*

With the army of Washington during the American Revolution; battles and warfare and grueling marches; told by Ernest Haycox.

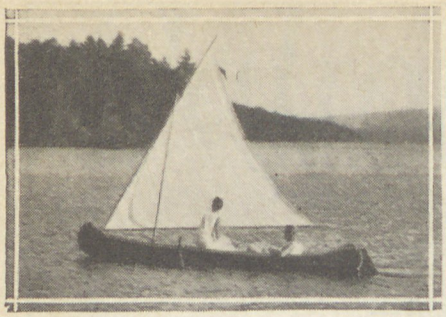
And Also

Part IV of *Wastrel*, the engrossing story of the Pacific by Gordon Young; Part III of *A New Found World*, an epic of discovery by Roger Pocock; and other short stories and sketches; all in ADVENTURE for June 1st, on sale everywhere at 25c.



Adventure

Published Twice a Month—the 1st and 15th. On sale everywhere at 25c a Copy



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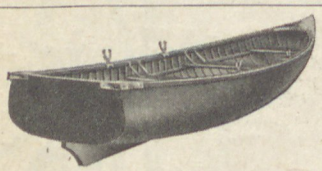

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bership in the last thirty days according to Clifford Lutkins, and he tells us, "this is only a starter."

HEAVY FINES FOR BIRD NETTERS

Rockford, Ill. Charged with netting song birds, three men were each fined $300.00 and given sixty days in jail by Judge Fred E. Carpenter at Rockford, Ill. When captured the men were found to have had their nets strung between two willow trees and the bodies of about forty trapped juncos testified to the deadliness of the trap. There have been various reports of song bird netting within the last two years, but this is the first red-handed capture.

MERGE CIVIC CLUB AND CHAPTER

E. D. Pierce, secretary of the Trempealeau chapter, Trempeleau, Wisc., reports their activities:

"Last winter, we sent two delegates to Madison to help put over the Conservation Bill. We also obtained a special appropriation for our State Park. The expenses of this trip were paid by the League and money was raised by giving a Basket Social. We now have $40.00 or $50.00 on hand in case we need to send members to Madison, but this is a Legislative fund entirely. Our Trempealeau Community Club has merged with the I. W. L. A., so we have but the one organization now and it serves the purpose of Community Club and League."

WILL ERECT A CLUB HOUSE

The South Omaha, Nebr., chapter has leased grounds for a club house which will have a floor space of 50 ft. by 50 ft., and the interior will be decorated in keeping with the sportsmen's ideals. The club house will be situated within a short distance of the Platte River.

MRS. ARCHIE STORMS DEAD

We regret to announce the sudden death of Mrs. Archie Storms. Mr. Archie W. Storms is secretary of the Manitowoc, Wisc., chapter.

SAVANNAH, GA., HAS CHAPTER

Permanent organization of the Savannah chapter was effected at a meeting at which the charter was accepted and officers elected. Frank Sloat, acting president, was chosen for this office permanently. The other officers are, first vice-president, Dr. Robert Drane; second vice-president, T. B. Keller; secretary-treasurer, Otis Stubbs. Seventy-six charter members were enrolled. Plans are under way for a membership campaign and several resolutions were submitted providing for conservation measures.

ATLANTA, GA., ORGANIZES

At its organization meeting the newly formed Atlanta, Ga., chapter perfected a temporary organization with Trammel Scott as president; John Powell, first vice-president; E. T. Adams, second vice-president and J. G. Burtchaell, secretary and treasurer. The members passed a resolution favoring a law prohibiting the sale of fresh water game fish in Georgia. Gov. Clifford Walker is a charter member of this chapter.

DECATUR, GA., ELECTS OFFICERS

At a recent chapter meeting Dr. Ralph E. Wager was elected president; Dr. Louis Estes, first vice-president; C. W. Austin, second vice-president and Dr. W. S. Elkins, secretary and treasurer.

DUCK QUACKING CONTEST

Quincy, Ill. This chapter in co-operation with the Chamber of Commerce sponsored a duck quacking contest broadcast over station WTAD recently, according to V. G. Musselman, chapter president. It proved to be the biggest hunter's evening ever staged in Quincy. Fifteen skilled duck callers, some from distant points contended and afterward broadcast their pet quacks. F. W. Brockmeyer of Bluff Hall, Ill., was proclaimed the "champion duck caller of America," and awarded the silver trophy cup which he must defend.

MANITOWOC ANNUAL FISH DINNER

The second annual fish dinner given by the Manitowoc, Wisc., chapter, April 22nd, was a big success. National vice-president, Judge Henry Graass, told 200 men and women Waltonians that America faces a black future if the waste of natural resources is not stopped. The program as arranged by the secretary, Archie W. Storms, included musical numbers and motion pictures. Dr. Geo. Blaesser gave a brief report on our National Convention at which Wisconsin was revealed to have the largest membership of any state in the Union. Judge Graass was introduced by Judge Schmidt and announced that Jack Miner of Canada, whose bird refuge has been the talk of conservationists everywhere, would be the speaker for a public meeting to be held May 23rd.

WE LOSE A LOYAL LIFE MEMBER

Wm. T. Hulscher, a life member of the Battle Creek, Mich., chapter, died suddenly from a heart attack on April 21st. Mr. Hulscher had recently returned from a lion hunting trip to Idaho where he is reported as having bagged one of the largest lions taken in that state.

NILES, OHIO, ENTERTAINED 108

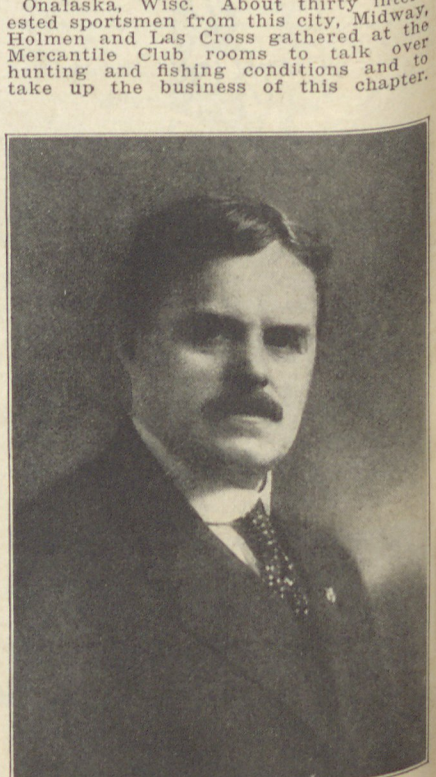
The Niles chapter successfully entertained 108 members and guests at their big fish fry and entertainment recently. After the membership applications had been distributed and collected, it was found that the chapter had 73 paid up members, although it is less than a month old. R. F. Lawrence of the Youngstown chapter, a veteran sportsman and conservationist, made an appealing address dealing with the pollution and the distribution of the state fish and game fund derived from licenses. The aim of the Niles chapter is to pass the membership record of the Canton chapter which has the largest membership in Ohio with 456 signed members. Several good motion pictures were shown including a muskie fishing picture entitled "The Fishing Parson" and "Hunting in Maryland," the latter a splendid dog picture.

SEEK FARMER AID

The Kerkhoven, Minn., chapter is planning a picnic to be held at some nearby lake where they will invite neighboring chapters, also the farmers of that district, for the purpose of acquainting the latter with the work that the Izaak Walton League is doing and to solicit their help. This chapter has established a 1,900-acre game preserve where thousands of ducks made their homes last fall. They also cared for many ducks that remained in their preserve all winter and have arranged to have Jack Miner feature a future program. Recently this chapter conducted a benefit at the local theatre in the favor of the Boy Scouts. The Scouts made enough money as their share, to help defray their summer outing expenses.

ONALASKA CHAPTER REVIVES

Onalaska, Wisc. About thirty interested sportsmen from this city, Midway, Holmen and Las Cross gathered at the Mercantile Club rooms to talk over hunting and fishing conditions and to take up the business of this chapter.



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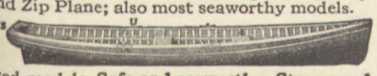

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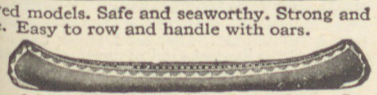

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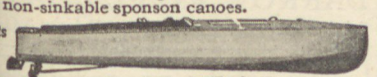

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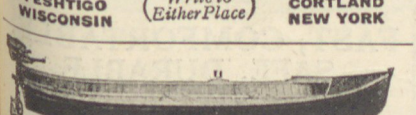

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A great deal of interest was manifest at the gathering and Onalaska officers are determined to make theirs one of Wisconsin's livest chapters.

DURANGO ACCOMPLISHMENTS

At the annual meeting of Durango, Colo., No. 11 Chapter, which was held March 21st, it was unanimously voted that the present officers should hold office for another year. The achievements of this chapter in the past year would be a credit to one of several times its size. A little over a year ago, the membership was fifty members and there are now over two hundred and fifty.

Among the accomplishments of the chapter, are the securing of a $60,000.00 fish hatchery with ten million egg capacity; a ninety acre spawning lake to supply the eggs for the hatchery (both of these are under construction and will be completed some time in June); twelve retaining ponds at the hatchery; a zoo at the Izaak Walton League Park, which now has two buffalo, two deer, two bobcats, two coyotes, two eagles, two gray foxes, a large fish pond with large rainbow trout in it, and some game birds. In addition to this they have built many camp sites on their nearby streams, providing all the necessary comforts. They distributed 3,000,000 trout in the past year to the nearby streams and built three large retaining ponds on these streams.

When about one hundred deer were caught by the heavy snows on the Silverton Branch, they bought a carload of hay and sent it to them by special train, sending a man along to remain to feed and look after them.

A campaign was conducted against mountain lions and coyotes which were preying upon the deer and many of the predatory animals were destroyed.

The Chapter plans to show an Izaak Walton Motion Picture at least once a month at one of the local theatres and assist in conducting a boys' camp this summer to give every boy in Durango between the ages of 8 and 15, a week's outing in the mountains.

The hats of the San Juan Basin people are off to Mr. C. E. Moore, the president of Durango chapter, who is given the credit for making all of these things possible by devoting the biggest portion of his time in the past year to Izaak Walton League activities.

CAMPBELLSVILLE, KY., ORGANIZES

One hundred people, all of whom are enthusiastic and eager to perfect a local organization for conservation and game protection, formed the Campbellsville, Ky., chapter under the direction of L. E. Hodge, field representative. The officers are Dr. O. H. Shively, president; W. E. Wood, vice-president; and J. P. Gozder, secretary-treasurer. The newly formed group will be known as the Green River Chapter.

THANK YOU, DAVENPORT, IA.!

For the splendid story on the Mississippi Game Refuge appearing in your April "Chamber of Commerce News" by your able editor, Geo. M. Sheets.

MICH. CHAPTER BACKS ROD TAX

Two hundred fifty men and women, League members and guests at the annual Kalamazoo chapter banquet, indorsed the proposed rod tax measure now pending in the state legislature after L. J. Young, state director of conservation, had described in detail the merits of the bill. The proposed rod tax bill provides that all citizens of Michigan and other states over 17 years of age, desiring to fish for game fish, would be compelled to buy a rod license at $1.00. In addition to the discussion of the Rod License Bill, Mr. Young discussed the stream pollution in some detail and explained the accomplishments and the financial expenditures of the Department of Conservation.

DEADWOOD PLANS STATE MEET

At the meeting of the executive committee in charge of the arrangements for the state meeting of the Soutn Dakota Division which convenes in Deadwood, June 28th and 29th, a tentative program was outlined that will fill the two-day session. While the convention is scheduled to last only two days, a program of special interest has been prepared for the morning of the third day. Plans are being made to run an extra train through the Spearfish mountains with a side trip through the Homestake workings for those of the delegates who will remain over for these events.

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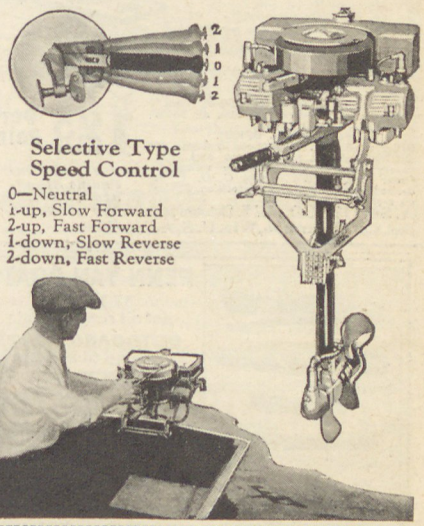

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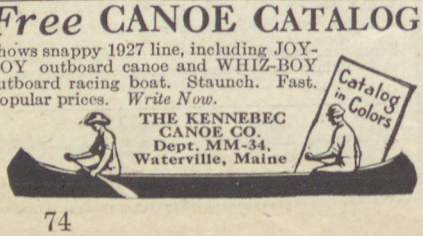


PASADENA ENCOURAGES FORESTRY

In order to foster conservation of the forests, members of the Pasadena, California, chapter will offer a prize for the best essay by the pupils of the elementary schools, on how best to conserve the forests and a prize between high school pupils for the best trail sign appealing to hikers and motorists on "not to smoke."

William Walters, Treasurer Indiana Division, with a 13½" black bass, caught with a 4½ oz. rod and a 12 lb. test line.

EAGLE RIVER PAPER AIDS LEAGUE

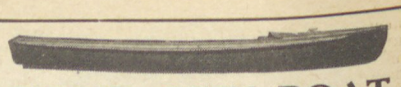
"Vilas County News" published at Eagle River, Wisc., supplemented their April 13th issue with a six-page Izaak Walton section containing a history of the Vilas County chapter, a front page spread of the platform of the League, photographs of some of the state's leading conservationists and essays by grade and high school students on conservation subjects. Splendid compositions on "How I Can Help Save the Trees, Animals and the Great Outdoors," by George Merkel, Melvin Sellstrom, Mary Dowd and George Jurinec were published. Also three essays on the subject "Good Roads Are an Asset But Conservation of the Woods, Waters and Wildlife is Essential," by Nettie Gorski, who received first prize, Dorothy Erdman, second prize, and Ada Keskinen, who was given honorable mention. Of the grade school compositions George Jurinec was awarded first prize, Melvin Sellstrom second prize, George Merkel and Mary Dowd, honorable mention.

COLTON, CAL., ACCOMPLISHMENTS

E. W. Boerstler, Secretary, reports: "We held our annual meeting and election of officers on the 8th inst., and elected the same board of directors and officers that served during 1926. We have arranged for regular monthly meetings hereafter. We are also making arrangements for trap shooting, archery and casting to help keep up interest in our chapter. Mountain lions still roam the San Bernardino mountains and in order to do our part to help exterminate them, we have offered a bounty of $50.00 each for the first two lions brought in by any member of our chapter. We are working with the California Fish and Game Commission and also with other organizations, similar in purpose to the Izaak Walton League, in order to protect our interests and carry out the platform of the League. We feel that we have accomplished considerable during the past year, the first year of our organization, and anticipate doing much better during the coming twelve months."

LONG BRANCH, N. J., REORGANIZES

This chapter was reorganized and held its charter night at the Garfield-Grant Hotel, Long Branch, on Friday, April 22nd. Former Commissioner of Fish and Game, Judge J. P. Morris, presided at the meeting. There were several visitors from Asbury Park. The



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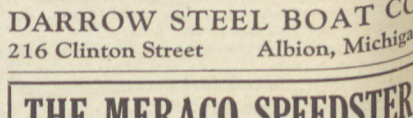

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question of the pollution of the Shrewsbury River and the garbage washed on the shores of Asbury Park was discussed and plans made for the gathering of the information asked for by the Pollution Bureau, National Headquarters. After a spirited meeting the following permanent officers were elected: Harry W. Clerk, president; C. H. Hall, Jr., secretary; Howard W. Green, treasurer. Judge J. P. Morris was elected to office of President Emeritus in recognition of his long and meritorious work in the interest of conservation.

RETAIL STORES ASSIST IN DRIVE

The Trenton, N. J., chapter held its reorganization meeting at the Fine Arts School on Thursday evening, April 22nd. Owing to an incorrect notice in the daily paper, there were many Waltonians absent. Eighteen new members were signed up and the four prominent sporting goods stores in Trenton, with twenty-six men, started a membership drive. The Delaware River and its pollution is one of the features that will receive the attention of this chapter. Among the members are the heads of several of the Departments of State, all of whom are deeply interested in the Delaware River Pact.

POWWOW CLUB FORMS CHAPTER

East Kingston, N. H. The members of the Powwow Sportsmen's Club, of East Kingston, N. H., which has members in four surrounding towns, met at the Town Hall, East Kingston, and formed a local chapter of the League, Saturday, April 16th. Twenty members signed up. E. J. Eagan was elected temporary secretary. This chapter is much interested in the Great Pond in Kingston known as the Powwow River and have been trying for many years to prevent the withdrawal of water from the pond by a power plant.

PETERBORO SPORTSMEN ACTIVE

The Monadnock Sportsmen's Club, Peterboro, N. H., met at their club rooms on Friday, April 15th, for the purpose of hearing Dr. John W. Ruskin explain the advantages of an Izaak Walton League chapter. Nearly one hundred members were present. Algie A. Holt, secretary and chairman of the Fish and Game Committee, House of Representatives, of New Hampshire, called the meeting to order and stressed the fact that the sportsmen's clubs in New Hampshire would do well to have a State Organization so that they could be heard at all public hearings of the state regarding matters of conservation. Twenty-five members signed up and a drive is now on for additional members.

FIFTY YEAR OLD ORGANIZATION

Milford, N. H. The Hillsboro County Game and Protective Association held their annual meeting at Milford, Thursday, April 14th, commencing at 10 A. M., and continuing throughout the day. This Association has been in existence for fifty years. Dr. Oscar Burns, Milford, N. H., introduced Dr. John W. Ruskin. The purposes of the League were explained and a movement started to form a local chapter among the residents of Milford. Sportsmen were there from many places.

LUCKY CHARTER MEMBERS

Merrimack, N. H. The Horseshoe Fish and Game Club, Merrimack, N. H., held a special meeting on the night of Wednesday, April 13th, for the purpose of forming a local chapter of the League. Fourteen members signed the application for charter.

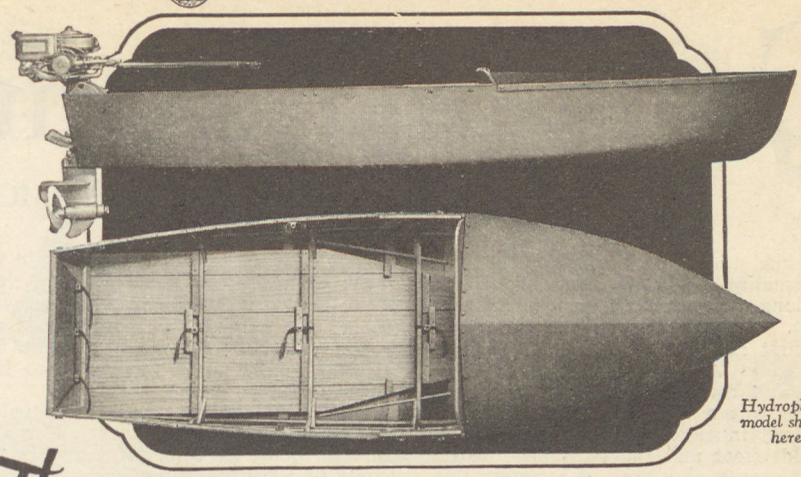
LOCAL CHAPTER BULLETINS

Of the increasing number of interesting bulletins published by the chapters, "News Brief," edited by R. A. Wilson, secretary of the Potomac Anglers, Washington, D. C., stands among the leaders as a medium for conveying interesting news and timely topics to its chapter members.

"SCOUTING IS OUTING"

This is the slogan of the Grand Rapids, Mich., scout troops and the Dwight Lydel chapter is endeavoring to help the boys fulfill their slogan.

The plan is to have every Boy Scout troop, which is interested in conservation, make application to the chapter for a charter as an auxiliary unit. The chapter will then appoint a sponsor who will work with the Scout Master in holding two conservation meetings every year, preferably out of doors.



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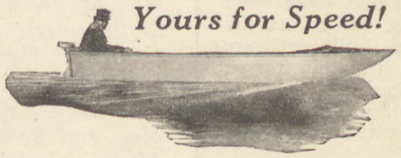

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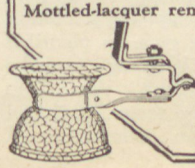

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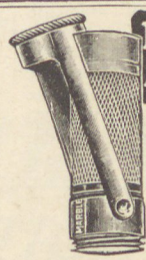

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Guns *and* Ammunition

Edited by ALEC MERMOD

BY the way of introduction let me visualize again the hunting trails along which I have traveled to this moment.

My first real hunting trail was in the Sacramento Valley near Colusa, California, and away back in 1875 my first real gun was a muzzle loader 14 gauge. It was not much of a gun for looks but it would shoot and that was all I cared about, but just what kind of a pattern this gun made, I haven't an idea, nor did I see the necessity of trying it out, for game was plentiful.

Geese by the thousand were to be seen scattered over the immense wheat fields. Every pond and slash harbored ducks of many species, though at that time a duck was a duck, either big or little, but as well as I can remember Widgeon and Cinnamon teal seemed to predominate but I did not then distinguish them by name.

The pastures seemed to be alive with plover and farther out on land that was not cultivated curlew were plentiful. My uncle, Perrin Rathbun, was a "mighty hunter" and bought his powder in twenty-five pound kegs and shot in twenty-five pound sacks, so that I had all the ammunition I wanted. Never having used any weapon other than a .22 Cal. Flobert Rifle, wing shooting was a mystery to me, and when I asked my uncle for some pointers, he said, "Just go out and keep shooting till you learn how, that's the way I learned."

The ducks were easy for I could crawl up to the edge of a pond and shoot them on the "sit" with the first barrel, but my second shot was wasted. Plover were more difficult to approach within range, but once in a while I could get a shot at one on the ground, but nothing doing with the curlew, they were far too wary, so I soon gave up trying.

My ambition was to kill a goose and in a few days this wish was gratified, when my uncle and I drove out in an open spring wagon to the nearest wheat field. The method was a simple one, for while the geese would not permit anyone on foot to get within range, they did not seem to mind the approach of a team and wagon provided one kept out of sight. The driver would lie flat in the bottom of the wagon, while the shooter would walk alongside ready to jump back and shoot when the wagon had edged within range. I was given the first shot and bagged my first goose, after that I did the driving and watched my uncle with his 8 gauge gun. We killed as many as could be used and while, boy like, I wanted to keep on killing, I was called down for showing an inclination to be a game hog.

While conservation at that time was not given a thought, Uncle Perrin was a true sportsman and wouldn't kill more than he could use. Game was so plentiful that there was no market for it nearer than San Francisco and even there it would hardly pay for the expense of shipping. You couldn't even give it away.

I am sorry to say that many of the farmers and ranchers in that district were not inclined to give a thought to the future for geese were killed by the hundreds for the breast feathers, which were used in making pillows and feather beds. The carcasses were allowed to rot or were fed to the hogs and when reproached for this frightful waste, the answer would be, "What good are the geese anyway, they eat up the wheat and we may just as well have all the pillows and feather beds we want." There never was a thought for tomorrow. The game was going to last a million years.

In the Coast Range Mountains situated about twenty miles west, bear, deer and mountain quail were plentiful and in the vicinity of an abandoned ranch there were hundreds of domesticated turkeys gone wild and they were as wary as the wildest wild turkey I have ever seen.

My uncle was the proud owner of the only breach loading rifle in that section. It was a Henry Repeater, .44 Calibre, using a copper rim fire cartridge with a flat nose bullet and the accredited range was 1000 yards. This rifle was considered the most wonderful weapon in the world, and of course, at that time was far superior to any of the old single shot muzzle loaders. With it Uncle Perrin killed a great many bear and deer and found it useful in frightening the geese from his growing wheat. He would stand at the door and fire into a bunch of geese that must have been a half of a mile away. Once in a while a goose would be struck by this random bullet, but not as often as one might think. At that time, with the muzzle loading guns, it was possible for two men to kill hundreds of geese in a day. What might have been done with the present day magazine gun can hardly be imagined. When I think of the conditions then and now, it is absolutely appalling. Think—that in 50 years game once so plentiful is almost a memory. It is enough to make us bow our heads in shame. Were I to go back to that country today, equipped with the modern gun and ammunition I could not kill enough game in a week for a single meal.

After spending some three months in that wonderful country, I returned to Missouri, and while game was nowhere near as plentiful as in California, there was enough of it and to spare, and I wanted a shot gun (the one I used in California was only loaned). My father declined to spend any money for a gun so I remodeled an old flint lock musket into a shot gun by sawing off the barrel, but this was a mighty poor gun for field work, as the ignition was so slow it was next to impossible to stop a bird on the wing. My next gun was a 12 gauge muzzle loader borrowed from our colored hired man; this was an excellent weapon but was rather heavy for me to handle on flying or running game, still I managed to get my share of rabbits and quail, with an occasional bag of ducks.

Now came the real joy of my life, my older brother gave me a real sure enough breech loader. It was really a beautiful gun with lock plates and frame inlaid with silver, the pistol grip was made of polished horn. This gun was of Belgian manufacture and was adapted to pin fire shells. About this time we moved from Kirkwood to St. Louis, and it was then I had some real shooting. I had a permit to shoot within the city limits, west of Vandeventer. To those not familiar with the streets of St. Louis, I will say that Vandeventer Avenue is 39 blocks from the levee and is now considered quite far down town, but at that time there were no city residences west of Vandeventer, the land being occupied mostly by truck farmers. On most of these farms there were ponds and along Kings Highway and Union Avenue there was a continuous string of small ponds which, during the fall, were practically covered with teal. Along Lindell Avenue were numerous pastures, where along in August upland plover could be found by the hundred. Armed with my permit and my 16 gauge pin fire gun and mounted on a pony, I enjoyed myself to the utmost. In some of the lowlands just west of the city, jack snipe could be found in the spring in great numbers and it was shooting this elusive chap that made me fairly proficient as a wing shot.

My next game trail was in Fremont County, Colorado, where I "punched" cows for several years. The shot gun was laid aside for the rifle, for there were plenty of antelope throughout the state. Every mountain park had its band numbering anywhere from fifteen to fifty and antelope were plentiful. Mule deer were abundant, too, especially in the early fall when they began to drift down from the main range into the Arkansas Valley. Silver Tip, Cinnamon and Brown bear were fairly abundant, as were mountain lion and bob cats. My rifle was the old reliable Winchester Model 1873, 44 calibre. This model is responsible for the death of more Indians and more game than any other in America and even today, in my opinion, it is best adapted to deer shooting, for the ball is plenty heavy enough and the weapon is accurate up to 150 yards, which is farther than most shots are made. I found, however, that the 44-40 cartridge was not what was

ALEC MERMOD, who will edit this department, also conducts the "Hunting Call" column for the St. Louis Post Dispatch. Mr. Mermod is one of the best shots in America and a hunter of wide and varied experience with all sorts of game and with every kind of fire arm. He is known to thousands of sportsmen and shooters. He once stood up and shot Fred Stone a thousand target race without stopping and beat Fred, too! Mr. Mermod writes fluently and with the intelligence of ripe experience. He has many warm friends in old time shooting circles who will congratulate OUTDOOR AMERICA *upon obtaining his services for this department.*

—EDITOR.

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—with *improved* Semi-Smokeless *and* Smokeless Powders . . .

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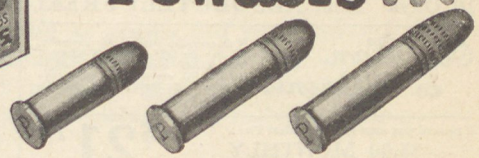

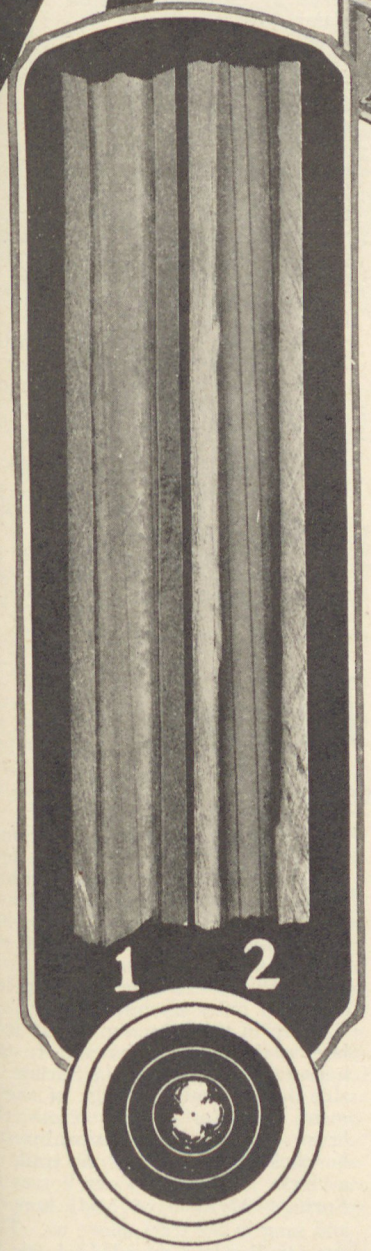

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And it's all because of a new development in primers — a formula that eliminates all the salts which have the least affinity for moisture which causes rust.

Wonderful as this new feature is, however, it's only secondary. There's an even greater one in the new and improved Semi-Smokeless Powder. Shoot a few rounds of it and experience for yourself the thrill of this new Peters development.

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wanted for antelope shooting as very few shots were to be had under 200 yards, so I looked around for something else, and picked up a sale on an old Sharp single shot rifle with 30 inch barrel and double set trigger. The calibre was .45 using the Government 45/70 cartridge with a 500 grain bullet. This rifle weighed eleven pounds and was not only heavy but awkward to handle, but it was a game gun and any animal struck with this heavy bullet never ran far enough to get away.

Grouse were plentiful all over the eastern slope, and in the plains country ducks were as plentiful as they were in California at an earlier date. On the western slope, that wonderful member of the grouse family, the sage hen, was to be found in abundance.

My next trail was a real one and a long one, extending from Southern New Mexico in almost a straight line to central Colorado and it was on this trail that I saw more game than I thought was in existence. In lower New Mexico, the blue or scaled quail were there by the thousand, jack rabbits nearly as plentiful, and I have counted as many as 18 bands of antelope in a day's drive behind the cattle herd and as we drove between ten and twenty miles a day, one can imagine how plentiful the antelope were. In Northern New Mexico, on what was then a part of the Maxwell Grant, later the famous Bartlett Ranch, wild turkey were to be seen frequently as we drove through the brushy foot hills. Again back in Missouri, when game was still plentiful, I followed another trail, and equipped myself with modern guns and ammunition and a pair of good bird dogs, so I was ready for the slaughter. The city had grown and I was no longer able to do any shooting close by as I had in former years. The magazine guns were just beginning to be popular and were sold at such a low price, as compared with the better grade of double guns, every man and boy who could afford to buy ammunition found money enough to purchase a repeater. The market hunter soon found that he could kill twice or three times more with the new style gun as he could with his old single or double barrel. At this time there were no bag limits, nor any adequate laws on migratory birds and game of all kinds was sold in the open market. This went on for several years and no one seemed to realize that game was getting scarcer, though some few thinking sportsmen did try to have some laws passed prohibiting the sale of game, for they saw the "handwriting on the wall." These laws were passed eventually, but too late to save our fast vanishing game. The damage had been done and not all can be blamed to the gun and gunner. The growth of civilization has, of course, been a factor, but as far as our migratory water fowl are concerned, the draining of natural lakes and swamps by organizations or individuals prompted only by the greed of the mighty dollar is largely to blame. A few years ago I started to "back track" some of my trails through Colorado and New Mexico and when I realized the havoc that had been wrought in a few short years I was saddened to such an extent that I wanted to turn back. In Colorado, the antelope were gone, grouse were so scarce that a hunter was lucky if he could get one shot in a day; the sage hen, once so plentiful, were nearly extinct, mule deer a thing of the past, when just a few years before I counted over a hundred in a day. In New Mexico the antelope were gone and the blue quail were scarce.

Only in the Maxwell Grant on the Bartlett Ranch had the game thrived, in fact, on this preserve, it was quite evident that game of all kinds had increased in number which shows what can be done by conservation.

There are two words which should stand out plainer than all others in the Sportsmen's Dictionary—*"Conservation"* and *"Propagation."*

I trust that the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA have not been bored with this my first attempt. I may do better next time.

Sage Hens

By H. LLOYD ERICSON

IT was August, and I had persuaded a college student who had been born and brought up in Jackson Hole to take me out chicken shooting. "About where shall we go, John? Is it very far?"

John smiled—he always smiled when he thought about hunting, and especially about chicken hunting. "Well," he said, "if you really intend to find chickens—lots of 'em—there is only one place in the valley. We'll go down to that bench on the Big Spring."

"It seemed to me that there were more in the lowland just under the bench when I was out here last summer."

"Oh, sure; they go down there in the summer to feed."

"What?" I exclaimed. "I thought sage hens ate sage brush—that is, the leaves of the sage brush."

"Did you ever eat a hen that tasted of sage?"

"No—"

"Well, they never eat sage unless they have to. That's the reason they go down to the Spring in summer. More green stuff and insects are there. Just after the first light snow comes, the ground is all covered; and then, of course, they eat sage and incidentally the mosquitoes that have clung to the sage when they were chilled. You know, although they can fly, they are supposed to be ground birds—nest on the ground and roost there, too—but one day several winters ago, I saw an old cock sitting way up in the air on the cross arm of a telephone pole!"

That night I dreamed that I saw the cock sitting on the telephone pole, which extended miles up into the air.

Early in the morning, or, as it seemed, late in the night, John and I started on horseback out to the Big Spring. On the ride out through the edge of the government pine forest and across the sage brush plateau, we occasionally saw grey bunches step back from the trail, or heard a cluck. We hobbled our horses near the Spring. Myriads of birds hopped about and sang in the trees above us. There was one peculiar low, rounded whistle that was distinct from all of the other sounds. I looked perplexedly at John. He laughed softly. "Don't you know what that is? I think the flock must be in a pine grove just beyond these quaking asps. Let's go up easy and watch them. I always like to see chickens feed."

Near the edge of a small opening in the pines, we saw the flock calling to each other and feeding. John began to whistle

intermittently the same call that they were giving, and the chickens would answer. They were gradually working towards us. When the flock got well out in the clearing, I saw that there were eight chickens; two old ones, John said, a cock and a hen, and six young ones. The only difference I could see between the young and the old chickens was that the young were smaller and their plumage of a lighter shade of grey. I have said that the young were smaller. Well, at that, they were as large as full grown domestic chickens. In fact, the sage hen looks extremely like a dominique hen, except that it is somewhat longer in proportion to its size.

"That wonderful member of the grouse family, the Sage Hen."

I thought it strange that John would whistle to attract the flock. At last I said, "Why don't you cluck to them? That ought to bring the young up here."

"Yes," he answered, "and spoil it all; but I'll show some fun."

At his first cluck, some of the feathers on the head of one of the chickens stood out like spikes. Evidently, the cock did not relish the intrusion of another male in his domicile.

"Why!" I ejaculated, "that's a ruffed grouse."

"No, the cocks of all grouse have those feathers."

John clucked again. After the cock had strutted threateningly up to within a few yards of us, he seemed to hesitate. Then John stood up. The cock was in no doubt then. He fell backwards, beating his wings at the same time. He seemed to rise straight in the air for about ten feet and then start away. He only started away, for John had thrown up his rifle and shot the bird through the neck. He had been so surprised when John stepped out that I had exploded with laughter. When I saw him fall dead, I was rather shocked; but John said that it was the one that should have been killed. The mother was needed to "train her youngsters." He said that the chickens grouped into flocks of about thirty or more in the winter time, and that she would get another mate next spring when they paired off, if some hunter hadn't killed her before then. I asked him if the sage hens always mated in pairs like these that we had seen.

"Oh, no. That's why it's best to kill the cocks. Sometimes there will be one cock to maybe three or four hens."

In the terms of wild life, the morning was well advanced by now—it was, perhaps, half past six. We shot two more chickens on the way back to our horses. Our ride to town was notedly different than the one out had been. Instead of occasional grey bunches stepping back into the shadows, we now flushed flock after flock of sage hens as we came unexpectedly upon them from out of a swale or

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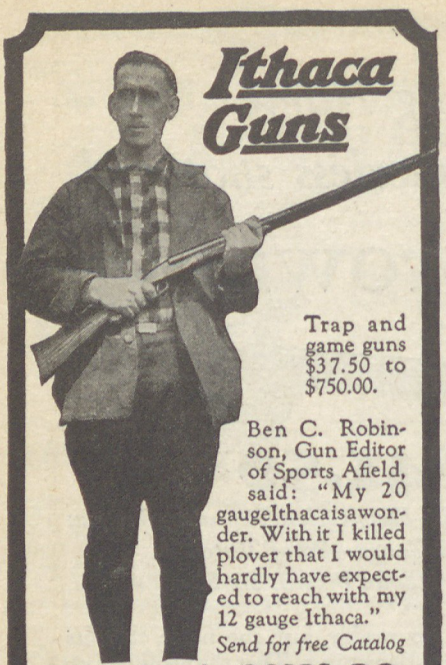

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from around a bluff. Then what roaring flights, huddling to the ground, and running up the alleys between sage brush there would be!

After we had gotten back and I was out on the Snake River trout fishing, John came down to the bank and called to me: "What do you suppose our old grouse weighed?"

"I didn't lift him, but he looked as big as an elephant. How much did he?"

"Eight pounds—do you hear?" When I had come up to the bank, he said, "Say, aren't you sorry that you didn't get to hunt any?"

"Sorry!" I replied, "I wouldn't have missed seeing those spikes stand out on that chicken's head for anything."

He laughed, "Come up and see your 'spikes'."

I was astonished when I felt the soft, downy feathers that had bristled so in the morning.

"It's like everything else," John said. "The bluff is all gone when you see it close enough."

Trapshooting Interest Increasing

ALONG with most other outdoor sports, Trapshooting is gaining in popularity every year. Small indeed is the town that cannot claim at least one gun club, and few are the gun lovers who, today, do not participate in this form of wing shooting.

For the fellow who likes the smell of powder and at the same time is solicitous for our rapidly diminishing game supply, here is the ideal substitute. Every gun club has a welcome sign on the mat and the stranger is quickly made to feel at home. Some of the large gun clubs like LINCOLN PARK TRAPS, Chicago, have special traps for beginners. Guns are furnished and the novice is given instruction gratis.

Trapshooting is a game that can be enjoyed by young and old alike, and its devotees are made up of men and women from all walks of life. That, and the fact the average American takes to a gun like a drake to waters are the factors which are responsible for the wonderful development of the popular sport.

Among the big tournaments that are scheduled for the season is the GREAT WESTERN HANDICAP, which will be staged in Chicago at LINCOLN PARK TRAPS, June 23, 24, 25, 26th. Four thousand dollars will be distributed in cash and trophies at this shoot. Twelve traps will be in constant operation for the four days and it is estimated a solid car of ammunition and three cars of targets will be consumed.

Trail Etiquette

BY HENRY WELLINGTON WACK

EVERYTHING belongs to Somebody. Then respect all Private and Public Property. Be not the Author of its displacement, disfigurement or disappearance.

Use the By-Ways—not the Highways.

Silence, or speech in whispers, is the sign of trail experience and good woodsmanship. Only fools and asses bray in a Forest.

Don't go Walking to beg a Ride. The auto-riding Hiker is a Fraud.

Keep off Prohibited Ground. Neither fish nor hunt on Posted Land. Trespassers create bad will toward all Nature Lovers, Campers and Sportsmen.

Leave Gates, Fences, Signs, Stakes, growing grain and crops as you found them. Walk around, never across, all planted fields.

Pluck no Wild Flowers—they belong to all. Leave them for all to enjoy. Pick no cultivated fruit. Resist the boyhood call of the Melon Patch!

Clear away twigs, leaves and pine needles down to moist earth, before laying a camp fire one foot square. Keep cook fires low, and less than one-fifth the size of the clearing. Large fires prevent cooking, but destroy forests. Only small fires are safe, quick and comfortable to cook with. Put camp fires out with water, not with a kick. See that the peat or humus around the fire is not burning underground to destroy the woodland after you have left. A single spark may fly a hundred feet and burn a million trees. Arson is no greater crime than stupidity or neglect on the Trail.

Leave campsites clean; burn all garbage; replace cut fire wood and supplies found in camps. You are the Guest of an absent Host—not the vandal of a present opportunity. Leave a note of thanks in a wilderness shelter you have used. Put it in order before you depart.

When you leave a beautiful Woodland or descend from a Mountain, stop, turn around, and gaze reverently awhile. Then thank God for the boon our Forests are to all Mankind. Treat Life's Trail responsibly and keep it clean. To the seeing eye and the generous soul, Nature's beauty—her mysteries and charm—forever call us to her Trails!

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Read Editorial
BY
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
Page 26

Forestry in California

California at last is fully roused to the importance of protecting and developing its great timber belt, if the record of the 1927 state legislature may be taken as a criterion.

Three important forestry measures already have passed both houses of the legislature and been signed by Governor Young and virtually the entire legislative program of the Board of Forestry is assured of clear sailing.

Governor Young, as state chairman of the American Forest Week Committee, jumped the gun on his fellow citizens and started celebration of the week two weeks in advance by signing a bill creating the State Department of Natural Resources. In this department will be grouped the Board of Forestry, Division of Parks, Fish and Game Commission and the State Mining Bureau.

Another important measure written into the statute books as a result of the governor's signature paves the way for the acceptance by the state of gifts of forest and brush covered land suitable for forestry purposes, or for the conservation of water. This measure is Assembly Bill 796, by Assemblyman Robert F. Fisher, of Humboldt county. Several gifts of land of this character are now pending.

Still another act just recently signed, A. B. 50, by Assemblyman Van Bernard, of Butte City, declares that the cultivated black currant is a public nuisance and authorizes the director of the State Department of Agriculture and the county horticultural commissioners to abate it. The eradication of the cultivated black currant, according to Forester Pratt, will tend to safeguard sugar pine as the currant is a host of the White Pine blister rust, which already has destroyed large timber areas in eastern states.

Two other important forestry bills are now pending before Governor Young and probably will be signed within the next few days. One of these acts, by Assemblyman J. J. Murphy, of Wood, relates particularly to the character of fire protection devices used in connection with engines on logging operations in the pine regions. Installation of proper fire fighting equipment and clearing the ground around "donkey settings" are required.

Senate Bill 558, introduced by Senator Tom Ingram, of Grass Valley, is also before the governor. This measure authorizes the forester to prepare proper rules and regulations for hazardous fire areas of not less than 25,000 acres on written petition of the owner or owners of 60 per cent of the land within the exterior boundaries of such areas. This would permit of a uniform procedure both by the state and by the government in the protection of intermingled state and government lands in or adjacent to the national forests during period of extreme fire hazard.

Charles Lathrop Pack

WILL WRITE

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for a near issue of

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Your Dog and Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

What Amateurs Should Know

THE warring of traditions, sentiment and half-digested facts with irrefutable verities are the constant puzzlements which continually face an amateur who either contemplates training a bird dog or has already engaged in the work to a limited extent. I feel that sentiment above all things, mingled a little with traditional advice, is the chief factor which militates against progress in the field. The absorption of partial truth starts the beginner into a number of strange ramifications, from which frequently it is very difficult to extricate himself.

In my opinion, the very first thing the amateur should know is himself. The old Greek aphorism "Know thyself" fits pretty well in the realm of dogdom when a beginner thinks seriously of burning all canine bridges behind him and undertaking the task himself. He should pay particular attention to his own temperament and repeat to himself incessantly: "I will do everything for the best welfare of the dog and I will forget my personal side always."

Of course with some even to say this and especially to practice it, is exceedingly difficult. Nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary; for the more we cultivate a spirit of the mechanical in our system, the easier it will be to measure our success. The biggest thing to avoid when attempting to train a dog is the stubborn belief that you are always right, or the sentimental conviction that a dog of which you are the owner is a paragon of a prospect and fully worth every effort you can expend upon his training.

By way of diversion, a few more sentences I will apply to the sentimental slant of training. You must regard training as an art only, yet specifically for the purpose. The best of training cannot make a real dog out of one that does not possess the natural qualifications of greatness. A dog can be taught obedience in every form and responsiveness to every command uttered, or whistled, as well as those indicated by a movement of hat or hand, yet it enhances his value very little in the eyes of the man who really understands what a bird dog means. From time immemorial the belief has rested fixedly with many that training has the most important bearing on the dog's development. And sentiment promotes the belief that any animal you own is a scintillatingly remarkable prospect for field work, whether his destiny is to perform on the big, open prairie or in the dense covert.

The beginner firmly believes that when buying a dog the panacea for all doubt is the pedigree. He is firm in his conviction that if an animal possesses certain blood lines on the dam's and sire's sides, his future is assured. Swept by the treacherous current of false reasoning, the truism that like produces like is greatly misunderstood. A summary of this statement involves a singular condition of pure-bred dogdom. The trouble virtually abides in the many advantages taken of fashionably bred families. Inevitably the beginner wants to buy the best and accordingly he is unsparing with his cash to obtain it. He wishes to buy the blood of winners and actually obtains it; only the blood, however, in most instances and not the qualities of performance which made certain blood lines famous. Tradition prevents discriminate judgment from being applied at the right time.

Here is the time when the travails are encountered. Commercialism, as in everything, enters into the selling of the progeny of high class dogs. Hundreds own bitches of faultless breeding, from the standpoint of pedigree. Of five hundred or even a thousand youngsters of transcendent breeding, only a remarkable few are outstandingly high class individuals. This would not be altogether such an incurable condition were it not for the custom of numerous breeders of breeding bitches of inferior field quality (some that never saw a grouse, quail or prairie chicken, often many that are inherently gun-shy or were never worked afield simply because they never exhibited enough stuff to make the training attempt worth while), of breeding such bitches to noted field trial winners, impelled by the idea of selling the progeny through the reputation of the sire. This is the reason that a vast number of fashionably bred youngsters turn out as failures when they are given try-outs in the field under the best possible conditions.

When choosing among good prospects the amateur has to come to another consideration, which is virtually letting the character of his shooting country regulate the choice of the proper young dog for the purpose. After all, an amateur is training to suit himself, and particularly to have a dog which suits him best on the shooting-grounds which he constantly or mostly hunts. Thousands of hunters shoot in small fields or near and in heavy cover. If they select what is known as a big going dog, he will prove too much for them. Only an experienced, capable handler can train a big going dog properly for a cover country without killing the dog's spirit or hurting it in every way. Men who are sold on the subject of close rangers should keep away from really high class dogs; otherwise, they will encounter trouble and produce failures.

The proper way to look at matters is openly, face to face and not try to fool yourself. Don't waste the qualities of a naturally wide going, body-scenting dog, when your likings trend unmistakably toward a slow, back-and-forth, crisscross ranger which hunts by the slovenly medium of doubtful footscent. Likings will inevitably prevail. Your fondness for close rangers will make you manifestly a weakling when you attempt to cramp the going of a great prospect.

Quality of performance is the real thing that counts. It is the only standard of measurement between the dub and the young bird dog possessing greatness. An amateur of inexperience, a beginner, should under no circumstances accept as quality a youngster that points sparrows, larks, pigeons, chickens or even game birds at an early age. Most of it is nothing but sight pointing and indicates nothing of its future, though at the best it may be construed as being naturally steady to wing, a mere art which you can inculcate yourself at a more opportune time.

Beginners have a habit of making dogs hunt footscent by throwing a dead bird in the grass or weeds and having them hunt for it, or, after birds have flushed, encouraging the dogs to hunt over the ground where the birds have been for the end of discovering if they possess a recognition of scent. All this is conducive

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to producing footscenting hunters, the poorest type of dogs one can own; also, it is often the forerunner to quick progress in cultivating the errant habit of false pointing.

Let the youngster find birds through instinct without encouraging or helping, even though at first he slams into them ruthlessly and flushes them in all directions and then ends a merry sortie with a gallant, animated chase for an eighth of a mile. It will not hurt him. All the time he will be developing bird sense, increasing his supply of bird brain matter, and if you do not try to check him too soon into pointing staunchly he will always be a perfect body scenting dog under all contingencies. Remember at this stage, too, that a slow dog can be made a body scenting dog, and on that account of still greater value to his owner, if he is not forced to hold a point, before his mind has mastered the idea of body scent as superior to working by footscent.

Theories and facts mingle a great deal when estimating the value of a footscenting dog in comparison with the slow, trailing body scenting individual. And,

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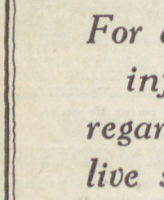

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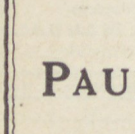

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PAUL BURRESS
Field Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA
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when we are discussing this, we will momentarily overlook the matter of speed and what is best accepted as range. A quail, grouse or prairie chicken exudes a sort of vapor, and puffs of certain air seem laden with it. The dog feels the air for it and locates the cause of it accurately and quickly, without being dependent upon which direction the wind is blowing, particularly if he has had experience. He is actually on the bird before the feathered creature is aware of his presence, and can formulate plans for escape. Hence the bird crouches timorously.

The footscenting dog is dependent for scent on the traces a bird leaves of its movements. He follows them carefully and has to stop and puzzle as the birds cross and recross their own tracks. Furthermore, such a trailing dog very soon telegraphs his movements to the quarry. It becomes alarmed and moves on, frequently a considerably further distance from where it would have lain near a body scenting dog. The explanation is obvious. Moreover, lots of what many call crack grouse dogs never would have so many of these wary creatures flush inexplicably before them, had they not become perverted through poor handling into confirmed footscenters. The beginner can take this summing up of the whole matter; a dog which is a confirmed footscenter after a season's experience is nothing less than the result of an inferior nose combined with inferior early handling.

I dwell quite forcibly on the subject of the proper method for a bird dog to scent game because it is the proof of real quality contrasted with commonplace ability. Not so long ago, I witnessed an occurrence while hunting in the company of an old hunter who ought to have known better, but he was one who was sentimentally centered in himself, and could not escape the penalty. He had owned dogs all his life, trained dogs ever since his youth. Yet he had started in a certain rut, and, believing so thoroughly in himself during all his years of experience, he could neither correct his own faults nor those which he cultivated in his dogs.

The occasion which brought forth this reminiscence happened while the man I speak of was hunting quail in the South. He always hunted on foot; of course, that ought not, nor could not be held against him. But he believed he had the best dogs in the world and never had he any kind words for the pointer or setter possessions of others. He had his big setter working in low mingled ragweed and sedge fields. All at once this favorite dog of his began trailing and roading birds, then pointing for a second or two, and again resuming his tantalizing program until almost a quarter of a mile from where he had begun his repertoire he came to a steady point, whence we flushed the birds.

"Did you ever see a bird dog scent birds from a greater distance?" the dog's owner asked me seriously, to my great amaze. "There isn't another dog in the world that could do that!"

I was too startled for speech. I had seen those birds on the ground from the very instant the erring setter began to trail, road and point. He was such a dub from the pernicious habit of footscenting that he was unable to hold the birds, and they kept running ahead of him until they felt, of their own sweet will, the inclination to lie.

And yet that owner believed his dog was great, an actual wonder, and would have remained under that delusion had not another one of the party, failing to understand the seriousness of the situation, and literally angered almost to criminal intent by the poor bird handling, immediately declared that if he had ever seen a puppy who could not have made those birds lie a quarter of a mile back where he first saw them on the ground he would have shot him dead on the spot!

Dinner Time for Eight Good Field Prospects.

Hunting Quail in Hip Boots

By MERTON S. HEISS

HUNTING quail in hip boots is almost as inconsistent as hunting jungle tigers on skis, but along toward the shag end of the bird season in Eastern Arkansas where water takes the place of ordinary land, you hunt that way or you don't hunt.

"By thy meadows gently flowing" might be one way of describing the terrain of this particular section of Arkansas in the spring of the year of grace nineteen and twenty-seven. It doesn't sound appealing to one who is fond of bird shooting, but if you are willing to undergo torture, supreme, along with the hardest imaginable work, you can get results that make you forget all about the torture part of it. We went many times in February, and there never was a complete failure recorded, and few localities can keep up that sort of an average.

When I was first invited to "go over in Arkansas and shoot a few birds" I looked at the swollen, coffee colored Mississippi river and laughed a long laugh for myself. Then I thought it would be fun to see a dog try to work in the water, and by taking a camera I could catch a few wild and woolly pictures. One trip with the camera was plenty. Normally it weighs

"The last that man or dog see of dry land for several hours."

three pounds. At the end of the first afternoon it weighed just three pounds less than a locomotive.

So Doc Carson, veteran quail hunter and owner of Jeff, Pointer of All Pointers, put a few gallons of gas into the bus and we were off. Looked like a good chance for a black-bird pie and sightseeing, nothing more. Jeff, by the way, is the name of mighty near all the bird dogs in Arkansas and Tennessee. I believe if you could stand on top of a gum tree and had voice enough to holler so that you could be heard in a radius of 500 miles that "Come here, you Jeff" would bring to you 9,437 bird dogs.

About fifteen miles north of West Memphis, Arkansas, thence four or five miles east, the country looks as bad as it can get. This is where you go for quail shooting. Go where it looks utterly impossible for a quail to exist and that's the place. Lots of woods, a few scattered negro cabins, unpicked 1926 cotton and unharvested 1926 corn, and water everywhere. Put in an occasional buzzard, and now and then a hawk, and the picture is complete. At night you will see every once in a while a pair of burning eye balls, meaning that a bob-cat is bobbing around. Great country and you don't dare weaken.

Then comes the business of pulling the old boots up as high as they will go and squashing down into a couple of feet of water, the so-called foundation consisting of real Arkansas gumbo, slippery as a cake of soap in a bath tub and of great adhesive propensities. You walk and tramp, and slip and slide, and stumble and swear. Jeff hops around in belly-deep water and seems to think it's all in the day's work. Then come briars, neck high, then a lot of growing things that scratch and cut and imbed stickers, thorns and burs. Of course eight thousand burs get down your boot tops. The weather is warm, that too might be mentioned.

By this time it's getting to be more than a joke and you don't care whether your wife has quail or liver and onions for dinner. You look at Jeff and you look at Doc, and you wonder why Doc thinks he is a superior being. You know Jeff has much more sense. You see some nice dry looking land, about ten acres of it, in the

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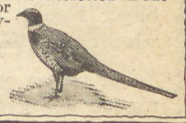

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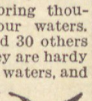

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distance which seems to have been a soy-bean patch, ordinarily a paradise for quail. Doc says there are no birds there, but permits you to take Jeff to find out, while he stands on a stump and surveys the wilderness of water. Long, faithful work on Jeff's part fails to make any impression on the bird population of this supposedly good field, which it seems is not only a soy-bean patch, but an unharvested one. You wish it would rain or get dark, or do something that would drive you toward home.

Doc laughs when you come back and states very confidently that the birds will be in a little narrow strip of water soaked grass-land on the edge of a big woods. Jeff seems of the same opinion, and begins to look as though he was expecting to operate. So we plough through the mud, and the sweat drips down and puts out the fire in our pipe. You don't perspire in this country, you sweat. A miracle happens, for Jeff comes to a very

"Jeff doing his stuff in three inches of water."

beautiful point. "Better break your dog of messing with swamp rabbits," we advise Doc, who retaliates by calmly replying, "Shoot 'em on the rise, or you won't get 'em, and they're going to flush fast." Well, we flushed a covey of about 30, and they went up a bare six feet, and in six seconds they were in the woods. Doc shot twice and got two birds. I gasped. My opinion of a man who can shoot twice fast enough to get two Arkansas quail when flushed at the edge of the woods is that he can turn off an electric switch in his bedroom, undress and put his watch under his pillow and pull the covers over him before the light goes out.

We repeated the performance seven times that afternoon. There were birds aplenty for both of us, when darkness made tumbling around in gumbo too dangerous for comfort. During one period we enjoyed the most inspiring sight that comes to a bird hunter. Jeff, galloping proudly to us with a bird in his mouth wheeled and came to a solid point on a single. You never have a camera on such occasions. It would be almost sacrilege to use it.

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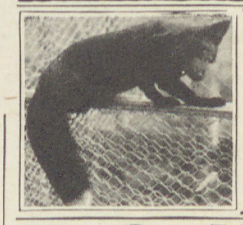

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as a porpoise when necessary, retrieved without a miss, and seemed to think we started too late and finished too soon.

There's sport that is sport in Arkansas. The hawks and bob-cats and mink, and other prowlers keep the quail nervous and scared of open places. It adds to the zest of the thing, and the more chewed up you are at the end of the day the more you appreciate the birds you bring home. And you can bet that you will earn every bird you kill. That's something.

Kennel Queries

Puppy Kills Chickens

E. A. C., Corning, Iowa.—Our three months old puppy has killed several chickens. I have punished him when caught chasing chickens, and am wondering if it will be possible to break the dog of the habit, and what is the best method to pursue?

Answer: It is quite common for puppies at this age to chase chickens, and the habit must be broken early, otherwise it will be hard to overcome. Punish the puppy only when caught in the act of chasing or killing the chicken. When he commits another such offense, whip him with the fowl, and then tie the dead chicken around his neck and make him wear it for a day or two.

Dog Transportation

O. D., Stoughton, Wisc.—Will you kindly tell me the best way to ship a dog to a distant point?

Answer: Build a crate one and one half times as long as the dog, and one and one half his height at the shoulder. Equip the crate with a hinged door and latch so that express employees may conveniently supply the dog with food and water. Before shipping include sufficient food, together with a letter of instructions to the railway employees for feeding. Canned salmon and dog biscuits, or a canned prepared dog food is the most convenient for feeding during a journey.

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Answer: Your inquiry for the names of reliable dealers of coon dogs is quite a common request. The opinions of people differ on what constitutes a good coon dog consistent with price. It is most impractical for us to tell you where you would be able to purchase a dog that would be entirely satisfactory to you, without knowing your requirements, and the price you will pay. The safe way of purchasing a dog from a distant seller is to deposit the purchase price of the dog with some disinterested third party with the instructions to forward the purchase price to the dog seller after you have given the dog a trial in the field, and found him satisfactory. If you do not approve of the dog, of course, you have the understanding with the seller that the dog will be returned, and thereafter the disinterested third party will return the purchase money to you. We are advising several breeders of coon dogs to get in touch with you.

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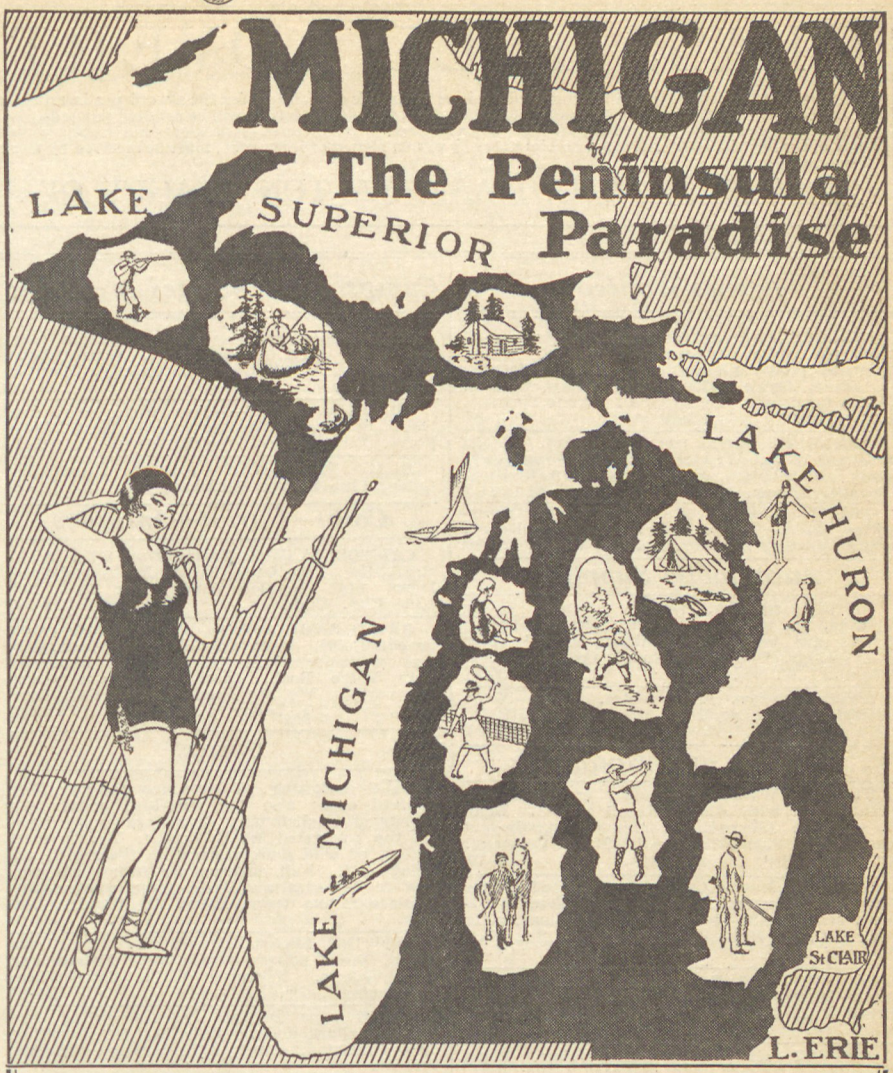

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Camps and Cottages—Continued

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Dogs

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Dogs

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BARGAINS, 100% Llewellyns, sire by Cobb's Hall, runner up National Championship, dam by Champion Riley Frush. Papers for registration furnished; $20, each. Michalek Bros., Victor, Iowa. (3-7)

ENGLISH Setter puppies three months old. Riley Frush, Count Moring and Gunner blood lines. Real ones. All papers. Males $25, females $20. Llewellyn Setters at stud. F. H. Adams, Druggist, Hartley, Iowa. (3-6)

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ENGLISH and Irish setters. Broken and at Stud. Best money can produce. Also high class pointer dog heavily shot over royal breeding. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va.

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CHAMPION police puppies above ordinary quality but below ordinary prices. Hermosa Vista Farm, Route 1 AP, Saint Clairsville, Ohio. (6-10)

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Dogs

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SPRINGER spaniels; small kennels, personal attention, with the most careful selection of stock, including two imported dogs bearing the best strain in England. Puppies of various ages. At Stud. Beau Jeste (Imp.) Wickham Kennels, Mound, Minnesota. (3-8)

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ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Fine litter. Several ready to train. Excellent breeding. Reasonable. F. E. Schneider, Stoughton, Wis. (3-6)

ENGLISH springer spaniels, liver and white, six months old, nearly full grown, ready to train. Reasonable. George Hoard, Mosinee, Wisconsin.

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SPRINGER spaniel puppies, pedigreed, Field strain; dam, blue ribbon winner. For breeding and prices write the Wanner Kennels, Willmar, Minnesota.

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DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

ESKIMO, spitz and fox terriers, $5.00 to $10.00, some registered. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisconsin. (3-8)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

SMOOTH Fox Terrier puppies. Best of breeding. $15.00 to $25.00. Maridell Kennels, Eldorado Springs, Missouri. (3-6)

REGISTERED smooth fox terriers. Fine companions. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-8)

Trainers—Dogs

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training, also spaniels. Yard work and force-retrieving taught; faults corrected in dogs any age. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-6)

Dogs

Wanted—Dogs

PUPPIES wanted—All breeds, no Champions. Write what you have in first letter, stating breed, age, sex and lowest prices. Biddle's, 22 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (4-6)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

REVILO. Genuine Tetrachlorethylene, the new wormer discovered by the Government. More effective than carbon tetrachloride, and the safest anthelmintic known. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running-barking fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 9, Quincy, Ill. (9x26)

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

MINEROLA. The only cure for distemper I have found in thirty-five years' training and breeding, writes Mr. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa., one of our most reliable and best known dog trainers. $1 post paid. Quantity prices to dealers and kennels. Minerola Remedy Co., Owensboro, Ky. (3-6)

MANGE cured dog or horse in 24 hours. Guaranteed, $2.00, postpaid. Kirk White, Cooperstown, N. Y. (3-8)

MANGE remedy. Unconditionally guaranteed. Quart $2.00. Richmond Kennels, Harriston, Miss. (3-6)

MARNEY'S worm capsules—for puppies or dogs—$1.00 a package. 400 Broadway, East St. Louis, Ill. (3-6)

HUNTING hounds. Horns, feed, medicine, supplies. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, Herrick, Ill.

Firearms and Ammunition

GEORG KNAAK Super Over-Unders-Sequoia Gun Bluer, the only complete satisfactory bluer, $1.50, guaranteed. Catalogue 5c. Sequoia Importing Co., 17 Spear St., San Francisco. (3-8)

HUNTING Scopes, Cleaning Rods, Watson Sights, Bolt-Sleeve Sights, Target Scopes and Reloading Tools. Any folder free. Complete handbook 50 cents. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-7)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in the U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-7)

FOR Sale: 12 gauge double Ithaca 28 inch full and modified barrels. Automatic ejectors. Cost $150. Perfect condition. $60.00. M. Z. Bentley, Youngstown, Ohio.

FOR Sale: Maxim silencers for Springfield or Krag rifles $4.00; Colt's vest pocket screw drivers 15c. Berg Bros., Inc., Davenport, Iowa. (3-8)

THE OVR-UNDA gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-7)

WALNUT gun cabinets—Beautiful high light piano finish. Direct factory prices. Illustrated folder free. Corbett Cabinet Mfg. Company, St. Marys, Pa. (3-7)

ANTIQUE Firearms—Send for list. F. Theodore Dexter, 910 Jefferson St., Topeka, Kansas. (3-7)

ATTENTION: Gun stock blanks of choicest grain birdseye walnut, $8.00 each. Large forends $3.00. K. Wickens, Cogar, Oklahoma.

SELL: 100 rifles and shotguns, 22 caliber to 8 bore. Printed firearms list 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn. (3-7)

Fish and Game Attractions

DUCK! Fish! Muskrat! Foods that bring them in swarms. Plant now. 31 years' experience. Advice free. Write for prices. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 59 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-8)

NATURAL duck food plants gathered and packed by hand. Wild celery, widgeon grass, sago pondweed. Russell A. Griggs, Hampton Lodge, Waterlily, N. C. (3-6)

WILD Celery. Sago Pond Weed. Widgeon grass. All best kinds duck food attractions. Whites Game Preserve, Waterlily, N. C. (6-7)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

ANIMATED weedless bucktail and feather Bass flies, $6.00 per dozen; or your ideal from sample or faithful description at reasonable prices. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. (3-7)

BEST yet, catfish bait, a little better than the best. Doughbait and prepared liver for throw lines. Price 50 cents each prepaid. Dealers wanted. W. W. Hughes, Bayard, Nebraska. (4-6)

CATFISH will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (5-9)

ATTENTION Waltonians. Gilman Rod Co., 104 Maple St., Rome, New York, manufactures high grade split bamboo fishing rods. Write for particulars. (3-6)

FINE Fishing Tackle: Flies, rods, reels, lines, etc., at reasonable prices. List free. M. E. Hoag Fly & Tackle Company, 5310 Templeton Street, Los Angeles, California. (3-7)

MAKE your own leaders. Use "Tug." Fools fish. Holds them too! Ten foot sample 25c. Fletcher-Fletcher, 1796 N. Lake Ave., Pasadena, Calif. (3x27)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

CATCH catfish! Get my successful plan; baits, tackle, water conditions. Send only one dollar to L. H. Davis, Calmar, Iowa. (3-8)

GUARANTEED Anti-backlash attachment for any reel. $1.50. Circulars. Reel Co., Windfall, Ind. (3-6)

Food Products

TEA and coffee for hunters, fishermen, campers; Burroughs Wellcome Tabloid Tea; a fine Ceylon tea compressed in tablet form. Simply add boiling water. Packed one hundred in small tin box, size of pack of cigarettes. Economical and convenient. Made in England and used by British Army. Gold Band Coffee; a balanced blend of pure coffees only. Delicious in flavor, no bitterness. Drink two or three cups without distress. Packed in moisture proof tin foil lined pound bags. The right package for your camp kit. Two boxes tea (200 Tablets) one dollar; twelve boxes, five dollars, postpaid. Two pounds of coffee, one dollar; twelve pounds coffee, five dollars, postpaid. Add five cents per box tea or five cents per pound coffee west of Mississippi. Send remittance with order. Sanborne Coffee Company, 17 S. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SPRUCE Gum—Refined from high-grade stock fresh from Maine forest; twenty 5c packages to box, $1 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-6)

For Sale or Exchange

NEW and second hand guns, revolvers, watches, diamonds, binoculars and Indian goods for sale or trade. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas. (3-7)

PEDIGREED pointers—Llewellyns. $25.00 up. Exchange for good gun. Dr. Robert Boggs, Richmond, Ky. (3-6)

EXCHANGE hunting hounds for guns. Catalogue. Kennel Supply, Herrick, Ill.

For Smokers

HOMESPUN Tobacco—mellow, sweet, aged in bulk. Smoking, 15 lbs. $1.50; chewing, 15 lbs. $2.25. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pay when received. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky. (3-6)

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 16, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-7)

TOBACCO postpaid, guaranteed Best Mellow, Juicy red leaf chewing, 5 lbs. $1.40; 10, $2.50. Best smoking 20c lb. Mark Hamlin, Sharon, Tenn. (3-6)

TOBACCO—Kentucky natural leaf, six pounds chewing $1.50, six pounds smoking $1.20. Pay when received. Oscar Luther, Wingo, Ky. (3-6)

Game, Birds and Animals

LIVE squirrels and rabbits for sale. Fresh caught from the Ozarks. Order now for later delivery. Ship squirrels June first to January 31st. Rabbits in fall and winter. Live arrivals guaranteed. H. S. Ferrell, Cassville, Mo. (3-7)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

SILVER black fox litters will be arriving at MacIntyres Ranch, Bathurst, N. B., Canada. Secure your registered proven breeder pair now, and own them and their pups when they come. 100% increase and upwards guaranteed on each pair. Deferred payment plan and ranching facilities afforded with full information how to feed and care for foxes. Secure them this month. Can accommodate ½ dozen young men—paying guests at ranch farm, Bathurst, N. B., Canada, for summer. Deep sea, salt water fishing, lobsters, clams, trout, salmon, cod, etc. MacIntyre Ranch, Bathurst, N. B., Canada. (3-8)

PHEASANT Eggs: I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Mongolian, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver; all guaranteed to be from strong, pure-bred non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Illinois. (3-6)

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

SILVER foxes, chinchilla rabbits, pigeons, mink, muskrat. Tell me how you are situated and I'll show you how to make big profits. Write for facts. Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colo. (3-8)

BOOKING orders now for young genuine black raccoon. Guaranteed to breed black. Carey-Russell strain. Carey's Fur Farms, Agosta, Ohio.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

SELLING ranch raised mink. Highly illustrated book on building pens and caring for animals mailed for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-8)

BLUE Fox pups delivered at reasonable prices. San Juan Fox Company, Petersburg, Alaska. (3-7)

MINKS—Best Northern Mississippi Valley Minks. Orders taken any time. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Box E, Homer, Minnesota. (3-7)

PHEASANTS — Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-8)

PHEASANT eggs, Ringneck, from choice stock, hardy birds, $3.50. Setting of twelve eggs. Alpheus Coe, Suffern, New York.

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, stock, hatching eggs. Free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (6-6)

ENGLISH call eggs. Twelve, $2.25 postpaid. Gale Ford, Wilton, Iowa. (3-6)

FERRETS. Hand trained. Tame. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

SALE: Wild red fox, Coyote pups. Claude Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-8)

WILD red foxes for your hunting grounds. Eyrle Nelson, Englevale, North Dakota.

Help Wanted

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, 2190 Broadway, N. Y. (3-6)

MEN, get forest ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; permanent; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton, 236 McMann Bldg., Denver, Colo. (3-8)

MEN wanting forest ranger job; $125-$200 month, nice cabin. Hunt, trap and patrol. Write for list National forests. Rayson, Dept. B-28, Denver, Colo. (12-3)

Home Supplies and Furnishings

CARD Tables: Send us $3.50 and we will send you, charges paid, the most practical and strongest card table you ever saw. ⅜ veneer top 30x30, nicely finished. Money back guarantee. Manufactured and sold by Kailer Bros., Naperville, Illinois. Reference—First National Bank. (3-8)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

INDIAN Crafts: Send for list of guaranteed hand-made Indian pottery, basketry, buckskin work, woven goods, beadwork, coin-silver jewelry, weapons, birchbark articles, etc. Reservation Prices. Address Mille Lacs Indian Trading Post, Onamia, Minn. (3-7)

BEADED trappings, ancient Indian stone specimens, antique arms, ivories, fossils, minerals, all kinds of curios. List ten cents. N. E. Carter, Elkhorn, Wisconsin. (3-8)

Miscellaneous

SALMON and trout fishing, also elk and stag shooting, interesting offers on application. Reliable information and service from experienced salmon fisher. Personally shot 76 elks. Best references. Bernhd Brekke, Trondhjem, Norway. Established 1880. (12-10)

NOTICE: My private yacht available to your own party for Georgian Bay Canadian scenic and fishing trip. July or August. Wonderful outing. Low cost. F. W. Atkins, Bay City, Michigan. (3-7)

FOOT trouble. If your feet ache, burn, scald, swell, blister, perspire, offensive odors, don't suffer. Write to the Miller Drug Co., Kimball, S. D. (3-8)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-7)

NEW Poison kills coyotes instantly. 12 free. Circular explains. Coyote Tyson, Kimama, Ida. (3-6)

M. BRONZE toms $12.00. Airedale male pups $4.00. Thos. Lucas, Franktown, Colo.

Outing Equipment

FOR Sale: Cadillac eight cylinder house car, two double beds, kitchen cabinet, wardrobe closet, water-cooled refrigerator, numerous other furnishings. For further information write: Fahler's Garage, Mendota, Illinois. (3-8)

WANTED: A 9x9 or 10x10 Stohl pyramid type tent. State age, use, condition and price first letter. Dr. J. N. Crawford, Bovey, Minn. (3-8)

PORTABLE House Tent 12x24 Complete $115.00. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wisconsin. (3-7)

TENTS for sale, new and slightly used. All styles. Write for catalog. The Hettrick Mfg. Co., Toledo, O. (3-6)

WALL tent Haiki ten ounce. 9½ by 12. And fishing tackle. Chas. M. Hudson, 922 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois. (2-6)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras

FILMS developed—with six Hi-Gloss prints 31c. Our famous enlargements from your kodak negative 5x8 with folder, 35c. Mail your film today. Merchants Film Service, Dept. 2, Winona, Minn. (3-7)

HUNDRED best markets for your photographs. Booklet gives names, addresses, wants. Written by a successful correspondent. 20c silver. R. Snyder, Publisher, Guilford, Conn. (3-6)

Pigeons

HIGH flying tumbling pigeons. Wonderful performers. $2.00 per pair. Edw. C. Helman, 18 East High St., Springfield, Ohio. (3-8)

RACING Pigeons for sale, breeders, youngsters. Hoosier P. Lofts, Indianapolis, Indiana. (3-6)

Poultry

OLD Reliable—Strong, vigorous, true to breed, thirteen varieties. Twenty-seventh annual catalog free. Uhl Hatchery, New Washington, Ohio. (3-7)

MAMMOTH bronze turkey eggs. $6.00 per twelve, postpaid. Now booking orders. Fertility-safe arrival guaranteed. Highland Farm, Sellersville, Pa. (3-6)

BRONZE turkey eggs. 10 for $5.00. Prepaid. Order now. Aaron J. Felthouse, Goshen, Ind. (3-6)

Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-6)

Rabbits

JAGGERS Champion Strain Chinchillas; pedigreed registered, prize winners for sale. Jaggers Rabbitry, Box 1061, Station A, Pueblo, Colo. (3-7)

CHOICE pedigreed Flemish Giants, Reds, Chinchillas. John Robert Hemeyer, Snow Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. (3-6)

RAISE rabbits—It pays. Buy pedigreed stock. Illustrated book 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (5-8)

PEDIGREED Flemish Giants, guaranteed. Close Rabbit Farm, Tiffin, Ohio. (3-6)

Radios for Sale

300-MILE "Pocket" Radio, $2.00. No tubes nor batteries required. Useful and practical, loudspeaker volume. Order direct today. Spencer Laboratories, 116 Atlas, Akron, Ohio. (3-6)

Real Estate

THE finest and most complete summer home in Northern Minnesota, known as Homaji Lodge, located 54 miles north of Duluth, includes 200 acres, of which about 175 acres is Virgin pine, spruce, birch, and other varieties of native timber. The main building is of large pine logs, stained a dark mahogany, all modern conveniences, completely and tastefully furnished and comfortably accommodates 12 people. Located on the shore of one of the three beautiful lakes which front on the property. Ten other substantial buildings, including caretaker's cottage and extensive fruit, flower and vegetable gardens. Splendid facilities for bathing, boating, fishing, and hunting. A most desirable property for a family or a small club. Isolated by a private half mile drive through the woods but easily accessible by owner or guests. Price $32,000 on terms. Improvements alone cost over $50,000. Half mile frontage, with the finest sand and gravel beach on the North Shore of Lake Superior. Nearly all of this tract of 94 ¼ acres is covered with a splendid growth of 10 or more varieties of timber, enough of which could be used for building several cabins, without detracting from appearance of the balance. Located on State Highway No. 1, Duluth to Port Arthur, one of the best hard surfaced roads in the State, and no doubt the most scenic, and only half mile from Brule River, a famous trout stream. Price $4,500. For full particulars of either of above properties, or other lake and river frontage, write Church Land Co., Duluth, Minn. (3-7)

SIX hundred forty acres desirable hunting and fishing grounds located one mile from Seventy-six main Highway, seven miles north of St. Helens. Section eleven, town twenty-four, North Range one West. Three excellent trout streams, plenty of timber in which deer are plentiful. Friends tell us this is best deer hunting ground in Southern Michigan. Price five thousand dollars. Desirable for hunting and fishing club. If interested address Ambrose Wood Co., 408 Crapo Block, Bay City, Michigan. (3-7)

FOR Sale: two acres, 90 feet, lake frontage, $400.00. 40 acres $350.00, fine trout stream crosses this. 30 acres lake frontage, house, barn, fruit, $2,000.00. 80 acres near lakes and river on state trunk line $700.00. This is fine fishing section, lake or stream. Let me know your wants—I have it. Al Benson, Tallman, Michigan.

FOUR room cottage or Summer home, fire place, good water, etc., on Clam Lake near Torch Lake. Thirty miles south of Charlevoix, Michigan. Both lake and trout fishing, good bathing beach. Price $3,500.00. W. A. Ziegler, Ridgeway, Ohio.

UNUSUAL bargains in Wisconsin's great outdoors, never so cheap again. Lake lots, summer cabins, hunting lodges, trout stream tracts, farms, wooded tracts, wild places, large and small propositions. Hardy-Ryan, Waukesha, Wisconsin. (3-8)

Real Estate—Continued

FOR Sale: Beautiful 8 room house, all modern improvements, built on grounds 132 foot frontage, 154 feet depth. Separate summer kitchen on grounds. Situated at Old Forge, New York (foot of Fulton chain of lakes), in Adirondack Mountains. Good fishing, hunting and an ideal home. Apply J. W. Oehl, 657 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (3-7)

NORTHERN Michigan Hunting and Fishing Camp. 10 acres Cheboygan County, overlooking Burt Lake. Heart of resort region. Good log dwelling, chicken house, etc. Fine bearing orchard. Ideal summer home. Best fishing and hunting. Good auto roads. Only $1,000. Liberal Terms. O. Herrmann, 566 East 35th Street, Chicago. (3-7)

FOR Sale: 160 acres, well timbered with pine, spruce, balsam, cedar and birch; good land; nine miles east of Grand Marais, Minn., one mile from the shore on Kimball creek. Good trout fishing. W. E. Lucas, Haliburton, Ontario, Box R, Canada. (3-8)

FORTY acres, 200 ft. frontage on good lake in Northern Wisconsin adjoining the beautiful virgin forest of the National Playground Ass'n. Has good cottage, garage for two cars and shed. For particulars write, Ralph R. Oxley, Boulder Jct., Wisconsin. (3-6)

FOR Sale: 176 acres, Cass Co., Minn. Ideal summer resorts, hunting or country club. Some virgin timber; two lakes; fine fishing and hunting $4,800.00. Off Highway No. 19. For further information write First National Bank, Walker, Minnesota. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Six hundred feet beautifully wooded frontage, fence, lake, Lac du Flambeau Indian Reservation, Wisconsin. Fine Sandy Beach. Reasonably priced. Will divide. Cooper, 476 N. Austin Blvd., Oak Park, Illinois. (3-8)

20 ACRES. With ¾ mile timbered shore line on Round Lake, Mason Co., Mich. Best game fishing. Good cottage furnished complete. Splendid well water. Perfect title. For information write, Bert Seeley, Owner, Benton Harbor, Mich. (3-7)

WE have available a few exclusive yet inexpensive tracts of lake frontage, especially suited for Summer home or Club sites. Delightful climate, unusual scenery, easily accessible. Write the Republic Realty Company, Republic, Michigan.

BEAUTIFUL lake shore tract—hunters' and fishermen's paradise—Itasca County. Address, Itasca Lumber Company, Land Dept., Deer River, Minn. (3-7)

CHOICE Wisconsin land, suitable for hunting lodges, summer cottages, game preserves, etc., priced right. N. Emerson, 1222 McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-7)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

FOR Sale: Seven thousand acres of southwest Louisiana marsh land. Best duck and wild game location in America. Address, S. Arthur Knapp, Lake Charles, Louisiana. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Beautiful wildwood island resort, three cottages, virgin timber. Cheap for $4,000.00. Walter E. Fowler, owner, Turtle River, Minn. (3-8)

FREE Information: Lake Cottages, Fishing, Duckpasses, Muskrat lakes, Chicken-ranches, etc. Cooperative Sales Agency, Box 405, Frazee, Minn. (3-7)

LARGE lake lots, virgin timbered, sandy beaches, good fishing. $10 down, $10 monthly. Free folder. Harry R. Bradley, 204 West Irving St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-8)

LAKE and river frontage, farms, cutover land; tracts suitable for fur farms; best fish and game section of Wis. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wisconsin. (3-7)

150 ACRES Muskegon River flats. Suitable for timber reserve, hunting, fishing, trapping, logging or speculation. Cash or trade. Owner, Naegele, Temple, Michigan.

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-7)

TRAPPING, hunting and fishing camp. 480 acres, $20.00 per acre. River and creek running through. Gus Swanson, Parkdale, Manistee, Michigan.

ALL year lake cottage on one of Wisconsin's best stocked lakes; beach; fireplace; boat; all $1,350.00. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wisconsin. (3-7)

Real Estate—Continued

BEAUTIFUL site for sale in Alcona Co. Michigan, for hunter's lodge, muskrat farm, etc. Address W. L. Jones, Deckerville, Michigan.

FOR Sale. Lakeshore properties in Arrowhead Country. Arrowhead Lakes Land Company, Tower, Minn. (3-6)

LAKE and River frontage in Northeastern Minnesota at $5 to $50 an acre. Church Land Company, Duluth, Minn. (3-6)

Schools

CARTOONING and Commercial Art. 25 lessons, 300 illustrations, 2 clothbound volumes and drawing outfit $5 postpaid. Catalog free. Nu-Way Art School, 220 W. Graham Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (3-6)

Stamp Collecting

FREE—African stamps with any dime packet. 1,000 mixed, 35c. 1,000 different, 90c. Simmons Stamp Company, Box 18, Horton, Michigan. (3-8)

FINE approval selections at 50% discount. 100 stamps free for 3c postage. Write now. Wineholt Stamp Co., Woodbine, 14, Penna. (3-6)

ACCUMULATIVE postage & revenue approval. Omar Hartman, 3803 Humboldt, Denver, Colo. (3-8)

APPROVALS. 50% discount. Noemus Stamp Co., 312 East 23rd St., New York. (3-6)

FREE 100 different to applicants sending postage. Hawkeye Stamp Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-7)

Taxidermy

TAXIDERMISTS—Mount that next head, fish or bird on American Beauty panels. Your customer will appreciate the difference. Catalogue free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-7)

IMPROVED imported glass eyes for taxidermists. Uncalled game heads at cost. Prof. Stainsky's art in taxidermy has world-wide reputation. Colorado Springs, Colorado.

F. SCHUMACHER & SONS, Manufacturers of Glass eyes for taxidermists. Taxidermist's supplies. Indian beads, furriers' supplies. 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-8)

Wanted

WANTED a salmon casting outfit; rod fifteen feet long, with a good whip, in good condition, and of standard make; reel with agate line guide; immediate delivery. C. S. Crawford, 1621 Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

IF you have a patented or unpatented invention for sale, write, Hartley, 38 Court St., Bangor, Maine.

WANTED. Old Colts and Remington Revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-6)

CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 85. (7-7)

WANTED to buy high class guns. Priced right. Redshaw, Granville, Ill. (3-7)

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, postage paid. The "real thing," hand woven and hard-wearing. Sport Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00. Postage paid. Booklet and latest patterns free. T. B. Macauley, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-8)

SWEATERS re-modeled, high turtle neck slip-overs made V neck slip-overs for $1.50; slip-overs made buttoned coat style, $2.50. Send that old sweater today. Pure wool sweaters made to order for teams or individuals. Send for circular. Bullard Knitting Mills, Duluth, Minn. (3-7)

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162B Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

We were SCARED half to DEATH!

IT WAS a crazy thing to do. But I had done it before and got away with it. Something told me we were running low on gas, so I pulled over to the side of the road and got out to look. I struck a light and held it close to the gasoline gauge.

A sudden burst of flame sent me staggering back. I yelled to my wife and boy to "Get out—*quick!*" They did! . . . Then we stood at a safe distance and watched our sedan illuminate the sky. It might have been worse, as I look back on it now. But it was bad enough.

I blame myself for that night's work. The irony of the thing was, my Eveready flashlight was home in a bureau-drawer all the time! We have another car now. In the pocket of the left-front door is an Eveready . . . ever ready to brighten dark places, without danger of fire.

Every motorist has hundreds of uses for an Eveready Flashlight. Changing tires. Putting on the curtains. Picking out road-signs. Examining dripping carburetors, etc. You can get a genuine Eveready for as little as $1.25. Keep it loaded with Eveready Batteries—the longest-lasting batteries made. Eveready Batteries are *dated*—you *know* they're fresh.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
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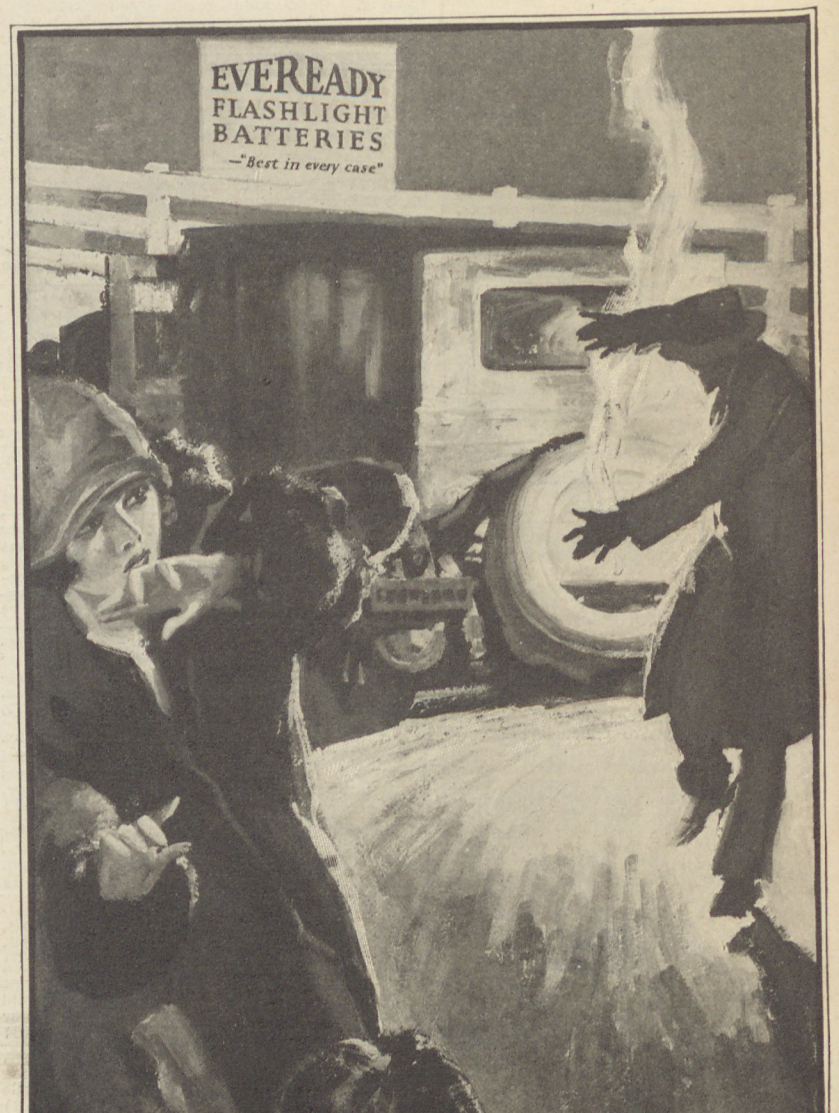

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